PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1981 • $3.00

Gala Christmas Issue

OUR COVER GIRL
BERNADETTE PETERS
SHOWS OFF THE LINGERIE THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

HENRY FONDA
AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF PLAYERS

JAMES BALDWIN
ON THE ATLANTA MURDERS

"HOLLYWOOD" HENDERSON
THE CONFESSIONS OF A COCAINE COWBOY

PLUS: JOYCE CAROL OATES · BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN · SHEL SILVERSTEIN · JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH · PETER BEARD AND CHERYL TIEGS · MR. BILL'S CHRISTMAS · THE PLAYMATES—PLAYBOY'S SINGING GROUP · ANSON MOUNT'S BASKETBALL PREVIEW AND SEX STARS OF 1981

IS JERRY FALWELL READY FOR "PRAYBOY," THE NEW MAGAZINE FOR FAR-RIGHTEOUS MEN?

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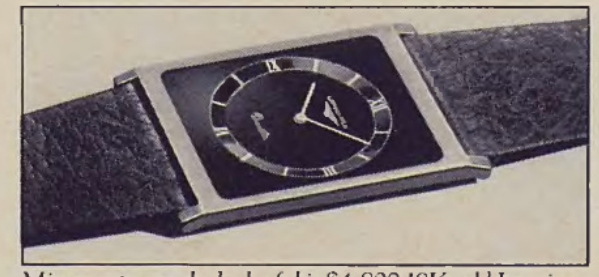

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'TIS THE SEASON of Christmas, and all through the book/Are the fruits of the labors our folks undertook./Our sections are hung from the binding with care;/They offer prime penwork and fair ladies bare./So before you go hibernate, waiting for spring,/Try our writers' and cameramen's yule seasoning.

Each Christmas PLAYBOY is a sack full of tinsel, titillation and top-rank entertainment, but we think this year's stocking is even fuller than most. Of course, if you've been bad, your copy has 384 pages full of pictures of sticks, but if you have been good, we're pleased to present a Christmas present that keeps on giving. Feel free to open before December 25th.

The end of any year is a time for contemplation as well as celebration. In Atlanta this Christmas, there is more of the former than of the latter; 28 black children are gone. **James Baldwin** offers his observations of an embittered city's spring and summer of discontent in *Atlanta: The Evidence of Things Not Seen*. Baldwin, author of the best-selling novel *Just Above My Head*, is one of America's finest writers and one of black America's most eloquent spokesmen. **Vincent Topazio** has rendered a poignant illustration.

Henry Fonda, surely one of this country's best-loved actors, sat for a solid week with **Lawrence Grobel** to complete his *Playboy Interview*. Fonda speaks out on five decades of acting, on being a famous father and on fraternizing with folks from Bette Davis to Marlon Brando's mother. Grobel reports: "Fonda was very sick during the interview but eternally professional. His wife, Shirlee, told him she'd leave him if he didn't do it, figuring it could help him recover."

Joyce Carol Oates, a prolific, versatile and classy author, brings us the story of *The Sunken Woman*, a mysterious model who keeps her avant-garde circle of acquaintances always on guard. The stark and striking illustrations for *The Sunken Woman* are by **Mel Odom**.

Bruce Jay Friedman, author of *The Lonely Guy's Book of Life*, has come out of his brown study with a timely tale he's titled *The Adventurer*. Pryor commitments have kept Friedman out of our pages lately—he wrote the **Richard Pryor** film *Stir Crazy* and is working on Pryor's *Deep Trouble*—and he is now finishing two other films and a novel. So when does the guy have time to be lonely?

In *Confessions of a Cocaine Cowboy*, **Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson** gives us the inside dope on the dope inside sports. Seems there was plenty of snow even in Dallas for the free-wheeling star linebacker, but this one won't be a white Christmas for Henderson—he swears he's reformed. (We're sorry to say it hasn't brought him better luck—as we go to press, Henderson has been sidelined after breaking his neck in an exhibition game with his new team, the Miami Dolphins. We hope he's back in business by the time you read this.) Senior Staff Writer **Walter Lowe, Jr.**, was our Hollywood connection, and **LeRoy Neiman**'s strokes of genius are familiar to PLAYBOY readers and to color *aficionados* of all stripes. We gave him the brush; he gave us a fine rendering.

Forbes contributing editor **Richard Phalon** examines a major business coup in *Anatomy of a Corporate Take-over*. An excerpt from his new book, *The Takeover Barons of Wall Street*, to be published by G. P. Putnam's, *Anatomy* coincides with the current bull market in multibillion-dollar corporate mergers and acquisitions. In Phalon's view, most of these take-overs are "engineered by the brightest crop of investment bankers the world of finance has seen in several generations." **Robert Krogle** provides graphic anatomical detail.

Speaking of anatomy, can you imagine how the Moral Majority might construct a periodical along the same curves as those of our favorite men's magazine? **Tony Hendra**, a periodically funny man, has imagined just such a thing. With

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TOPAZIO

GROBEL

OATES

ODOM

NEIMAN

HENDERSON

LOWE

FRIEDMAN

PHALON

KROGLE

HENDRA, KAESTLE

NORMAN

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designer **David Kaestle**, Hendra has brought out the first (and last, if our prayers are heard) issue of *Prayboy: Entertainment for Far-Righteous Men*.

Geoffrey Norman, long a buddy of ours, explains in *The Buddy System* what that very special and often misunderstood business of male bonding is all about. Norman just wrote *The Ultimate Fishing Book*, so all you fishing writers would be wise to get your hooks into something else.

Executive Art Director **Tom Staebler**, fashion designer **Bob Mackie**, **Bernadette Peters** and her PR man, **Richard Grant**, have collaborated to bring us a photo feature on the film fatale who's a Vargas painting come to life. They all hope you'll be wild and crazy over their visual song of Bernadette.

Who says there's no easy way to understand economics? Economic icon **John Kenneth Galbraith**, that's who. In an economical *20 Questions*, Galbraith discusses supply-side policy, friend **Milton Friedman** (Napoleon and Wellington said they were buddies, too), Proposition 13 and the last time he was (sort of) propositioned. **Warren Kalbacker**, who last May grilled auto maker **John De Lorean** for us, was called back for this one.

Stylish photographer **Jeff Dunas** has done us a favor this month, gracing our Christmas issue with *Captured Women*, a set of lithe ladies in fashionable locales. Dunas shot *Disco Queens* for April 1979's PLAYBOY.

He may look like a bad-guy professional wrestler, but he's written such standards as *A Boy Named Sue* and *Cover of the Rolling Stone*, as well as some of the most engaging verse for children this side of *Mother Goose*. He's **Shel Silverstein**. This month, Shel's game is a ballad they play every sad Saturday in *Rosalie's Good Eats Café*. The greasy spoon is portrayed by the easy hand of **Brad Holland**, a fine short-order artist.

Our second short order this month is **Mr. Bill**. His creator, **Walter Williams**, has created *Christmas at Mr. Bill's*, the yuletide misadventures of that *Saturday Night* hero with feet (and everything else) of clay. Williams' able assistant **Jim Wilson** designed constructions for our pages. Mr. Bill's only movie credit is *Mondo Video*, but it's said he's being considered for the lead in a film bio of either Henry or Cassius Clay.

The quintessential couple of today—edging out Kermit and Miss Piggy, according to **Laurence Shames**—are photographer **Peter Beard** and his wife, megamodel **Cheryl Tiegs**. Shames calls his report *American Beauties*. As you'll see, life is not always a bed of roses for the model monogamy.

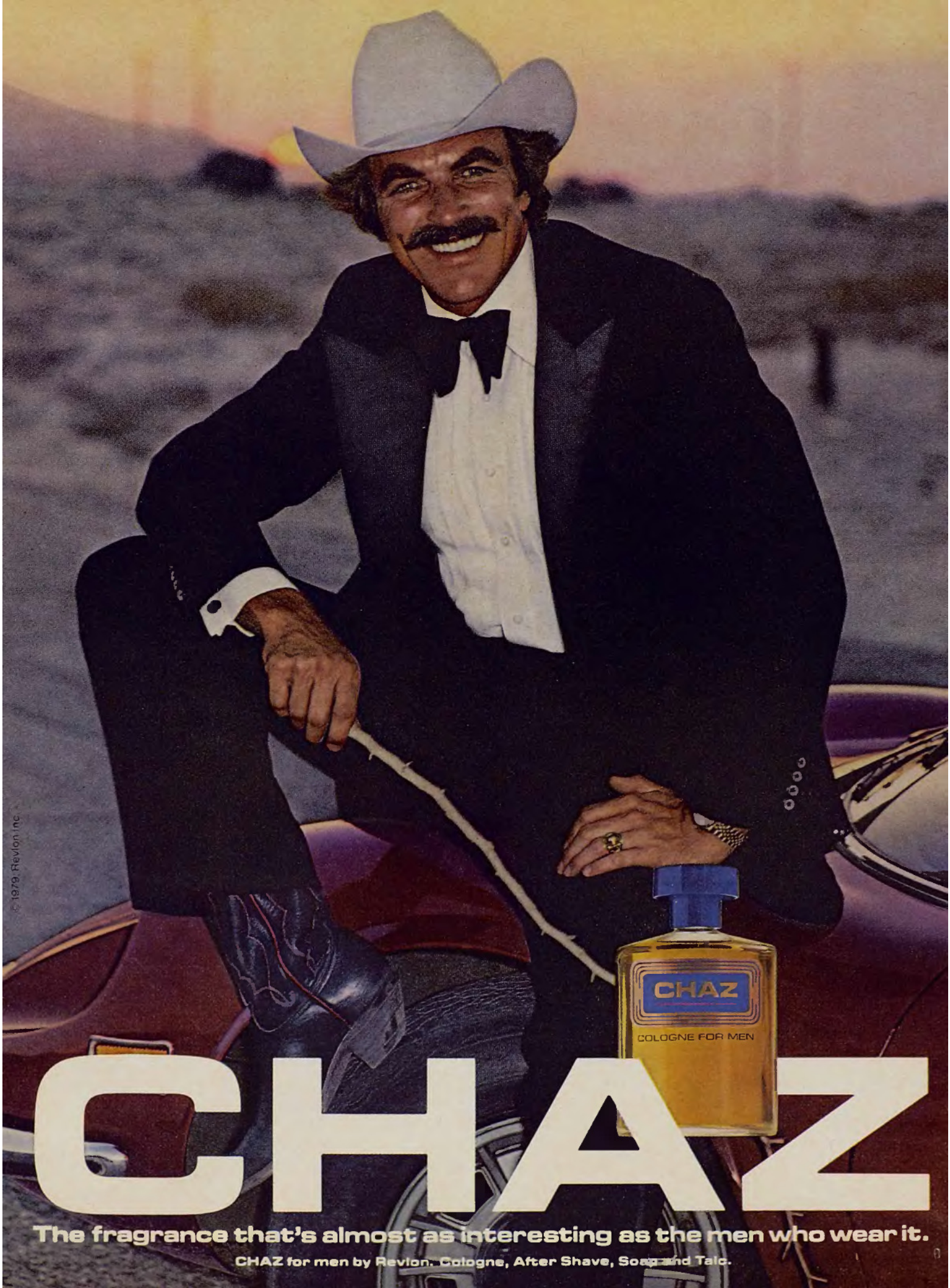
Every year the cast changes, but the army of *Sex Stars of 1981* boasts the sort of equipment that has always kept *cinéma érotique* fans on the edges of their seats. **Jim Harwood** lists his who's who and whose what is what in celluloid sex. The package was wrapped up by Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese**, Senior Art Director **Chet Suski**, West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet**.

Contributing Editor **Anson Mount**, best of all the seers and suckers who try to call the shots before they go up, has Georgetown tops in his 1981 *College Basketball Preview*. So count on it. But if you bet on it and lose, don't send the fedora guys to break our arms. Even Anson's not perfect.

Little Annie Fanny comes again this month, taking on the new generation of computers in her own inimitable fashion—byte by byte. The laughs from *L.A.F.* are brought to you by **Harvey Kurtzman**, **Will Elder**, **Sarah Downs** and **Phil Felix**.

And last, but (as you shall soon see) anything but least, there's holiday Playmate **Patricia Farinelli**. Even if you have trouble remembering names, she's a work of art you won't forget. Patti was centered in the centerfold by ace **Ken Marcus**.

The man who began us has greetings as well./He wants to wish all a fond season's farewell./The bit of his pipe he holds tight in his teeth./And his red PJs cover a green pair beneath./A wink of his eye and a twist of his head/May suggest to his friends that he's soon off to bed./But he'll say, on pronouncing this month's copy right,/"Happy Christmas to all—have a good time tonight."



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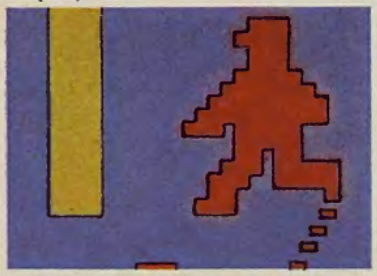

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COVER STORY

Our often-elusive Robbit Head just might be in its most conspicuous position ever. Fashion guru Bob Mackie designed the dress, Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and photographed the cover and some beneficent power designed Bernadette Peters. For a look at our Christmas cover girl in some eye-opening evening dress, turn to page 144.

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Dear Mixture No. 79:

To answer your question in last month's issue: Yes, Hugh Hefner does smoke Mixture No. 79.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

SLEEPYTIME PALS

When Hugh Hefner pitches a tent, he's not planning to rough it. At right, a few of the guests at his fifth annual Midsummer Night's Dream pajama party, held under a giant tent at Playboy Mansion West. The bash is a hot ticket in Hollywood; actor/gridiron great Jim Brown was so eager to attend this year he showed up a day early in red-and-white-striped caftan.

If they'd been two women, they'd have labeled it a disaster, but Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Regis Philbin (above left) seem to be making the best (not to mention the long and the short) of it in identical garb. Above right, Playmates Marcy Hanson (left) and Missy Cleveland flash winning smiles, while at right, actor Tim Hutton, wearing the blue-plaid PJs he sported in his Best Supporting Actor Oscar-winning role in the film *Ordinary People*, jammies with an unidentified (sorry, fellas) guest.

HELLO, YOUNG LOVELY

Robbin Young (left), the winner of the PLAYBOY–United Artists James Bond Girl Contest, has had a busy schedule since completing the film *For Your Eyes Only* (she was the girl 007 met in a flower shop). Above, she appears with author Steve Rubin and Hervé Villechaize, who plays Tattoo on TV's *Fantasy Island*, at a party at the Los Angeles Playboy Club.

LOU GRANT AND FRIENDS TAKE A CONSTITUTIONAL

At a Playboy Mansion West luncheon honoring winners of the 1980–1981 Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards (below), PLAYBOY's founder visits with librarian Kathy Russell, cited in the education division for her efforts to protect patrons' confidentiality, awards director Christie Hefner and Edward (*Lou Grant*) Asner, honored for his contributions in the motion pictures and TV division.

FROM CENTERFOLD TO CENTER RING

In L.A., Playmate of the Year Terri Welles and her husband, hockey star Charlie Simmer (above), parade on ponderous pachyderms to help Ringling Bros.' live up to its slogan.

LET'S HEAR IT: THREE ROUSING CHEERLEADERS

Below, whooping it up for the benefit of the Challengers Boys Club of Los Angeles are Playmates (from left) Marcy Hanson, Miss October 1978; Victoria Cooke, Miss August 1980; and Lorraine Michaels, Miss April 1981, at a charity sports day held on the USC campus.

ESTHER MAKES A SPLASH

The queen of Hollywood's swim extravaganzas, Esther Williams, and her husband, actor Fernando Lamas, were among the guests at a fund raiser for KCET, L.A.'s public-TV station, at Playboy Mansion West. At right, Robert Lewine, president of the Academy of Television Arts & Sciences Foundation.

JUNE WILKINSON STILL HAS WHAT IT TAKES

Perennial PLAYBOY favorite June Wilkinson (PLAYBOY readers will recognize her in the shot at right, an outtake from an early pictorial) stars in the comedy *Ninety-Day Mistress* at the Union Plaza Hotel in Las Vegas (left). June, we're told, holds the box-office record in every theater in which she's appeared.

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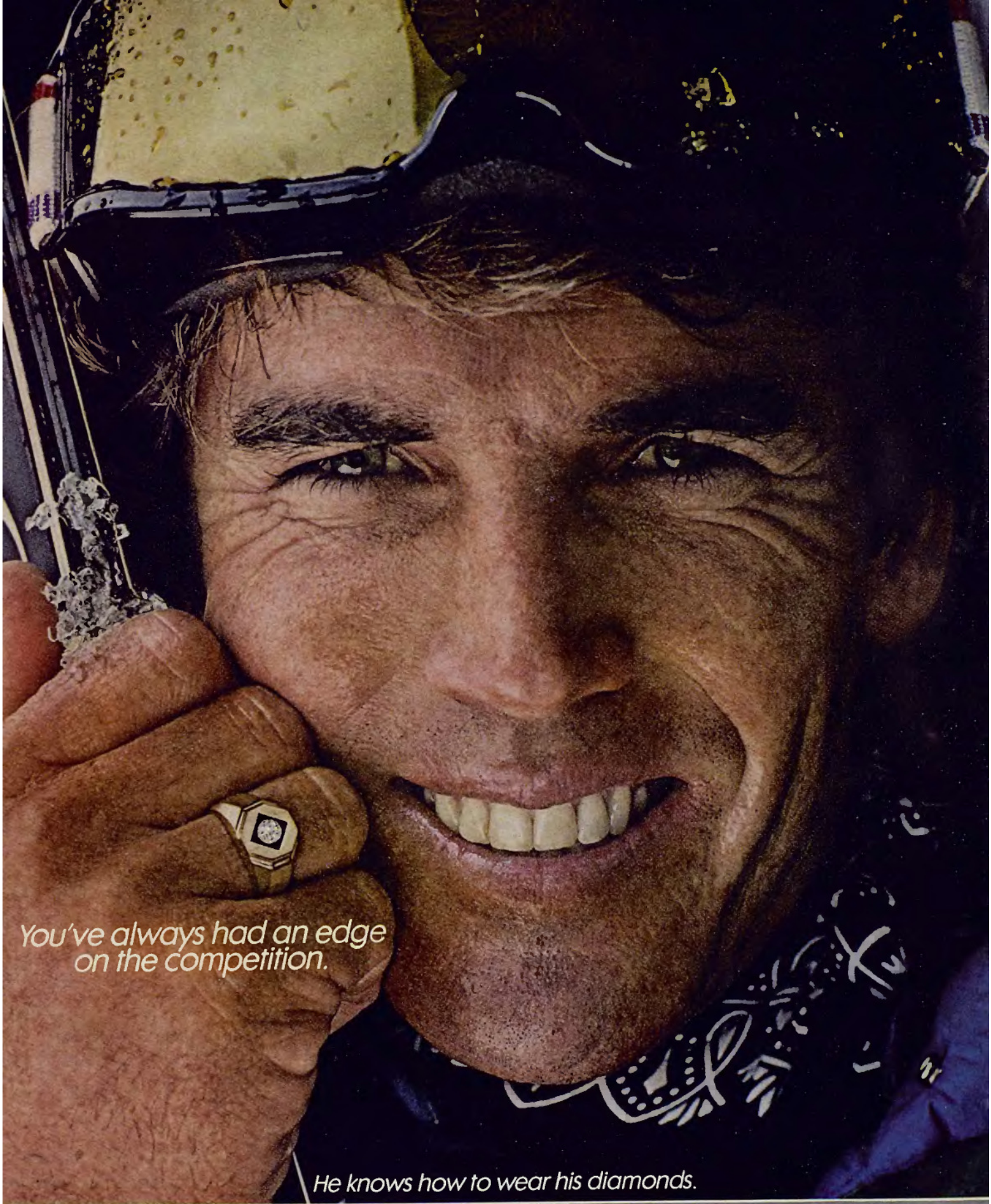

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SING ALONG WITH MICHENER

Thank you for September's *Playboy Interview* with James A. Michener. His opinions are entertaining, thoughtful and timeless.

Richard P. Collins, Jr.
Chester, South Carolina

I find myself nodding in agreement with almost everything Michener says about Russia, space and the current Administration's collision course with its own dogma, as well as with his credo for all writers: "You want to go up against the champions."

Richard S. Casperson
Santa Ana, California

In answer to a question by Lawrence Grobel in September's *Playboy Interview*, prolific writer James A. Michener declares that "the native tribes in Africa with the enormous buttocks" are the world's "ugliest people." He adds that those Africans "can be pretty unaesthetic." For days since reading that, I have shed a lot of tears from laughter. I am amused at Michener's ignorance and lack of depth. As he admits in the interview, he is not well grounded in psychology, and so, since he is such a poor student of people(s), I give him the benefit of the doubt in his understanding of aesthetics. I know from experience that there are millions of James Micheners in America and Europe whose understanding of beauty has trouble encompassing anyone without white skin, aquiline features and possibly blue eyes and blond hair. When I was a little boy in Africa, I remember overhearing my grandmother and her friends make endless jokes about the physical features and mannerisms of white people. My grandma would sometimes mimic the way whites seem to speak through the nose. To those authentic Africans, white people looked not only alike but ugly and ephemeral—unreal. Children referred to whites as "ghosts" and found them scary. We must not succumb to the temptation to herd philosophical concepts like aesthetics toward the sordid cul-de-sac of racial stereotypes. Enough of that has already been forced down the throat of an ever-gullible world. Having had my say, I admire Michener for being sincere. There is something to be said for a man who speaks his mind—right or wrong.

Fidel Odum
Washington, D.C.

James A. Michener is a passionate and original thinker, and I admire his independence. However, he makes a serious economic error by equating the industrialists who run U. S. auto companies with true entrepreneurs. The first Henry Ford was a very different man from his grandson. He took tremendous risks to pursue a dream. Unfortunately, as organizations grow, creativity dies. Entrepreneurs act; but managers react, and managerial bureaucracy inevitably stifles important new ideas.

Jon X. Kolber
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I'm a rabid Michener fan, but there is no way he could have taken a cable-car ride to a mountain in Buenos Aires, Argentina, as the city is flat as a pancake. He probably had in mind the ride to Sugarloaf in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Manuel J. Perez
Boca Raton, Florida

In September's *Playboy Interview*, Michener says, "The U. S. should unilaterally give Puerto Rico her freedom right now, because this is going to be a suppurating sore for the next 40 years. I see only trouble there and in the end the dissident groups will probably prevail." Where did Michener find the

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information to support such a categorical statement? Puerto Rican pro-independence groups have been losing ground since 1952, when they won ten percent of the vote. If you add votes won by the two parties that endorse *permanent union* with the United States, you will see that 94.2 percent of the electorate wants Puerto Rico to remain part of the United States. If you would look further, Mr. Michener, you would see that the pro-statehood vote in Puerto Rico has been increasing constantly. In the near future, it's hoped, Puerto Rico will become the 51st state in the Union.

Armando Roura, Jr.
Economic Development Administration
Government of Puerto Rico
Continental Operations Branch
New York, New York

GIMME TAX SHELTER

Ruthless Mothers: Money, Values and the Gimme Decade, by Donald R. Katz (PLAYBOY, September), is one of the finest articles I've seen. The true capitalistic culprits for the new decade are men like Jerry ("Money is power") Rubin, who went from directing drug parties and political rallies to directing business developments for a Wall Street brokerage. Katz's brilliant analysis just about covers it all. The only point he neglects in *Ruthless Mothers* is the gimme decade's final score: Jerry Rubin and the Wall Street Wizards, 1; Jerry Rubin and the Ideals of the Sixties, 0.

Peter Nisivoccia
Newark, New Jersey

Katz has really twanged a few chords for me. I'm a boom baby, born in 1958, and I recognize some of my own thinking in the article. As a teenager, I prided myself on my nonmaterialism; but since then, I've been hungry. Being hungry can change one's outlook considerably. It's a jungle out there, and we've grown fangs.

Charles Wilson
Gwynneville, Indiana

BO AND EROS

I am most impressed with *Tarzan & Bo* in September's PLAYBOY. The essay about the film and the pictorial are superlative. I can never get enough of Bo's beautiful body.

William T. Finlayson, Jr.
Athens, Georgia

Thank you for the marvelous pictorial essay on Bo Derek, especially the photo on page 153. Even the bottoms of her feet are beautiful.

Allen Brown
Hollywood, California

Why not have one of your excellent photographers sit down with John Derek one day and explain to him that his wife, Bo, may be a lovely lady, but it's hard to tell from the fuzzy pictures he takes? One or two soft-focus shots may prove the photographer has an artistic streak, but 12 pages of them bring on perpetually dilated pupils.

Martin C. Fisher
Rockville Centre, New York

Just want you to know that your September pictorial essay on Bo Derek left me breathless. I'd been excited since I got to the end of the August PLAYBOY and found out Bo was going to be in the next issue. Many compliments to John Derek for giving us a long, beautiful look at his lovely wife.

David Clark
Pataskala, Ohio

I noticed a similarity between *Tarzan & Bo* and your two previous Bo Derek pictorials, as well as her 1981 calendar. She's wet in 74 percent of the pictures. If Derek insists on being the only photographer of the nation's perfect 10, he'd better dry her off before she wrinkles.

Stephen L. Wilson
Nashville, Tennessee

MAJORITY RULE

I humbly submit that "Moral Majority" is not a proper name for Falwell and his followers (*The Evolution of the Moral Majority*, PLAYBOY, September). A better one might be "The Censorship Sect." The lessons taught by Jesus were those of tolerance. First among them is the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." It seems the Moral Majority's rule is, "I'm OK, you're a dirty sinner."

R. W. Dixon
Irving, Texas

ENTER THE PLAYMATE

Susan Smith, your martial-arts Playmate (September), is the loveliest woman I've ever seen. It's hard to believe someone so beautiful could have such lethal hands, but then, she knocked me out of my chair with her looks alone. Here's a nomination of Susan as Playmate of the Year.

Todd Wood
University, Alabama

I want to congratulate two great photographers, Ken Marcus and R. Scott Hooper, for bringing out the natural beauty of Susan Smith.

Howard Rubin
Weston, Connecticut

Between Bo Derek and Miss September, Susan Smith, you've given us a perfect 20. I can't wait to see Susan as Playmate of the Year.

Jim Rander
Castro Valley, California

September's Playmate is the loveliest, most sensuous ever. I must compliment

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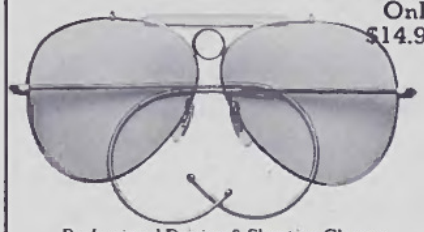

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Tony Ciccarello
Norcross, Georgia

It is a shame you won't be publishing PLAYBOY any longer. After reaching perfection with the superb Susan Smith, what's the point in continuing?

Rick Harrison
Bradford, New Hampshire

Susan Smith is flawless. What are the odds of my getting just one more picture of Las Vegas' belted beauty?

Bill Rice
Des Moines, Iowa

You hit the jackpot, Bill—here's another look at our martial miss. A couple of our readers offered to give their right

arms to steal her away for a weekend, but Susan says there are already enough one-armed bandits in Vegas.

THE HITE OF ECSTASY?

I much enjoyed James R. Petersen's critique of Shere Hite's work in "The Hype Report on Male Sexuality" (*A Reviewer's Notebook*, PLAYBOY, September). After hearing Hite speak at Temple University, I am convinced she harbors strong antimale feelings that contaminate her research. She seemed to blame men for most of the problems between males and females and was hostile to males in the audience. Men and women should form lines of communication, not draw battle lines.

Russell Eisenman, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Psychology
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I am a normal, attractive 30-year-old woman who loves sex. James R. Petersen's quick dismissal of the claim by Shere Hite that "fewer than 30 percent of women reach orgasm during intercourse" and the rest "require direct manual clitoral stimulation" is a case of premature rejection. Don't get me wrong—intercourse and penetration are very exciting, but when I want to achieve orgasm with my boyfriend, it usually happens in one of two ways: by rapidly guiding his hardened penis back and forth over my clitoris, with insertion upon orgasm, or by holding him firmly inside me and, yes, "grinding" my clitoris against him. I have my orgasm, then we proceed to his by whichever means pleases *him* most. There are a great many women out there who are faking their orgasms while waiting for the right man to show up. Believe me, Mr. Right won't succeed, either, without clitoral stimulation of one kind or another. For a lot of us, having an orgasm without it is as likely as flying without wings—it could happen, but who wants to wait?

(Name withheld by request)
Redding, California

Who is James R. Petersen, and why is he making all those biased and sexist statements about women who write books dealing with male sexuality?

Clyde M. Phillips
Parkville, Missouri

James R. Petersen is an award-winning PLAYBOY *Senior Staff Writer. He admits that he has a bias—against the Hite of Stupidity, not against sex.*

SOUTHERN EXPOSURES

As a true Southern pseudo redneck who really appreciates home-grown products of the South, I congratulate you on your excellent pictorial *Girls of the Southeastern Conference, Part I* (September). If they don't personify the sensuous side of the South, I must be dead.

Arthur Van Adams
Bartlett, Tennessee

Karen Paige (in *Girls of the Southeastern Conference, Part I*) is the most beautiful lady I've ever seen—in PLAYBOY or out.

(Name withheld by request)
Moscow, Idaho

I want to commend you on a fabulous pictorial on the *Girls of the Southeastern Conference*. In particular, I congratulate David Chan and Arny Freytag for doing something I have never been able to do—disrobe a Vanderbilt coed.

David W. Hughes
Chicago, Illinois

It's a joy that you finally got around to the *Girls of the Southeastern Conference*. We men of the South have long known about our region's outstanding traditions, and now the rest of the country has gotten a taste of Southern hospitality.

David Lee
St. Louis, Missouri

JoAnne Henderson, identified in September's PLAYBOY as the "current Miss Alabama," is properly titled Miss Alabama U.S.A. Phoebe Stone is Miss Alabama 1981 and competed as such in the Miss America Pageant in September. The use of the designation U.S.A. has been sufficient to avoid confusion in the past, but your omission of it has caused inconvenience to Miss Stone. Please clarify this matter for your readers.

The Birmingham News Company
Birmingham, Alabama

Congratulations on *Girls of the Southeastern Conference, Part I*. Those girls are as beautiful as any son of the South (or North, for that matter) could possibly desire.

Robert Tollison
Memphis, Tennessee

We always thought that Southern California was the garden spot for feminine beauty, but with your pictorial *Girls of the Southeastern Conference, Part I*, we discovered that the ladies from Dixieland can also ring our "belle." Please print just one more picture of Karen Paige in PLAYBOY, to keep our bells chiming.

John Hill
Scott Doerr
Van Nuys, California

We think it was Quasimodo who first said, "I can't get enough of those

belles." Here's a parting shot of your steamy Southern siren, gentlemen.

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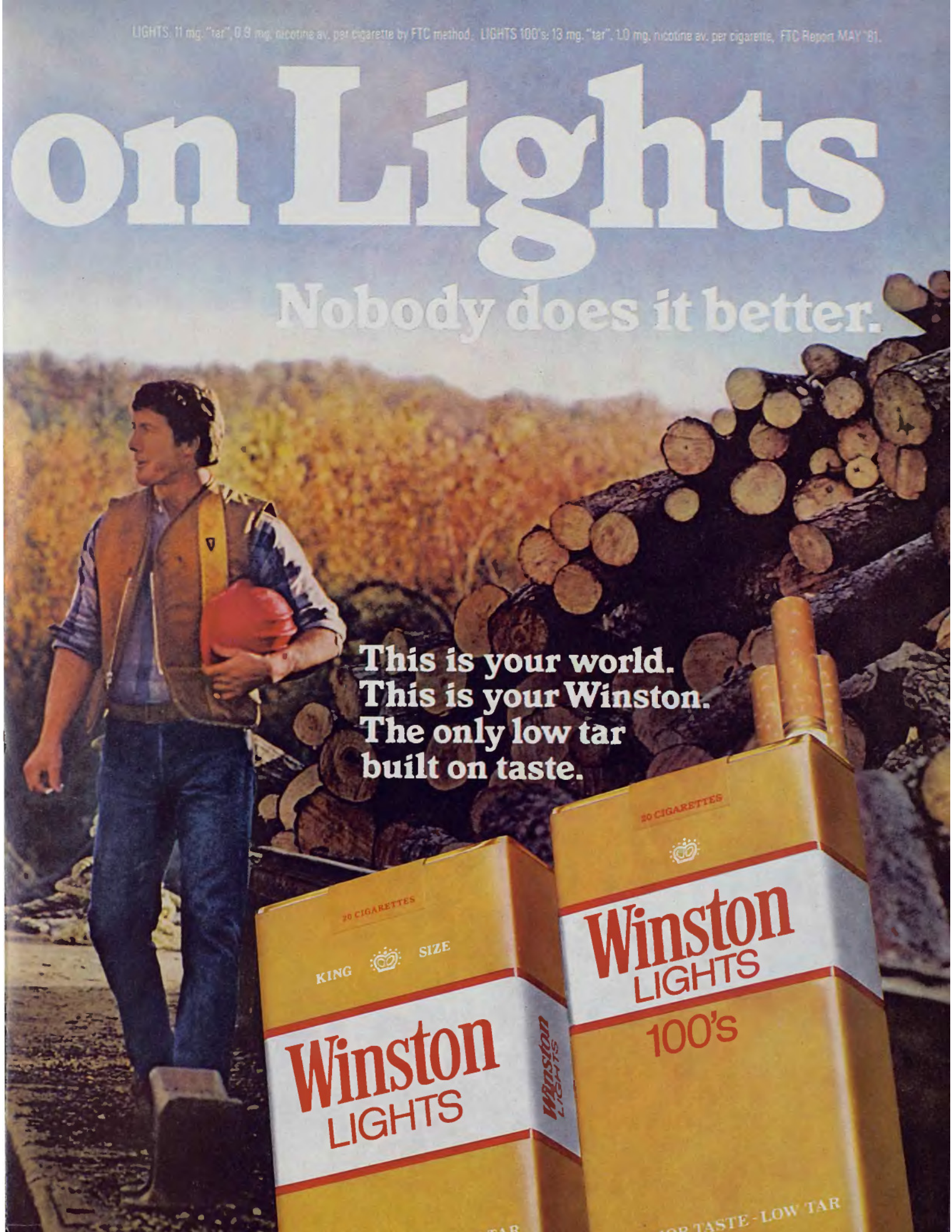

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GEORGIA ON OUR MINDS

or, why should there be sexual information in the media when there are plenty of bathroom walls?

By KEVIN COOK

Georgia's House of Representatives recently passed a bill outlawing the display of magazines, books and movies that could sexually stimulate minors. The vote in favor of the law sounds like an intersport contest between the Philadelphia 76ers and the Chicago Cubs. It was 127 to 0.

The new law, a result of fierce lobbying by the Moral Majority, makes it a misdemeanor for any person knowingly to:

"Display in public or at newsstands or any other business establishment frequented by minors or where minors may be invited as part of the general public, any motion picture or live show, any still picture, drawing, sculpture, photograph, any book, pocket book, pamphlet or magazine the cover or content of which contains descriptions or depictions of illicit sex or sexual immorality, or which is lewd, lascivious or indecent or which contains pictures of nude or partially denuded figures posed or presented in a manner to provoke or arouse lust or passion or to exploit sex, lust or perversion for commercial gain."

It is time, we think, for all of us to appreciate the irreproachable wisdom of laws like this. We can't wait for other lawmakers across the country to pass similar measures to take sexual information out of the media and put it back on the streets where it belongs. In fact, even 18 may be too early for an impressionable youngster to be reading *The Catcher in the Rye* or ogling the swimsuit issue of *Sports Illustrated*. But until the age of majority is raised to 35 or so, it will have to do.

Laudable as the new law is, however, it may not go far enough. This is no time for our legislators to go off half-cocked, leaving loopholes like wet spots on the sheets of moral rectitude. Attention must be paid: We need to have the humility to admit that nature, otherwise perfect in her glory, could not foresee how human saplings would be warped by crass profit seekers. The goal here is, essentially, to prevent those 13-to-17-year-old male loins from tingling.

It's time for us all to join arms, preferably covered with long sleeves. We can bring about a world-wide moral renaissance only by making those difficult, randy teen years truly dark ages. We must engage in relevant intercourse, as unpleasant as it sounds, with our elected representatives. For now we have a chance to get such things as the phallic image out of the market place, and we mustn't blow it.

There is an awful lot of sex out there. Tooth paste and mouthwash and dandruff shampoo are marketed on an explicitly sexual basis. Few comedy TV shows succeed without the giggling titillation that goes right to the door of the bedroom and hints at further giggles inside. The Miss America Pageant features a swimsuit competition, but there's no swimming, is there? Today's ballplayers appear seminude in ads for underwear. No one ever saw Ted Williams pose in bulging bikini briefs.

There's a new brand of cologne for both men and women that's based on boars' hormonal secretions. There's another cologne line that comes in suggestively matching bottles—the "male" bottle has a protuberance that fits an opening in the "female" bottle. The scent is supposed to be irresistible, though the female bottle occasionally gets a cap-ache.

The omnipresence of sex in the culture is undeniable; our moral supervisors will have to be omnivorous if they want to wipe it out.

The word Greek, for example, will have to be expurgated from the windows of restaurants that serve *gyros* on *pita* bread. Hershey's Kisses, especially in France, should rot under darkened counters.

Such writers as Philip K. Dick, Jay Cocks and our own Anson Mount will have to get new names or never see print again. The titmouse will disappear from *Audubon Magazine* cover lines, as will pregnant pauses from the theater. Lions in zoos will have to go into their caves before engaging in the activities that always draw the undivided attention of troubled young minds. All the doorbells in the country will need to be altered so that they go only "ding."

Legislation like Georgia's is already on the books in Pennsylvania and is soon to be enacted in Maryland. There are also bills with similar language pending in 20 other states, and right-minded legislators in those states will surely pass them all. But they will need ever-stronger weapons for the battle against carnal knowledge. They'll have to keep all their targets in mind, and cannot stop till they get enough.

One of the first of those targets—and thankfully it's already on the Moral Majority's taboo list—is *Mademoiselle*'s *Make It* book. It's a sewing guide, but that doesn't matter to hormone-intoxicated adolescents for whom the phrase "make it" conjures up visions of hot, moist genitals and intertwined bodies.

But that's just one skirmish. In the end, if the high-minded efforts of our moral guardians are not to be in vain, they must address the one true and awesome threat to the perpetual chastity of teenaged boys.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

REAL-LIFE MEMO

The following is an actual telephone message left for one of our editors. The phone call was from his son and the note read in its entirety: "The cat is staying after all, but you should still pick up the chain saw."

•

This from the Phoenix, Arizona, *New Times Weekly* classified section: "Female to share beautiful new husband and wife . . . own bath and entrance." Presumably for quick cleanups and quick getaways.

THE BROOKLYN TRIANGLE

Believing in romantic clichés can kill you, as a would-be Romeo recently found out in New York. A 24-year-old Boston lad was wooing a womanfriend in her Brooklyn apartment when a man burst into the room. Thinking that the intruder was his bedmate's husband or worse, the Boston lover made a beeline for the window, dived through it and plunged to his death. The man at the door, meanwhile, turned out to be a burglar—who was so startled by the plunging paramour's swan dive that he immediately high-tailed it off the premises, not getting a penny. The young lady of the tale was left stranded alone in bed with a broken door, a broken window, a broken heart and a broken-up lover. We're sure there's at least one moral there somewhere.

A ROSE IS A ROSE IS....

What's in a name? It depends on how ambivalent you are. Here's crooner-yodeler Slim Whitman recalling his reaction when, on a fishing trip back in 1948, he discovered that RCA had dubbed him Slim. "My wife didn't like it and several times I was going to change it. I even spelled it Slym at one point, but they called me Slime, so I said the heck with it."

ARTISTIC LICENSE

Ever wonder how some of today's movie stars carefully choose the script that's best for their careers? Here's Anthony Quinn on his next movie: "I haven't read the script yet, but it sounds good already. [We'll film in] Spain, Málaga and Tangier . . . it's gotta be an espionage thing."

BEN CASEY HE AIN'T

Sometimes it doesn't pay to be too versatile. An unidentified 38-year-old Seattle man found that out the hard way when he attempted to play doctor. Confronted with a headache, the gent popped a few aspirins. One pill got stuck in the back of his throat, however, causing an unpleasant burning sensation. At first, the fellow tried to rinse the pill down. When that didn't work, he poked his finger down his throat. Failing in that attempt, he resorted to a table knife, which he pushed deeper and deeper, until the knife abruptly pulled a deep throat, slid down between the startled guy's esophagus and windpipe and settled in his chest cavity. At that point, the sword swallower sheepishly checked into a hospital complaining of a sore throat. Doctors operated and removed the knife. The hospital decided to withhold the poor guy's name in an attempt to save him from eating crow so soon after sampling silverware.

•

Attention, sports fans: The La Crosse, Wisconsin, *Tribune* ran the following headline not long ago: "LA CRESCENT GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM HAS HOLES TO FILL."

GRAFFITO OF THE MONTH

Found written at the bottom of a stall door of a San Francisco men's room: BEWARE OF GAY LIMBO DANCERS.

KING KLUNK

Moviemaker Dino De Laurentiis can usually turn any cinematic disaster into a profit maker. Recently, however, even he had to throw in the towel and admit defeat. Or so one might gather from the following ad, which ran in *The Wall Street Journal*.

> FOR SALE: Only one can possess it. The seas. The oceans. The untamable expanse of seemingly boundless waters. For a thousand years, sailing has epitomized mankind's yearning for the ultimate conquest, the thrill of discovery and the search for adventure.

Eventually, the ad got around to stating that what Dino was hawking was a $4,500,000, 133-foot, full-scale replica of the H.M.S. Bounty, made for the recently scuttled remake De Laurentiis had

planned of the classic *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

De Laurentiis spokesman Fred Sidewater says that they've had responses from both organizations and individuals. "Somebody did call and ask if we took MasterCard or Visa," he states.

Although Dino wants to sell the ship to the highest bidder, he's not unreasonable about the deal. "I would say that anything's negotiable," explains Sidewater. "For instance, if someone wanted to pay $5,000,000 but spread the payments over six months, I think we would be happy to accept."

Go to it, movie buffs. Sounds like the perfect toy to stick next to those other costly acquisitions, Orca the Killer Whale and King Kong, sitting in the den.

CATASTROPHIC

A casual drive ended in catastrophe when a 20-year-old motorist from New York took his 1963 Chevy out for a drive, not knowing that his tiger kitten was cat-napping in the back seat. When kitty woke up, she leaped onto the back of the driver's neck. Justifiably startled, he lost control of the car. The Chevy roared over a highway divider and smashed headfirst into an oncoming car. Both drivers suffered concussions and bruises. Both cars were demolished. The kitty, of course, escaped without a scratch. When police asked the driver whether or not he wanted his purring pal to ride with him in the ambulance, the animal lover bellowed: "You keep it!"

•

Denver District Attorney Dale Tooley has warned his constituency against being the victims of fraudulent investment schemes. Investors should obtain all representations in writing because, as he points out, "Oral representations aren't worth the paper they're written on."

WHADDAYA WANT IN A MAN?

So asked the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s Question Man one day last summer. "Intellect," said one respondent. "Somebody who won't just sit there and let you do all the talking. I like someone who wants me as a person. Not just someone to take home to bed." Another admired the way a man dresses and carries himself. "His personality and his looks. I don't like it when they say 'Hi. Goodbye.' I prefer: 'Hi, let's go to dinner and see what happens.' "

"Honesty" was the prime requisite for the last Question Man subject. "I don't like games. If they're not into wanting a friendship or a relationship and just want sex, they should be straightforward about it. It's OK as long as they say that's it."

A good behavioral guide for picking up San Francisco women? Well, not exactly. Those offering these views of what they want in a man were named Michael, Rob, Jimmer and Curtis.

CHECKING IN

***Mary Steenburgen** married Malcolm McDowell in September 1980, four months before the birth of their daughter, Lilly Amanda. They live on the top floors of a town house in New York's West Village. How did they get their apartment? Malcolm went on the "Today" show and announced that they were desperate to find a place to live. A good Samaritan landlord called, and there you have it.*

When writer Arthur Bell arrived at the apartment, McDowell was in New Orleans, finishing "Cat People," in which he co-stars with Nastassia Kinski; Mary had just completed costume fittings for the new Woody Allen film, in which she plays his wife; and baby Lilly was squealing merrily in Mary's arms.

PLAYBOY: Critics have compared you to Jean Arthur and Jennifer Jones, and Jack Nicholson claims you're the best new actress in Hollywood. Is there any kind of role you wouldn't play—for instance, an oppressed housewife who might give Betty Friedan the heebie jeebies?

STEENBURGEN: First and foremost, I'm an actress and not a spokeswoman for any cause. If the part were going to illuminate the woman's plight, or if it just tickled my fancy, I'd do it. I feel strongly about women's rights, but not in a preachy way, and I don't want to play women who are just like me, though I'd hardly call myself oppressed. The point of acting is putting on the hat and costume and becoming somebody else.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Malcolm's playing Caligula?

STEENBURGEN: It's as if somebody sprayed a statue with graffiti. You've got to look past the graffiti and sometimes it's hard to see the statue. Malcolm did some remarkable work in *Caligula*, but the film is amazingly boring. It's not something I would have chosen to be a part of. I don't think Malcolm would have, either, had he known what the finished film would be like.

PLAYBOY: Legend has it that you were a waitress at the Magic Pan in New York when Jack Nicholson walked in one night and signed you to a Hollywood contract. Have you any advice for waitresses on how to get discovered?

STEENBURGEN: Forget about the legend: That's a press agent's creation. I was working at the Magic Pan when I heard about a casting call for *Goin' South*. I got there late and I was the only girl who didn't have a script. Nicholson said, "Why don't you have one?" And I answered, "I don't know." He said I could read for him for ten minutes the following day.

I went home and furiously worked on the script and worried my head off. The following day, I showed up and Nicholson kept me reading for two hours. I knew he wanted to direct the film and thought he'd be crazy not to use a big star. A few days later, I got a call summoning me to Hollywood for a screen test. Later, Nicholson said he felt sorry for me at the audition.

PLAYBOY: Did you know that Jessica Lange was your main competition?

STEENBURGEN: Yes, and Jessica's wonderful. To make King Kong look so real isn't an easy job.

PLAYBOY: What would have happened if you hadn't got the part in *Goin' South*?

STEENBURGEN: I'd be acting in little-theater productions for practically no money and I'd probably still be waitressing, which is not the worst profession in the world. I recall a moment when, after waitressing about five years, I looked in the mirror, eyeball to eyeball, and said, "All right, this is the way you're living and it's quite possible you could be doing this for the next 40 or 50 years without making it as an actress. Do you mind?" My answer was, "No, I don't." One thing that I excel at is this unfailing belief in myself. Nobody could want a career as badly as I did and not succeed at some level.

PLAYBOY: How did you tackle the nude scene in *Melvin and Howard*? Did you close your eyes and say, "This is for art"?

STEENBURGEN: You know, I don't go around ripping my clothes off in real life and I wasn't raised to walk around in the buff or hang out on nude beaches. I'm not putting that down; it just wasn't part of my upbringing in North Little Rock, Arkansas. Naturally, the scene was a trauma; and the only way to tackle it was for me to block out the nudity aspect and just try to do it well. How did I play it? Like the opposite to *The Emperor's New Clothes*—as though I had on a lot of clothes and therefore was

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REAL RUSSIAN HUMOR

And you thought only their suits were peculiar! Not so, capitalist warmonger. Recent émigré from the Soviet Union Boris Berelyand and writer Steve Bhaerman have collected these examples of genuine Soviet gut busters. It just goes to show that not all Russian funny business is directed at Third World hot spots.

A Russian and an American were arguing about which system was more democratic. The American said, "I can stand in front of the White House with the placard DOWN WITH REAGAN and no one will stop me."

"So what?" the Russian replied. "I can stand in front of the Kremlin with the placard DOWN WITH REAGAN and no one will stop me, either."

•

A new stamp was issued with Brezhnev's picture; but before long, people began complaining that it wouldn't stick to the envelopes. A special commission discovered the reason—people were spitting on the wrong side of the stamp.

•

A wife came home after a two-week holiday and her husband found $200 in her purse.

"Where did you get the money?" he demanded.

"I will tell you the truth," she said. "I was unfaithful to you."

"I don't believe you," the husband replied. "Who would pay more than a dollar to be with someone like you?"

"But that's what they all gave me," was her reply.

•

A Russian, an American and a Frenchman met at the gates of heaven and found that a car was responsible for each of their deaths.

"I was driving at a hundred miles per hour when suddenly a tire blew out," the American said.

"I was making love to my girlfriend while I was driving," said the Frenchman, "and I hit a tree."

"For ten years," said the Russian, "I tried to save the money to buy a car and I died of starvation."

•

A man in the Soviet Union received a letter from his American cousin. The relative wrote that when he was in very bad shape financially, he made a kind of demonstration. He planted himself in front of the White House and ate hay. When the President approached him and asked what he was doing, he explained that he was so poor he could afford nothing more to eat. The President was shocked and awarded the man a big sum of money to support his family. The Soviet relative decided to try the same thing in Moscow. He was chewing hay in Red Square when Brezhnev approached him and asked what he was doing. The man answered that he was so poor, he had nothing to eat except the hay.

"Don't be a fool," Brezhnev told him. "You should eat *grass* now and save hay for winter."

•

A man was sitting in front of the TV set, watching a Brezhnev speech. Bored, he changed the channel and Brezhnev was on that channel as well, and the next one, and so on. Finally, when he reached the last channel, the picture was of a K.G.B. officer shaking his finger and saying:

"Try one more time and you'll get five years in jail."

•

"We got a call last night," said the K.G.B. captain. "Some guy lost his parrot—wanted to let us know he doesn't necessarily share its views."

•

A man was thrown out of the Communist Party and a friend asked him why.

"Well," the man answered, "the secretary of our party group asked me why I wasn't present at the last party meeting. I said, 'If I knew it was really the last party meeting, I surely would have been there.' "

•

Reagan visited Brezhnev in Moscow and noticed the streets were deserted.

"When President Ford was here several years ago," Reagan said, "there were a lot of people on the street. Where are they? Did you put all of them in prison?"

"Oh, no," Brezhnev replied. "Not even Stalin was able to do that. I just sent the writer Solzhenitsyn into exile."

"But where are all the other people?"

"At home, writing," Brezhnev replied.

very unself-conscious. I thought I'd be facing a skeleton crew. But when I got to the set, I forgot one minor detail, and that was that the scene took place in a night club, and there were 60 guys from Central Casting sitting around the room as extras. They were sweet and tried to encourage me. "I don't know what you're worried about, you look real nice," one said. At some point, I started flaking out and called Malcolm, who was at home, and told him, "I don't know if I can actually go ahead with it. It feels sleazy and weird and——" Malcolm said, "Look, you chose to do the role, the nude scene was in the script, you didn't complain. Forget the nudity, just try to do it real well." So I went back and did just what he said.

PLAYBOY: What did your mother say?

STEENBURGEN: She said, "Mary, I hope you were in good shape." I told her I thought I was. So she's got her priorities straight, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Your marriage is working. Your career is at top speed. You're in *Ragtime* with James Cagney and you're co-starring with Woody Allen in his next film. Malcolm's career is in medium gear. He's got *Cat People* coming up, and it could go either way. Are you afraid of the *Star Is Born* syndrome, where the unknown wife's career escalates and the star husband's career disintegrates?

STEENBURGEN: People who don't know us look upon the Oscar as meaning that I'm a bigger star than Malcolm. The truth is, Malcolm's the one they recognize when we walk down the street. Malcolm's the one whose movies they see at midnight shows and whose films play continuously at art houses.

The question of whose career is bigger now is transitory, and if it becomes a real concern of ours, it means our priorities are messed up. I feel tremendously committed to this relationship, and that means being careful to allow only things that are of importance to affect it. The only way that it can remain our world is to keep it very private. Which is not to say that I can't talk to you. The real privacy is that we don't let others hurt our relationship.

PLAYBOY: Is that being careful or selfish?

STEENBURGEN: Neither. I consider selfishness immoral. And the opposite, which is to give to people, is moral. When you have a baby, all you do is give. And except for that wonderful smile she had on her face when she was born, she can't give much back. And you realize how nice a thing it is not to be thinking about yourself. It's nice for me not to be even looking at a mirror until noon, then suddenly realizing that I look nicer than I used to when I'd wake up in the morning and put make-up on and have a lot of time to pamper myself. I like it better this way.

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BOOKS

Gail Sheehy has made a cottage industry of life crises. Her best-selling *Passages* charted the various stages of adult development, labeling them with pop names (The Trying Twenties, Catch-30, Deadline Decade). On the tour promoting her book, Sheehy met countless people who said, "So now what? How do you get through these passages?" For those lost and troubled souls, Sheehy has produced ***Pathfinders*** (Morrow), subtitled "Overcoming the Crises of Adult Life and Finding Your Own Path to Well-Being." She discovered that there are certain heroic individuals who "have confronted a crossroads, chosen a path and emerged from the completed passage with renewed strength and expanded potential." Pathfinders tend to have the same coping devices. They risk change, face uncertainty by working more, depend more on friends, see humor in the situation and pray a lot. People who are not pathfinders drink more, eat more, take drugs, indulge themselves, pretend the problem does not exist, develop physical symptoms or escape into fantasy. And so forth. At times, the book reads like a Boy Scout Handbook for Grownups. You can get merit badges in "Willingness to Take Risks," "The Right Timing," "Capacity for Loving" and "Middleclass Magicthink." We're not sure the book will help you through a mid-life crisis—it's too long. But for those of you hooked on self-help books, this is it.

•

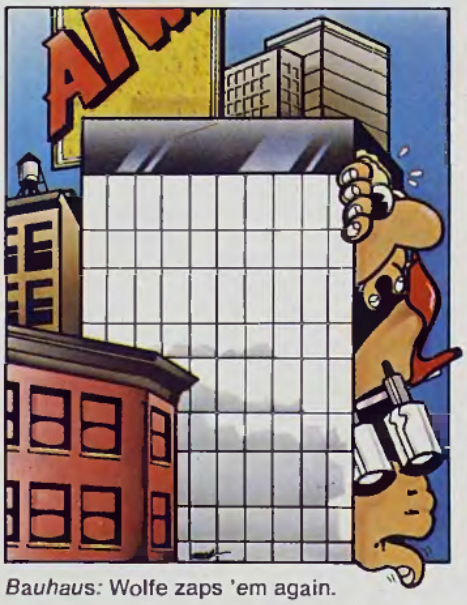
Forget the novel in the desk drawer. Forget *auteur* theory. The Eighties will be the decade of the screenwriter. Everyone has a treatment stashed away somewhere, right? Well, for a view of life at the top, pick up John Brady's ***The Craft of the Screenwriter*** (Simon & Schuster). It is an informative, entertaining collection of interviews with six of our top screenwriters: William Goldman, Ernest Lehman, Paul Schrader, Neil Simon, Robert Towne and the late Paddy Chayefsky. The advice ranges from the cryptic—"How long is a film allowed to be?" Answer: "I just write it until it ends"—to the anecdotal. Schrader says that during a film, he will sometimes get up and make five or six phone calls from the lobby: "I do business during bad movies." You get the behind-the-scenes details of such movies as *North by Northwest* (at one point, Lehman called it *The Man on Lincoln's Nose*), *Shampoo*, *Taxi Driver*, *Chinatown*, *The Godfather*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* and *All the President's Men*. A valuable book.

•

Movie books are like Reese's Peanut Butter Cups. They're not very filling, don't do anything good for you, cost too much and get swallowed by the millions. If Danny Peary thinks his ***Cult Movies*** (Delta) is a *book*, like, with valuable information and ideas and stuff, he's headed for the deep end of reefer madness. But anyone who has vamped to a midnight showing of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* will love this survey of 100 movies of the midnight mode almost as much as doing the Time Warp. *Cult Movies* consists of a brief foreword and afterword and what seems like hundreds of pages of credits, plot synopses and Peary's comments on the films. The credits are incomplete; the synopses are tedious; the comments tend to be superficial and repetitive. Who cares? Wild bunches of film freaks would brave the badlands of a forbidden planet for a compendium like this. Any single volume that includes *Duck Soup*, *Behind the Green Door* and *Once upon a Time in the West* cannot go wrong. Here's a performance that will help you trash a hard day's night or two.

Pathfinders: Some make it, some don't.

Sheehy re-covers the territory; Wolfe tells why people live in glass houses.


Bauhaus: Wolfe zaps 'em again.

•

Modern architecture got ya down, Bunkie? All those glass boxes bore you and bum you out? For information on whom to blame, we suggest Tom Wolfe's latest, ***From Bauhaus to Our House*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), in which Wolfe moves on from art and astronauts to buildings, and provides the usual treat of sharp serpent's-tooth wit gracefully conveyed, useful cultural insight and snazzy zip!-pop! writing. Wolfe is reassuring proof that you *can* survive a Ph.D. with your brain intact.

•

Sports Health (Quick Fox), subtitled "The Complete Book of Athletic Injuries," should go right into the bottom of your tote bag, next to your Nikes and your squash racket. Marshall Hoffman and Dr. William Southmayd have compiled an owner's manual for the jock who likes to take his body out and see what the sucker can do. The revolution in fitness (which some think as important as the revolution in sex) has produced quite a few books in recent years. This one is the best.

•

Richard Yates comes through once again with a solid short-story collection, ***Liars in Love*** (Delacorte). Among his subjects are a GI futilely trying to lose his virginity, a screenwriter half making it in Hollywood and a young man helplessly entangled with a prostitute. Yates is a skillful storyteller and these are not to be missed.

•

The late James M. Cain is best known for his novel *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (published in 1934), but he was also a prolific short-story writer. ***The Baby in the Icebox*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), edited by Roy Hoopes, contains a sampling of Cain's sketches, dialogs and short fiction. Cain's sometimes powerful, sometimes humorous writing was primarily popular in the Thirties, but this collection shows that its appeal is still strong.

•

John Becker's ***Jaimie*** (Godine), billed as "an autobiographical novel in short stories," is about Jaimie: as a child trying to understand his parents, as an adult trying to *be* a parent. Although all the tales are impressive, Becker is at his best when he captures his childhood memories.

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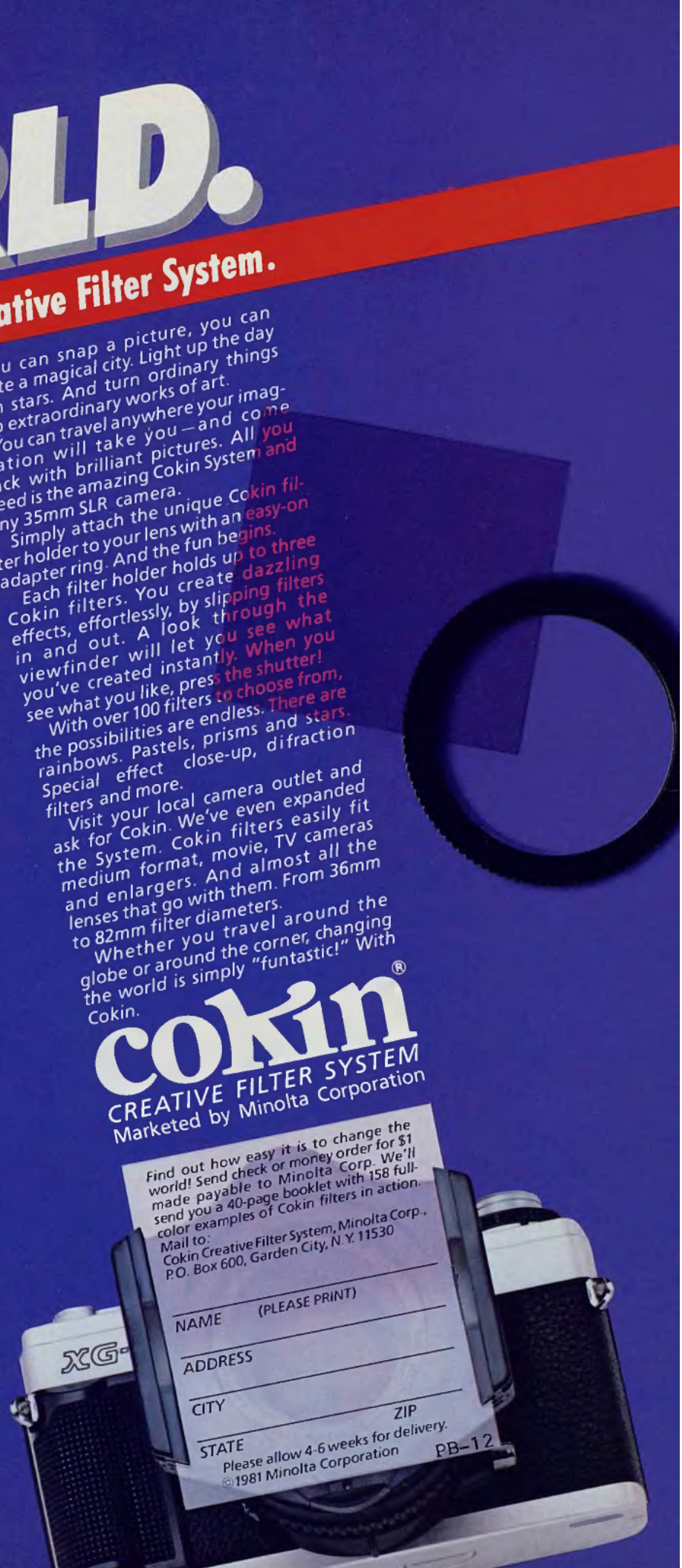

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We're not back to the golden days of *Fibber McGee and Molly*, *Kraft Music Hall* and *Lux Radio Theater*, when virtually every home in America was tuned in to network radio, but several ambitious broadcasters are striving to lure listeners away from their everyday diet of news, sports, Top 40 and elevator music. We've reported previously on National Public Radio's *Earplay* and *Star Wars*; this month, we have news of further ventures.

Most comprehensive, and oldest, of the radio-drama series is the hourlong **CBS Radio Mystery Theater**, broadcast five nights weekly over 300 stations. According to producer-director Himan Brown (himself a radio veteran whose career dates back to *The Goldbergs*), the program has 4,000,000 listeners per week and is number one in popularity on the Armed Forces Radio Network. *Mystery Theater* starts its ninth year in January with a five-part dramatization of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*; other highlights planned for the 130-program series include a new Sherlock Holmes story, in which the old master comes out of retirement to help someone unjustly accused of a crime, a dramatization of an attempt to kidnap George Washington and two stories about Charles Dickens assisting Scotland Yard.

In Brown's opinion, radio is theater's most potent form. Chicago producer-director Yuri Rasovsky doesn't exactly agree with him (he told *Variety*'s Morry Roth: "I'm in the drama business, and it doesn't make much difference where it's played"). Still, Rasovsky is going whole hog into radio drama this year, with his **National Radio Theater** having just opened a weekly series with an eight-part adaptation of *The Odyssey of Homer*. Funded largely with a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, *The Odyssey* stars such luminaries as Barry Morse (Odysseus), Shepperd Strudwick (Homer) and Irene Worth (the goddess Athena), backed by a cast of first-class talent from Chicago theater circles. Ed Asner hosts. Judging from the episodes available to us, *Odyssey* is first-rate, often gripping drama, but its accompanying taped educational material, which deals with such topics as the importance of gift giving in ancient Greece and is reputed to have been included to please the National Endowment, may drive you to change the dial. The sop, alas, is soporific.

Less pretentious are the other programs in the *N.R.T.* package, to be bank-rolled by TRW, Inc. Among them are Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*, starring James Earl Jones; *Cyrano de Bergerac*, with Len Cariou and Roberta Maxwell; and Pat O'Brien as Casey Stengel in William Brashler's *Casey: Which Is Myself*. Rasovsky hopes to interest 300 outlets in carrying *N.R.T.* To learn if it's being broadcast in your area, call 1-800-621-2373.

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Odysseus, Holmes, Frodo, jazz greats and more—they're all coming your way.

Jazzman Gerry Mulligan.

Back at National Public Radio, *Earplay* has, alas, run out of its National Endowment for the Arts funding for new production and will live only in the form of occasional one-hour drama specials, mostly repeats, as weekend additions to **NPR Playhouse**. *Playhouse*, just starting its second season, is a Monday-through-Friday half-hour series (check local schedules or call 1-800-424-2909 to learn broadcast times and stations in your area). Scheduled for Mondays is a BBC production of *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, which will feature dramatizations of such classics as *The Hound of the Baskervilles* ("Holmes! Look there! Its mouth, its eyes . . . the thing's on fire!") and *The Sign of Four*. The Tuesday and Thursday audio menu welcomes listeners to middle-earth with an adaptation of J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*, also courtesy of the BBC. Tammy Grimes hosts and the versatile British actor Ian (*Chariots of Fire*) Holm plays the saga's hobbit hero, Frodo. Wednesday's segment is *Ken Nordine's Word Jazz*, which verges on the indescribable. Nordine is the possessor of one of the country's most familiar (and impressive) voices; you've heard it on countless commercials (e.g., for Levis and Taster's Choice coffee). Nordine describes his series as "multiphrenic," which we interpret as more phrenic than schizo; others have called it "stream-of-consciousness radio." It's words, music, sound effects, humor—and must be heard to be believed. Friday's fare is *Nightfall*, devoted to "the macabre, the unexplained and the good old-fashioned horrible."

Jazz *cognoscenti* already know NPR's Peabody Award–winning **Jazz Alive!** as the only national weekly series of jazz in performance. An upcoming special hosted by *Jazz Alive!*'s main man, Billy Taylor, is *Central Avenue Breakdown*—a three-day extravaganza to be broadcast over the Thanksgiving weekend. Among those joining pianist Taylor as performers will be saxophonists Benny Carter, Dexter Gordon, Art Pepper, Zoot Sims and Gerry Mulligan, singer Carmen McRae, trumpeters Harry "Sweets" Edison, Gerald Wilson, Art Farmer and Chet Baker, pianists Lou Levy, George Cables and Les McCann, bassists Ray Brown and Red Callender and drummers Shelly Manne and Billy Higgins. Also due from *Jazz Alive!*: a seven-and-a-half-hour New Year's Eve broadcast.

Further out is John Cage's controversial composition *Roaratorio*, a mélange of all the sounds mentioned in James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, which will receive its American premiere in December on NPR's **RadioVisions**. Peter Gordon's *Shoptalk*, another program in the series, combines interviews with modern composers, music from their works and street noises into something that sounds like the sound track of a Robert Altman movie. Although *RadioVisions* emphasizes futuristic music, the 13-part series **Cathedral Court & Countryside** will offer medieval and Renaissance selections with commentary by critic Nicholas Kenyon.

Sounds like radio's offering a bit of something for everybody—unless, of course, you're hopelessly hooked on *Three's Company*. —GRETCHEN MCNEESE

Because she is a more accomplished actress than Joan Crawford ever was, Faye Dunaway pulls off an extraordinary stunt in the title role of ***Mommie Dearest*** (Paramount). She's not apt to win an Oscar but certainly deserves a carload of premium ham for her steam-roller performance as the fading, vengeful Hollywood legend at home with her adopted kiddies. Made up to resemble Groucho Marx as a female impersonator, or maybe a demon being exorcised by Max Factor, Dunaway does Joan to a turn. The performance is a series of show-stopping Great Moments from *Mommie Dearest*—the hysterical wire-hanger scene, the strangling scene, all the grisly birthday and Christmas parties, or Mommie just falling-down drunk. Need I remind anyone that Christina Crawford wrote the book on which all this is based? Mara Hobel and Diana Scarwid portray Tina at various ages, but *Mommie Dearest* is essentially a one-woman show for voyeurs with a streak of morbid curiosity about the fine art of child abuse in Hollywood. Producer Frank (*The Other Side of Midnight*) Yablans knows how to package such gilded trash, which is probably criticproof, and Frank Perry directed it with shameless glee, all but licking his lips over the juiciest parts. Well, no use kidding ourselves—it's pay dirt, and delicious. ¥¥½

•

More frothy stuff for *les girls*, especially for girls who prefer a movie to be like the kind of book they read while sitting under a hair drier, ***Rich and Famous*** (MGM) is a half-baked romantic saga that has seen better days in earlier incarnations. Originally a Broadway play titled *Old Acquaintance*, it became a 1943 movie starring Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins as two schoolgirl chums who grow up to be successful novelists. In this glossy remake, directed by veteran George Cukor, Jacqueline Bisset has Davis' part as the *serious* writer, with Candice Bergen as her vulgar friend who writes schlocky best sellers and cracks vile jokes on the Merv Griffin show. For 1981 audiences, who have presumably read all of Kinsey's reports, sex is the major new ingredient—particularly for Bisset, who seems to dissolve her writer's blocks by making it with a stranger on a plane (Michael Brandon), a teenaged hustler (Matt Lattanzi) and a *Rolling Stone* interviewer (Hart Bochner) of tender years (I learned here that writers for *Rolling Stone* are allowed to hire pretty assistants to accompany them on assignments, an exciting new trend in magazine journalism).

Anyway, *Rich and Famous* must rise or fall on the effectiveness of its witty bitchery and girl talk. The movie, covering the touchy 22-year friendship of Jackie and Candice (1959–1981), occasionally crackles with life or a glint of dry humor, but mostly the two scrumptious beauties appear to be acting in different films—while Bisset plays straight, Bergen flounces around in a high-camp parody of God only knows *which* woman author. While she is often funny in a broad way, I never believed she could write a grocery list, much less five or six profitable novels followed by an award-winning memoir. David Selby plays the man they both love and lose en route to a chin-up feminist fade-out that says nothing of importance about anything. ¥¥½

Dunaway is Scarwid's *Mommie Dearest*.

Dunaway chews the celluloid as Crawford; a triple dose of froth and soap for the ladies.

Hauer in Chanel drag.

Sissy and kids in *Raggedy Man*.

•

As sleekly packaged as the lady's own French perfume, ***Chanel Solitaire*** (United Film Dist.) is a collection of sketches from the life of Gabrielle "Coco" Chanel. She's an orphan who grows up to become a rich man's mistress, then a fashionable milliner in Paris, then the high priestess of international *haute couture*. Successful in everything but love. When jilted by the one man she really wants, she whacks off her long hair and turns lesbian, with dramatic consequences for stylish ladies everywhere. All of which probably sounds slightly foolish in summary—like one of those "women's movies" our mothers used to cherish, made from equal parts of crushed silk, sex, schmaltz and self-sacrifice. Clearly, that's just what producer Larry Spangler and director George Kaczender had in mind, and *Chanel Solitaire* is satiny, old-fashioned film making out of the top drawer, with music to match. Marie-France Pisier portrays Chanel smartly, opposite Rutger Hauer and Timothy Dalton as her main men. Karen Black as an exuberant courtesan who teaches young Coco how a girl can make herself popular wearing practically nothing. *Chanel* is loosely based on a biography by Claude Delay and parts of it are more or less true, though truth here is mere punctuation for a parade of beautiful people, gossamer threads, elegant villas and grand hotels. You're not supposed to *think* too much: You either walk away or wallow in it. ¥¥½

•

Gritty, down-home melodrama seems to be a trend, helped along by the success of such films as *Coal Miner's Daughter* and *Norma Rae*. Sissy Spacek is back, wearing simple house dresses and an anxious look, in ***Raggedy Man*** (Universal), one of those women-do-get-weary soap operas about a goodhearted gal tryin' to get by and raise her two young'uns

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in Gregory, Texas, back in the Forties. Having divorced her no-account husband, who has since disappeared, Nita works as the town's lone telephone operator and can't get anything better, 'cause there's a war on and her boss tells her she's "froze." Well, there's a couple of nitwitted rednecks in town who spell trouble for Nita. There's also a mysterious, scarred Raggedy Man (one of the most thankless roles of this or any other year for actor-playwright Sam Shepard), who mows lawns; nobody suspects what *he's* doin' in town. The only really nice thing that happens to Nita and her little boys is the arrival, one stormy night, of a young sailor (Eric Roberts) who stops to make a long-distance phone call, finds out his hometown girl has married another fella and hangs around long enough to make everyone fall in love with him. That includes the movie audience, by the way, since young Roberts (who made his auspicious debut in *King of the Gypsies*) is one of the most appealing and persuasive male stars on the horizons of cinema. Fine acting by Roberts and Spacek is just about the only good reason I can give you for seeing *Raggedy Man*. Maybe that's sufficient, though, because when they are good, they are very, *very* good, indeed, in an otherwise dopey movie. ¥¥

If you will buy John Belushi in a romantic-comedy role that might ordinarily be played by Redford or Newman or Beatty, or even Hoffman or Pacino, then ***Continental Divide*** (Universal) may bother you less than it bothered me. Writers Jack Rosenthal and Lawrence Kasdan (the latter especially hot, with *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Body Heat* among his current credits) have taken a fresh idea about contemporary love and relationships and woven it into an unlikely but intrinsically beguiling story. Belushi plays a crack reporter—a character loosely based, we're told, on *Chicago Sun-Times* syndicated columnist Mike Royko—assigned by his editor (Allen Goorwitz) to interview a reclusive lady scientist (Blair Brown) who's waaay up in a Rocky Mountain wilderness, devoting herself to research on an endangered species: the American eagle. English director Michael Apted, though he hit all the right notes in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, seems slightly out of his element here. Either that or he is sabotaged by the casting. Brown does an excellent job, perfectly credible and appealing, yet *Continental Divide* strikes me as the kind of exercise in which there's less need for pure conviction than for starry charisma—the golden stuff supplied of yore by Hepburn and Tracy, say, or Turner and Gable. That's where Belushi seems out of sync, half the time mugging and

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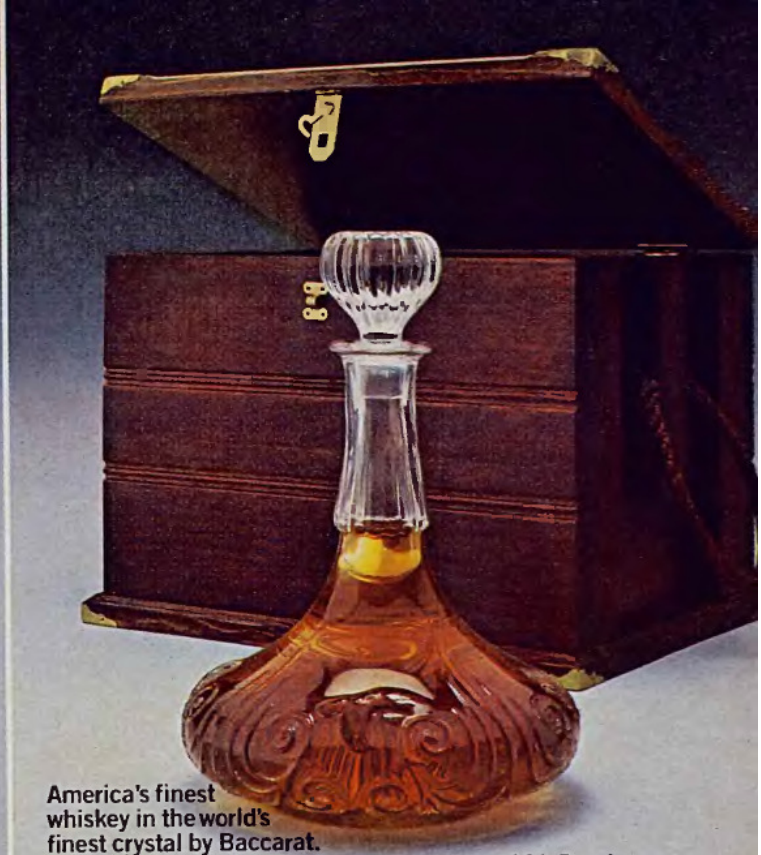

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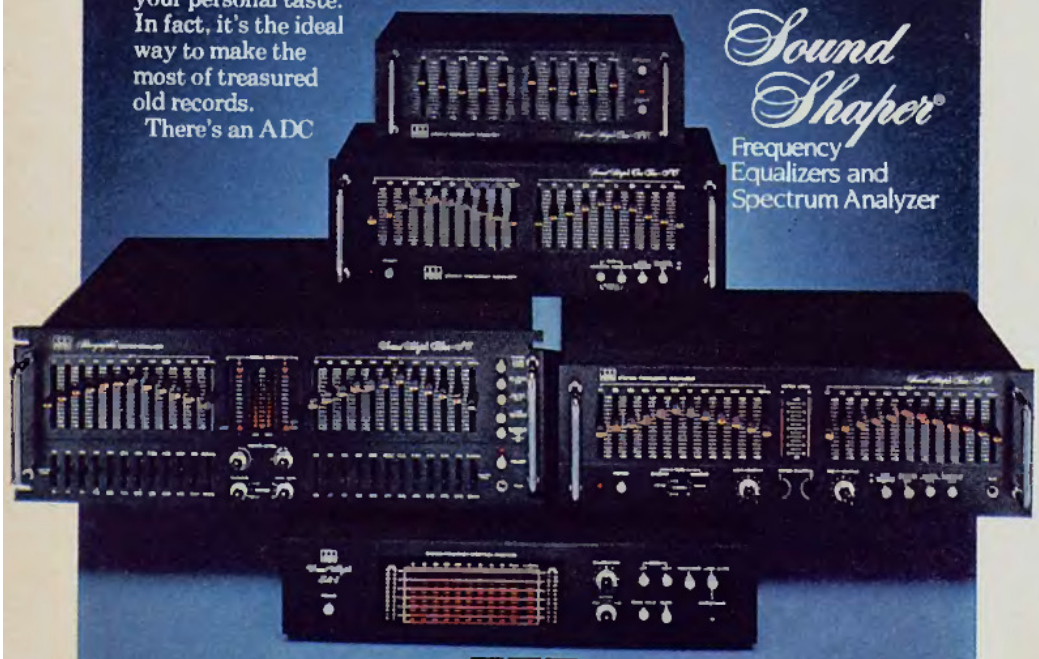

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bumbling and doing shticks, as if he were the comedy relief in some Disney wilderness epic, then sweating to be taken seriously as a lover. In real life, maybe; a guy *can* be fat and fallible and still score high with women, especially when there's an aura of success about him. In the movies, however, we're used to a degree of idealization in leading men. Only a few exceptionally talented actors dare to challenge that tradition, and Belushi—for all his wild comic flair—isn't quite ready to join the club. ¥¥½

•

The violence in ***Southern Comfort*** (Fox) is anything but mindless, though director Walter Hill keeps it zinging with the energy and tension common to all his work (witness *The Warriors*, *The Long Riders*). Ballsy *macho* themes are Hill's hallmark, and *Comfort*—sure, the title is intentionally ironic—bristles with a sense of danger from beginning to end. Nine men with the Louisiana National Guard, on military maneuvers through swamps and bayous, stumble into a life-or-death ordeal when one Army jerk, as a prank, fires a round of blanks at some native Cajuns whose boats they have just stolen. All hell breaks loose, and soon the scared, scrappy lost patrol is being picked off, one by one, by unseen snipers, wild dogs, deadly traps and quicksand. Half the time it's insidious psychological warfare, and there may be meaningful resonance here that ambitious critics connect to Vietnam—about U. S. innocents abroad, as dangerous to themselves as they are to the hidden foe whose turf they violate. But I don't think Hill intends to be that pretentious, and his cryptic, pungent script (a collaboration with Michael Kane and producer David Giler) speaks for itself eloquently in such lines as one redneck's dogged assertion, "There comes a time when you have to abandon principles and do what's right."

What's right soon becomes an elemental question of survival. As a banker's son and a chemical engineer—the only men in the outfit who seem to have any higher education—Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe are the key figures in a fine male cast without a single weak link. As a penetrating character study of men divided by a common peril, the movie seldom flags (though it seems to me the hostile Cajuns actually have a pretty flimsy motive for their blood sport). Andrew Laszlo's cinematography adds dimension, for there's a frightening, wintry beauty about it, all blue-gray and brackish. Everything seems hushed and waiting in *Southern Comfort*, but for once, the waiting is not in vain. Hill delivers dynamite. ¥¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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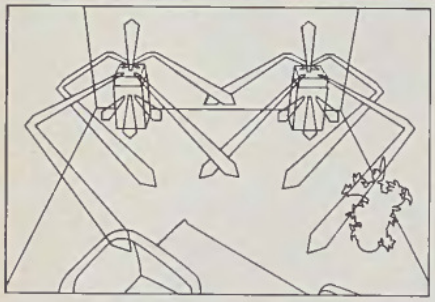

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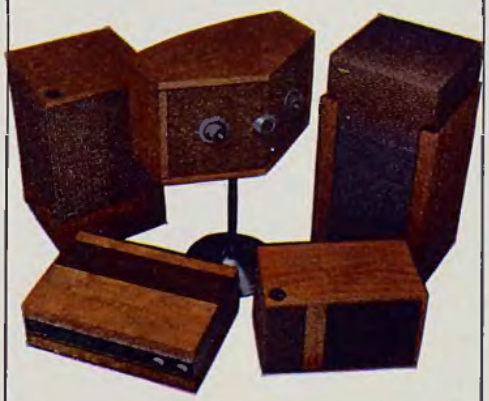

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Blow Out Passable De Palma thriller, starring a subdued Travolta. ¥¥½

Body Heat Brought to a sizzle by William Hurt, Kathleen Turner and writer-director Lawrence Kasdan. ¥¥¥

Chanel Solitaire (Reviewed this month) Coco as a main dish. ¥¥½

Chariots of Fire Grand drama about British athletes, off and running in the 1924 Olympics. ¥¥¥¥

Circle of Two Burton's back and Tatum's got him, if anyone cares. ¥

Continental Divide (Reviewed this month) Belushi in love. ¥¥½

Eye of the Needle Ken Follett's spy-who-loved-me saga, with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan. ¥¥¥½

First Monday in October Clayburgh *vs.* Matthau on the U. S. Supreme Court. A case of talking heads. ¥

The French Lieutenant's Woman Fastidiously made but a lot better in book form, despite Meryl Streep. ¥¥

Gallipoli An intimate, memorable antiwar epic about Aussies fighting England's battles. ¥¥¥

Goldmine Mild college humor. A good try. ¥¥

Heartland Some hard sledding in the old West. ¥¥½

Mommie Dearest (Reviewed this month) Dunaway overdoing Joan. ¥¥½

Priest of Love The girls of D. H. Lawrence, with Ian McKellen as the eccentric, bedeviled author. ¥¥¥

Prince of the City Treat Williams in Sidney Lumet's gritty, brilliant view of police corruption. ¥¥¥½

Quartet Alan Bates, Maggie Smith and Isabelle Adjani giving the lie to gay Paree circa 1927. Wicked. ¥¥½

Raggedy Man (Reviewed this month) Sissy and associates almost save it. ¥¥

Rich and Famous (Reviewed this month) Jackie and Candy in what Bette and Miriam did better. ¥¥½

Southern Comfort (Reviewed this month) Bad days in the bayous. ¥¥¥

Stevie A virtuoso performance by Glenda Jackson. None better. ¥¥¥¥

Tarzan, the Ape Man In more ways than one, Bo has all the lines. ¥¥½

Tattoo Bruce Dern and Maud Adams in another kind of skin flick. ¥¥¥

True Confessions A bookish tale of two brothers—Duvall as a cop, De Niro as a worldly priest. Slow but splendidly acted, of course. ¥¥½

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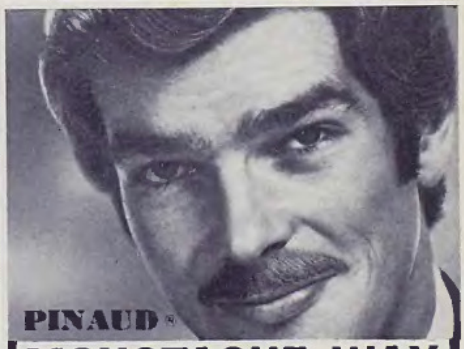

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GROVER GETS OVER: At home in a leafy Philadelphia suburb, **Grover Washington, Jr.,** slips onto the turntable the record he has just acquired, after much looking—the old Ray Charles–Betty Carter set on ABC-Paramount. He feasts his ears on the big-band sounds and the vocal harmonies. Then comes the first sax break by David Newman, and Grover is in ecstasy. "Ah," he sighs, "vintage Fathead."

If anyone knows good horn playing, it is Grover Washington. His satiny funk records of the early Seventies—especially *Mr. Magic*, a classic of the genre—established him as a master blaster. This

year, *Winelight* led him into uncharted waters. Spurred by the hit single *Just the Two of Us*, with a typically soulful vocal by Bill Withers, it roosted atop the pop charts for weeks, broke records for jazz-album sales and turned the soft-spoken Washington into a superstar.

While Grover can now afford to "bob and weave" his way through selected gigs, in the words of his lawyer, Lloyd Zane Remick, his Philadelphia fans can often catch him at the Spectrum, where he plays *The Star-Spangled Banner* before the 76ers' home games. He has played at a few of the Eagles' games, too, but he and the 76ers have a special relationship. Julius "Dr. J" Erving has called him part of the team; a Philadelphia sportswriter has called him its best player. He has become a good friend of Erving's (one of the songs on *Winelight* is dedicated to Dr. J)—and of some of the other players, too. Steve Mix even asked Grover to give him sax lessons.

"Yeah," says Grover. "Now, if he'll just show me that two-handed shovel shot, the one nobody can stop. . . ." The fact is, Grover would probably chuck all his music-star status if he could be a great athlete.

"I think almost all musicians are frustrated athletes," he says. He'd obviously given in to his frustrations, having just recovered from a shiner he'd picked up in a baseball game, and he was limping from turning his ankle in a charity basketball game.

Clearly, he'd been working hard, even though he hadn't been touring. He'd already done that, six months a year, for most of a decade. Now, professionally, it's time for gigs like the *Tomorrow* show, the TV special that's on its way and his upcoming guest shot on a live Ramsey Lewis LP, for which Grover is writing a tune.

When we met, Grover had just produced a first recording by a Philadelphia trio, Pieces of a Dream, whose average age is 17 ("Scares you, doesn't it?"). The next day he would huddle with Ralph MacDonald, the veteran percussionist, and MacDonald's songwriting partner, Bill Salter, to consider material for his own new record.

This fall, Grover returned to classes at Temple University, where he's working toward a doctorate in musical composition. Two of the songs on *Winelight* were written for course credit, but Grover admits they scored less success with his instructor than with the pop world. "After I recorded them and added some parts, I took them back. And he said, 'Hey, these are great tunes.' I said, 'They're the same ones you gave me a C on.' " Wonder who got an A.

—CARL P. SNYDER

REVIEWS

The Rolling Stones sound younger and more energetic than other bands half their age on their much-anticipated new record, ***Tattoo You*** (Rolling Stones Records). Like the Stones' classic Seventies album *Exile on Main Street*, *Tattoo* is heavily drenched with gut-bucket blues and R&B. What could be funkier than Stones harmonies, with their characteristic bone-chilling jangle, echoing the finest of Stax/Volt R&B? Meanwhile, lush solo work from famed jazz saxophonist Sonny Rollins surveys some new landscapes for the group. All that, plus the picaresque yelps and screams that generally characterize a Stones set, makes for an album that doesn't have a bad cut. Welcome back to Main Street, guys.

•

Daryl Hall and John Oates consider ***Private Eyes*** (RCA) a musical extension of their prior chart buster *Voices*, because it features the same band, the same engineer and the same producers—Hall and Oates. It actually includes a much broader range of styles, from power pop and Beatlesque rock to urban R&B. Typical of the more inventive tracks are *Tell Me What You Want*, which begins with a garbled intro (originally recorded on Hall's small home tape recorder) that leads into quirky raw-edged rock 'n' roll, and *I Can't Go for That (No Can Do)*, an up-tempo composition that consists of funk rhythms and several layers of background vocals wrapped around a wonderful sax break. The latter, according to coproducer and engineer Neil Kernon, is Hall and Oates's attempt to recapture the black following they attracted in the mid-Seventies with *She's Gone* and *Sara Smile*. *Voices* was Hall and Oates's first self-produced effort, and with this one they are out to prove that the success of the first was not a fluke.

•

The backbone of Barbara Mandrell's career has been live performance. Thus, ***Barbara Mandrell Live*** (MCA), her first live LP, is predictably one of her strongest. It captures the exuberance, audience ingratiation and vocal adeptness that have made her a pop force.

•

A lot of people have never forgiven Bob Dylan for not being the new Messiah. If you can get past that prejudice, you probably will enjoy born-again Bob's ***Shot of Love*** (Columbia), a subtle, easygoing LP that is simplistic without being simple-minded. Bob has

shucked the country-rock posturing and delved back into his sparsely arranged harmonic homilies. While *nouveau* Christian Bob doesn't actually proselytize on this LP, he does name-drop quite a bit in songs such as *Property of Jesus* and *Heart of Mine*. All the assembled tunes are worth listening to, with Dylan skipping from nasal soul to half-assed Mexican to straight-on folkiness. (*Every Grain of Sand* is evocative of vintage Dylan.) And those lyrics are out there! Here's Bob singing the praises of *Lenny Bruce*:

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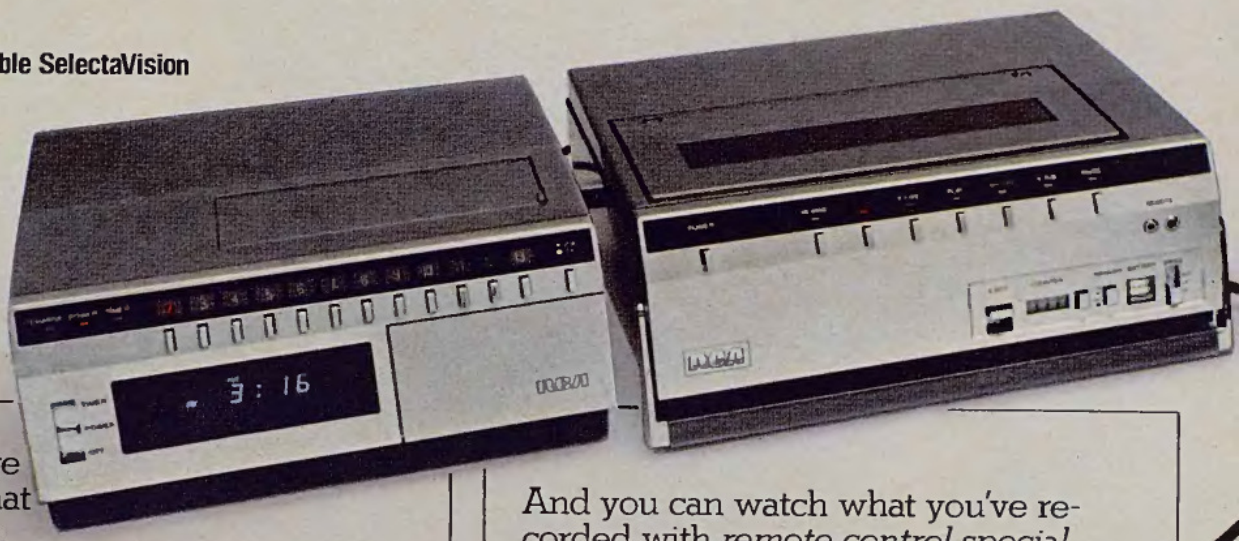

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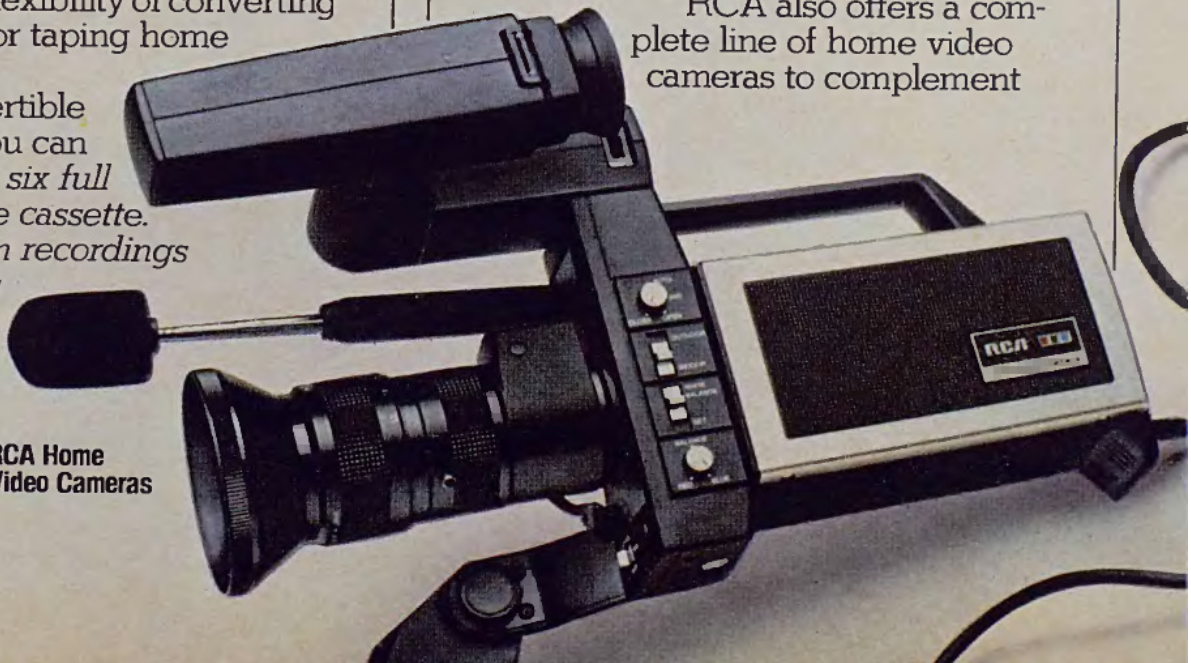

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•

When it comes down to deciding the best pop album of 1981, it may be a tossup between Rickie Lee Jones's ***Pirates*** (Warner Bros.) and Stevie Nicks's ***Bella Donna*** (Modern). Without doubt, the year belongs to the ladies. Jones's second album is a more lavish version of her first. Missing is the simple guitarwork of a *Chuck E.'s in Love*. Instead, the keynote credit on *Pirates* is "Horn and Vocal Arrangements by Rickie Lee Jones." We defy you to tell the difference on some of the cuts—Jones plays her voice like a jazz horn section. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of Stevie Nicks's new release is that of collaboration. Nicks has one of the most distinct voices in rock. When she chooses to duet with Tom Petty (*Stop Draggin' My Heart Around*) or Don Henley (*Leather and Lace* and *The Highwayman*), the result is incredible—not unlike the first time someone sat down with a Stratocaster and a Fender bass. These voices are instruments and, God, do they sing. Nicks is best known as the source of the eerie, spectral songs in Fleetwood Mac's repertoire. Here she kicks out the chocks for a series of rockers that's no less haunting. With help from people like Waddy Wachtel, Roy Bittan and Russ Kunkel, how could she miss?

•

Hoy-Hoy (Warner Bros.) is a collection of 16 never-before-released versions of Little Feat classics, plus three more songs from early albums. When the record arrived, the editors at PLAYBOY retired to the listening room, cranked up the volume and listened to all four sides. Twice. Lowell George meant that much to us. This offering is a cross between *Waiting for Columbus* and one of those 16-record collections of everything Buddy Holly ever put on tape. It is a vital piece in the history of a world-class rock band.

•

Chrissie Hynde is one of the few singers around who can add exclamation points to lyrics without raising her voice. That cold passion runneth over on the Pretenders' second LP, ***Pretenders II*** (Sire). Don't look for any innovation on this one, just more of the foursome's stiff-armed rock sound. When you think about it, that's good enough. Hynde's aloof vocals have just the right amount of snot-nosed sexual quiver (check out *The Adulteress*) and James Honeyman-Scott once again turns in a yeoman's performance on guitars and keyboards. Some of the boy-arm-wrestles-girl tunes, such as *Bad Boys Get Spanked* and *Jealous Dogs*, seem like mere shadows of the first album's better moments, but songs like *Message of Love*, *Talk of*

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the Town and the manic *Louie Louie* (no, not *that* one), with its lame-brained horn line, are well worth the price of admission.

•

Listening to Joan Armatrading is often the aural equivalent of wrestling with a very strong woman: You come away with a sense of real, satisfying physical exertion. Her music is powerful and a little dangerous. At first listen, her tunes shouldn't work, but they do. Her voice, which seems paradoxically both stretched and still having an enormous reserve, can get away with lyrics that wouldn't be tolerated in any one else's mouth. ***Walk Under Ladders*** (A&M), her newest album, may be her most successful. There's a good mix of songs about strengths and weaknesses, and each is more eloquent than merely confessional. You'll probably be hearing some of the album on the radio, but buy the whole shot. Armatrading is one of the most interesting ladies in music.

•

Pleasant Dreams (Sire), The Ramones' latest, has that light, tossed-off quality—as if the songs were written about 40 seconds before the session, in about 40 seconds—that the best of the old garage-style bands used to have. There's a cheerful sloppiness to it, controlled just enough by producer and ex-10ccer Graham Gouldman. There's even a new teen death song about a car crash, just like the good old days.

•

The Shirelles they ain't, but the Go-Go's are as sassy and wise a girl group as you're going to find nowadays. These five young lovelies are all vets of the L.A. New Wave scene, and their debut LP, ***Beauty and the Beat*** (IRS), reveals cleverly modern songs that are firmly rooted in Sixties girl-group tradition, plus a self-contained band that's cute *and* rocks. The Go-Go's are real cool live, too, so don't hesitate to da-doo-run-run and see them in concert as well. Just don't expect to hear *Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?*

•

Koko Taylor is, quite simply, one of the finest contemporary female blues singers around, and ***From the Heart of a Woman*** (Alligator) is her warmest, most personal album to date. Backed by the cream of Chicago's younger blues players, Koko wails through a variety of blues and R&B styles with a gusto that's rarely heard on new wax these days.

•

On Debbie Harry's first solo flight without the band Blondie, the solid-platinum *chanteuse* and her Svengali/co-writer Chris Stein team up with producers Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers, of Chic renown. The venture is called ***KooKoo*** (Chrysalis)—"The title comes from the 'cu' syllable in acupuncture," explains Debbie—and is one

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of the more successful matings of gen-you-wine rock 'n' roll with sho-nuff contemporary funk to have appeared in some time. Debbie's not going to blow Aretha out of the ball park with this album, but there's a nicely pared-down, fast-rappin' street energy here that's smart and sassy.

•

Jean Carn, a supremely gifted vocalist who's been around awhile and has sung various kinds of music, gets loving treatment from a bunch of producers on ***Sweet and Wonderful*** (TSOP). From the quick-stepping fervor of *Bet Your Lucky Star* to the slow anguish of *Love Don't Love Nobody*, the tunes and arrangements are uniformly excellent.

•

It's too bad Larry Graham doesn't have Carn's tolerance for producers. No male singer has better equipment than Sly Stone's onetime bass player; ***Just Be My Lady*** (Warner Bros.) is ample proof of that. Graham wrote the songs, arranged, produced, played the instruments—and it's all very impressive, except that the album drags. Next time, Larry, don't try to be such a hero.

•

Foreigner, that bastion of Cro-Magnon crotch rock, has jettisoned a couple of members and streamlined its sound on ***4*** (Atlantic). Originally sort of a Bad Company variation with lead singer Lou Gramm doing his best to sound like Paul Rodgers without actually changing his name, Foreigner has broadened its horizons on *4*, producing a fistful of tunes that, while still as subtle as *The Anvil Chorus*, offer interesting interlocking guitar parts and swirling synthesizer patterns. The equivalent of a barroom brawl, *4* is worth purchasing for the song *Luanne* alone: a truly inspired riff-rocker concerning the old boy-meets-girl-meets-heartache ploy. And so it goes.

SHORT CUTS

Aretha Franklin / Love All the Hurt Away (Arista): Her albums keep getting slicker—verging on the overproduced—but the voice is still a unique and mesmerizing instrument.

The Rockets / Back Talk (Elektra): Two original high-octane members of Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels colead the Rockets; the result is mainstream Midwestern hard rock at its best.

Shankar / Who's to Know (ECM): A haunting, lovely album of Indian classical music features this virtuoso musician (not Ravi) on the newly invented ten-string double-necked violin.

Bill Monroe / Master of Bluegrass (MCA): This well-titled session, all instrumental, profits by its lack of Monroe's cold-chill vocals and its focus on his mandolin playing.

The Manhattans / Black Tie (Columbia): It's been too long a wait since *Shining Star*—but all's forgiven now.

FAST TRACKS

WHERE'D YA GET THOSE PEEPERS? DEPARTMENT: In the beginning, there was the portable radio. And that was good. Next came the box. That wasn't so good. Then came the Walkman. That was perfect. You could funky chicken till the cows came home and no one else had to hear about it. But you can't stop progress. Larry McCurdy, an inventor in Maryland, has developed stereo Eyephones to be used with the earphones. McCurdy says his device shuts out all outside light and generates tiny colored flashing lights that are activated by the music. Now when you funky chicken, you have to be careful you don't fall.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Herb Jaffe**, the producer of **Bette Midler**'s new movie, *Jinxed*, has budgeted in ten percent for *meshugaas*—that's Yiddish for craziness. Could *Jinxed* become the Jewish *Heaven's Gate*? . . . **Robert Stigwood** and **Allan Carr** have started production on *Grease Two*. It's due out next summer. . . . The 1967 BBC-TV special *Magical Mystery Tour*, starring the **Beatles**, is now available on video cassettes. . . . Director **Alan (*Fame*) Parker** has finally started shooting *Pink Floyd: The Wall*, based on a screenplay by the group's **Roger Waters**. Look for it at the movies next summer. . . . And it comes as no surprise that another film about **Elvis**, titled *E.* will be made from the book *Elvis: The Final Years*. . . . *The Sound of the City*, British concert footage shot between 1964 and 1973, had a brief American debut last summer. It includes classic footage of **The Stones, Jimi Hendrix, Otis Redding** and **Rod Stewart**. It played briefly and then was pulled by a New York judge at the request of The Stones music-publishing company. At issue were copyright technicalities of five **Jagger/Richard** songs. We hope it will resurface. It sounds great.

NEWSBREAKS: We think duets by well-known singers are a nice commercial idea, but this story may have taken it just a little too far: Producer **Owen Bradley** has combined vocal tracks by two long-dead country singers, **Jim Reeves** and **Patsy Cline**, to create artificial duets. Before they were released, RCA first obtained legal clearances from the singers' estates and from the company that owns rights to Cline's recordings. . . . Fifties rock 'n' roll has hit Japan, where kids are dancing up a storm to **Johnnie Ray, Fats Domino, Fabian** and **Elvis**, of course. . . . British TV is planning to air two specials of particular interest this fall: **David Bowie** in the **Brecht** play *Baal* and a supernatural thriller starring **Gordon "Sting" Sumner** of **The Police**. We hope both will reach our shores. . . . Galleries in more than 100 cities are showing 14 of **John Lennon**'s lithographs. A quarter from each paid admission will be donated to the Spirit Foundation. . . . Rock concerts in the future may replace their opening acts with prerecorded video shows in an effort to reduce expenses. That would be the kiss of death to a lot of up-and-coming groups. . . . **Paul McCartney** and **Michael Jackson** are planning to record on each other's albums. . . . **June Pointer** is working on a solo album for after Christmas. . . . **Don Henley** is also working on a solo effort. . . . **Tom Waits** described working on the sound track to the **Francis Coppola** movie *One from the Heart* as "long periods of boredom interspersed with moments of sheer terror."

RANDOM RUMORS: *The New York Times* (no less) says the riots that hit England last summer have been forecast for the past several years in the lyrics of popular British rock bands. As long ago as 1976, says the *Times*, groups such as **The Clash** and **The Sex Pistols** were predicting anarchy in the streets. . . . We hear there's a church in St. Paul, Minnesota, that wants to put movie-style ratings on records and tapes. Let's see, that would be a G for **Mickey Mouse** disco, a PG for **Barry Manilow**'s whole discography; oh, never mind.

—BARBARA NELLIS

1981 U.S. Gov't Report:

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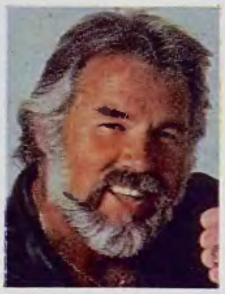
☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Denver oilman **Marvin Davis,** who bought 20th Century-Fox some months ago, has already made his tastes known around Hollywood. Fox recently gave the green light for **Kenny Rogers** to star in his first feature, *Six Pack*, the story of a stock-car racer who takes six street kids under his wing. Davis is an avid Rogers fan. Also on the Fox agenda, by Davis' suggestion—a possible sequel to *The Sound of Music*, a project that may encounter some problems due to the fact that **Rodgers** and **Hammerstein** will not be available to score the film. They are both deceased. . . . **Peter Yates** will direct *Krull*, a futuristic fantasy, for Columbia. A special-effects bonanza, *Krull* (described by one source as "*Star Wars* without the hardware") is heavy on mysticism and the occult (i.e., people turn into animals and vice versa). . . . Also on the Columbia production schedule: *Blue Thunder*, starring **Roy Scheider**



Rogers

Scheider

as a supercop in the chopper division, and *Tootsie*, a comedy scripted by **Larry Gelbart** with **Dustin Hoffman** as a night-club performer. . . . **Paul Le Mat** and **Catherine Hicks** star in Universal's *Death Valley*, the story of two couples who encounter terror during a vacation there. . . . "There will be no *Rocky IV*," says **Sylvester Stallone,** who has lost more than 30 pounds for *Rocky III*, set for release in June. Referring to the weight loss, Stallone reportedly quipped: "The way it's going, Rocky Balboa could be the only boxer in the world to abdicate as heavyweight and go for lightweight."

•

HEEERRRE'S JERRY: Serious **Robert De Niro** and wacky **Jerry Lewis** together in the same film? That's the star line-up in director **Martin Scorsese**'s latest project, *King of Comedy* (scripted by former *Newsweek* movie critic **Paul Zimmerman**). Lewis plays Jerry Langford, host of a **Johnny Carson**–type TV talk show; De Niro is Rupert Pupkin, an aspiring stand-up comic whose most consuming fantasy is to someday appear on Langford's program. (At one point in the film, De Niro actually *has* fantasies about being on the celebrity panel and one-upping such guests as **Liza Minnelli** and **Tony Randall.**) More than just a comedy, *King of Comedy* is about success and the sometimes rugged paths that lead to it. The ending ought to be interesting: De

Lewis

De Niro

Niro finally gets on the show and has to do a ten-minute monolog (word has it he spent a good deal of time at New York's Catch a Rising Star cabaret, watching aspiring comics aspire). As for the casting of Lewis, "Scorsese has always had great reverence for Jerry Lewis," says one insider. "Jerry was the first and only choice for the role." One last note—Scorsese's agent, **Harry Ufland,** plays—you guessed it—an agent.

•

SPACE/TIME CONTINUUM: Arthur C. Clarke, whose short novel *The Sentinel* was the basis for **Stanley Kubrick**'s 1968 classic *2001: A Space Odyssey*, has written a continuation of the story. Due out next November, *2010: Odyssey Two* will answer most, if not all, of our questions about what became of Dave and HAL. Clarke's inspiration to complete the story arose from the flood of mail he's been receiving from readers.

•

***SILVER STREAK* MINUS THE TRAIN: Gene Wilder** and **Gilda Radner** team up in Columbia's *Traces*, a film described by publicists as a "romantic mystery-comedy." Wilder plays a New York architect who meets **Kathleen Quinlan** in a taxi—she's mysteriously offed, he becomes the prime

Radner

Wilder

suspect and the plot thickens just enough to embroil Wilder in a devious plot to heist classified defense information (actually, at presstime, the film makers hadn't really decided whether it was to be defense information or something else, but what's the difference?). Anyway, enter Gilda, a journalist who happens to be tracking a lead on the heist story. Natch, she and Wilder team up to solve the mystery and fall in love in the process.

•

NOT A WESTERN! Willie Nelson and **Gary Busey** seem like a winning combination for a film, but the long-delayed release of *Barbarosa* (which stars them both) might make one suspicious. The film has been in the can for more than a year, yet it's not scheduled to hit theaters until next February, a slow, semicompetitive month for the movies. Moreover, the flick's producers have been claiming, perhaps a bit too emphatically, that it is *not* a Western. "It's more than a Western," says producer **Paul Lazarus III.** "It'll be classified as one, since it's set in 1856 and people ride horses, but it has more to do with characters than the hardware." Nelson plays the title character, a hunted outcast leading a loner's life in the mountains. There he meets Busey, who has unintentionally

Busey

Nelson

killed his brother-in-law and is fleeing from the victim's vengeful family. A friendship develops and together—through their adventures—they attempt to survive. "*Barbarosa* is not a message picture," says screenwriter/coproducer **William Wittliff,** "but if it has something to say, it is that no matter how strange the circumstances, people do need people."

•

ROMERO'S AGENDA: Director **George** (*Knightriders*) **Romero** is currently filming writer **Stephen King**'s *Creepshow*, which he describes as "five separate stories with a comic-book format. Steve says he wants people under their seats, clutching their Jujubes. After that, we hope to do King's *The Stand*, a really big-budget movie." As for long-range projects, Romero says, "I'd like to make *Tarzan of the Apes*, the original Burroughs novel. I'd also love to do a big Gothic horror film like *Frankenstein*. Failing that, I guess I'd like to make one of those **John Payne–Rhonda Fleming** movies where they're trying to make it down the river in a schooner."

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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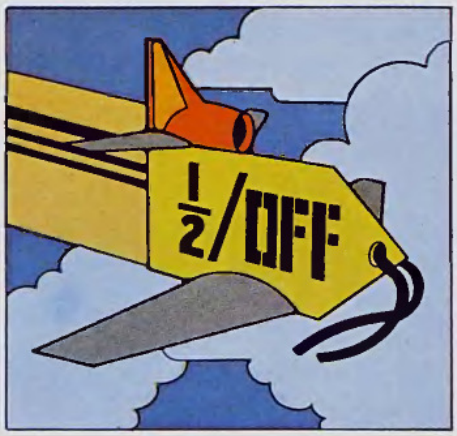

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

AS RECENTLY as a couple of years ago, it really didn't make much difference which airline you flew. Individual planes were virtually identical, and so were the fares, so it hardly mattered whether check-in took place at Trans Orbital Airways or at the Wings of Irving.

But while full-fare prices still remain mostly similar, the creation of dozens of new, small airlines has spawned a potful of short-term promotional tariffs and random discount flights. Thousands of prospective passengers jammed the ticket counters at Newark Airport recently, when New York Air offered round-trip seats on its flights between Washington, D.C., and Newark for 29 cents each!

Now, a 29-cent air fare is unusual for a trip of 29 *feet*; but it's still indicative of the kind of schizoid mentality that's afflicting air travel all around the country. On one hand, increasing fuel prices and escalating labor costs keep sending regular air fares through the stratosphere. At the same time, deregulation has increased competition so that a staggering number of discounts, to say nothing of entire airlines that have been founded on the bargain-basement school of ticket pricing, are suddenly available. A prospective passenger who sees fares plummeting and skyrocketing at the same time faces a dearth of practical information—things just change too fast for any guidebook publisher to keep up. Still, there are some basic tactics to adopt to heighten the chances of putting yourself in the path of the lowest fares.

The first bit of data necessary is a familiarity with *all* the airlines that fly between your home base and your desired destination. The *Official Airline Guide*, available at travel agencies and public libraries, is the best source for this information; but remember that these volumes are revised every month or two, so be sure that the one you're checking is the most current.

Then, since most airlines maintain toll-free 800 numbers, it's possible to call each one to obtain its cheapest fare configuration to your destination. Ask the question clearly and directly—"What's the least expensive fare?"—and make sure you understand the answer fully. In an effort to stem the rising tide of business travelers' use of discount fares, certain airlines have tacked on unpublicized riders—such as the need to remain away for a full Saturday to qualify for the lowest tariff. A clever counter to that ploy is for the traveler to tack a holiday weekend onto his business trip.

Furthermore, it's essential that each and every detail of a package arrangement be analyzed to be sure that what's being compared is truly similar. The lowest scheduled air fares available usually are those called tour basing, which simply means that the air fare is computed as part of a package that also includes land arrangements—hotels, meals, sight-seeing, car rental and other items that entitle a carrier to combine all those costs and effectively deliver very inexpensive air transportation.

There are also substantial rewards for maintaining an ongoing relationship with a single airline. Of greatest value to frequent business travelers are a host of opportunities to save real dough if the number of miles flown each year is significant.

American Airlines inaugurated the innovative program this past spring, and its lead was quickly followed by most of the other major carriers. American offers discounts, free flights and upgrades of economy tickets to first class for various levels of miles flown; United and TWA operate similar programs. Different forms of frequent-flier inducement programs are conducted by Braniff, which awards points to passengers for miles logged; Continental, which gives specific numbers of points based on mileage and ticket price—point accumulations entitling passengers to various dollar levels of free air travel; and Northwest Orient, which looks upon each flight worth $75 or more as one segment and awards freebies not only to passengers but to the person who makes their travel arrangements—e.g., a travel agent or a secretary.

While the precise details of mileage and rewards vary slightly from airline to airline, the message to the passenger is the same: Fly on the same airline as often as your travels allow, in order to make the potential rewards as significant as possible. Remember, too, that mileage is computed on a personal basis, so travel on company business is easily converted to a vacation bonus. Check with the airlines to sign up for the frequent-flier programs *before* you start flying. You might want to consider giving your business to an airline that, like TWA, can offer you a trip to a place like Rome.

Back in the Sixties and early Seventies, flying on charters was by far the best budget way to travel. Deregulation changed that dramatically, but in recent months, charters—especially those that offer substantial discounts on land arrangements—have been returning to favor. Now there's a phenomenon emerging that is the American equivalent of what are called bucket shops in England. The British bucketers sell discount seats on all manner of aircraft, buying wholesale and selling their inventory at very low markups.

The American equivalent operates slightly less aggressively, but the potential savings can be just as dazzling. For there's now an organization that routinely keeps in touch with charter-flight and tour operators to help them dispose (often at the last moment) of unsold seats on flights. The charter and tour operators understandably would rather lose only a small amount by selling otherwise empty seats at a sharply discounted price than earn nothing from a seat flying somewhere without a traveler in it. One company that currently offers those seats at 15 to 67 percent below posted prices is Stand-Buys Ltd. It charges an annual fee of $35, and for that amount, "members" receive regular mailings on upcoming trips on which low-cost seats are available. It also maintains a telephone hotline for the delivery of the most current information. The $35 fee seems modest enough, since a recent mailing contained the following offerings: A trip from Detroit to Acapulco (air only) that had been offered for $259 was available for only $99; a package from New York to St. Kitts (including accommodations) that had been $699, $399; and a package from Chicago to Hawaii (accommodations included) that had been $699, for $519. There was also a Caribbean cruise discounted from $1250 to $765 per person. Stand-Buys can be reached by writing to 26711 Northwestern Highway, Suite 310, Southfield, Michigan 48034, or by calling 313-352-4876.

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The Elephant Man[1]

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The China Syndrome[3]

Alien[2]

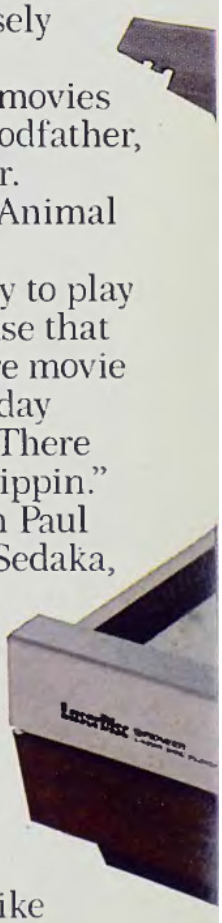
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid[2]

Tess[3]

Academy Award winning movies like Ordinary People, The Godfather, Tess, Coal Miner's Daughter.

Comedies like Airplane, Animal House, Cheech and Chong.

When you have the ability to play back in stereo, it makes sense that you offer music. So there are movie musicals like Grease, Saturday Night Fever, All That Jazz. There are Broadway shows like "Pippin." And there are concerts with Paul Simon, Liza Minnelli, Neil Sedaka, even the Opera.



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The experience is more like being at the movies than like being at home. In fact, for the first time seeing a concert at home offers a

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THEN THE BEST PICTURES.

picture that's every bit as large as the sound. As for the picture quality, well, just look at the picture of Liza below. Hard to believe, it's an actual picture taken right off the screen.

But with Pioneer LaserDisc you don't just sit back and watch. For example, with the "How to Watch Pro Football" disc, you can go backwards, forwards, in fast motion, slow motion, stop motion, study it one frame at a time.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

This may sound ridiculous, but I think that I am too sensitive. Whenever I kiss or caress my girlfriend, I get an immediate, obvious erection, and I find it embarrassing. What can I do to prevent unwanted erections?—R. D., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Join the Moral Majority? Actually, we don't think you have a problem. Arousal is a miracle—and/or part of our charm. Don't try to hide it. An erection is a natural response to the erotic, an unsolicited endorsement, a standing ovation, a spontaneous demonstration. If your girlfriend doesn't know how to take a compliment, that's her problem. Over the past few years, we have been told—by feminists and fundamentalists—that an erection is a sign of male chauvinism, an offense against enlightened minds. Nonsense. If you let the other side dictate the appropriateness of your response, you will never get it up. You'll be playing Mother, may I? for the rest of your life. Celebrate your body. As long as you aren't aroused by something strange—such as reruns of "Wild Kingdom" or the grillwork of a 1949 Pontiac—you have nothing to worry about.

Despite the fact that my car's bucket seats are comfortable when I first get into the car, after several hours of driving I just can't find the right position. I drive a lot, and I'm wondering if I shouldn't invest in racing seats to give my body a little more support and to vary the configurations of the bucket. What do you think?—R. L., Boston, Massachusetts.

Racing seats are a possibility but an expensive one. There's also no guarantee you'll be any more comfortable in them than in your standard buckets. Part of the problem, you see, is that your body changes during the day. You end up a different height and weight and with different tensions in different parts of your body. Blood circulation, ventilation, road conditions, weather and traffic can all affect the comfort of your tush. Racing seats will give you support but perhaps more than you'd like over a long period of time. They are designed to hug the driver in an optimum driving position. That's great for Le Mans, but on your local freeway it can just be confining, increasing your tension rather than alleviating it. What you really should do during a long trip is to change your driving position often, sit on one cheek, then sit on the other. Sit close to the wheel for a time, then at arms' length. Open the window occasionally rather than rely on air conditioning.

Then, if none of that works, get out of the car and walk around. The fact is that people are just not meant to sit in one position for a great length of time. So don't force the issue.

I have been living with my boyfriend and am fairly new at sex. I'm hoping that you can help me please him as much as he pleases me. He loves to have me give him head, which is OK with me, except that I become tired in the process. Tell me, is there any way that I can make him come faster?—Miss A. M., Pasadena, California.

What's the big hurry? Most likely, you wouldn't get so tired if you weren't working so hard. With less strain in the doing, the coming will take care of itself. We know a lady who loves oral sex. She's always telling us about the importance of spit. Keep him wet; use your hands—both fast and slow. And talk to him when your mouth's not full. Describe what you're doing to him, tell him how he feels in your mouth. Touch his stomach, thighs and balls. He'll be forever in your debt. Enjoy!

With all the changes in the recording industry, how am I supposed to decide what format is best for music listening? I've been through records, reel-to-reel tape, eight-track cartridges and, currently, I'm heavily invested in cassette tapes. Now I read that microcassettes have gone stereo and tiny tapes are going to be the future. Will all my equipment be outmoded?—A. B., Columbus, Georgia.

No, no, a thousand times no. Any format is good as long as you've got the software for it. In other words, if you have the rolls for a player piano, it's still a good instrument. Besides, it's going to be a while before microcassettes can supplant any other format. First, because the fidelity just isn't there. Microcassettes operate at about half the speed of the standard cassette, and that almost halves the high-frequency response. Second, the industry in this country is simply not geared to producing a large number of prerecorded tapes (though, in Japan, the little tapes are catching on fast). You'll have plenty of notice before your present cassette system goes out of date. Then, if you want, you can buy the micro-equipment and start a whole new library just for it. Given reasonable care, your standard cassette equipment will be good for a long time to come.

My husband and I have a problem, with the emergence of his first wife in our lives. Just recently, she has taken a barmaid job at our private club. Each day, I continue my jaunt to the club for tennis and a swim, but I avoid the lounge area. My husband refuses to go to the club at all. He's even canceled out of his forthcoming racquetball tournament. (He hasn't spoken to his first wife in the five years since their divorce.) This has really put a strain on our relationship, because our club time was an important and enjoyable part of our daily routine. Should we forfeit our friends, sports and a $1500 paid membership? Or is my spouse being childish? What can I do to salvage this mess?—Mrs. A. S., Avon, Connecticut.

Have a heart to heart with your husband fast. There seems to be a lot of bad blood between him and his ex. The talk should go along the lines of that old adage: Don't get angry—get even (i.e., establish equity). The only power she has over his life is the power he gives her—if he retreats, she wins by default, and quite frankly, that sucks. As Shakespeare said so well in Othello: "Thou hast not half that power to do me harm as I have to be hurt." It might help if someone talked to her—is she doing this for fun or money or what? If you can't learn to love—or forget—your enemies, you'll never get rid of them. He should treat her exactly like what she is—one of the help.

At those times when a tie is too much and an open-necked shirt too little, I'd like to go with an ascot. But I've been reluctant, because the last time I wore one, the reactions varied from snickers to outright mockery. I like the look. It's

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masculine, dashing and neat. All I need is your OK to back me up. How about it?—R. S., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Riding to hounds? Off to the country club for the afternoon? Entertaining the duke and duchess on the patio? Feel free to present yourself in the ascot, or stock, of your choice. For most other occasions, wearing an ascot requires that you have an act. You could juggle or tell jokes, but actually, the best kind of act for an ascot is money. The more you have, the less your ascot will stand out. That has been the problem all along. People associate that particular article of clothing with wealth and, rightfully or not, with snobbery and pretension. Smoking jackets are in the same category. Innocent as the ascot is, it can provoke some rather strong feelings. So if you want to wear one, you're just going to have to puff yourself up to a 44 long and ignore the fallout. With any luck, after the first few appearances, the snickers will die down. You will no longer be thought of as a snob or pretentious. Instead, you will be considered, in this country, at least, just another eccentric.

I need some quick advice. I'm the kind of guy who has the tendency to fall in love at first sight. Three weeks ago, I went to a new hair-styling salon and immediately fell in love with the "shy," beautiful redhead who cut my hair. I took a chance and called her at work the following week and got a date with her for Saturday night. I took her to a Broadway musical and afterward we ended up back at her place. Sitting on her sofa, we began kissing, when she reached over and started to rub my leg and gradually worked her way up to my hard-on. I quickly dropped my pants and she proceeded to give me the best head job I've ever had, and I've had a lot. I mean, this girl sucks cock like there's no tomorrow, and it didn't take long to realize that she's had a lot of practice. We went out again the next night and as I was kissing her good night inside her door, she proceeded to drop to her knees right there and give me deep throat.

What bothers me about all this is her apparent willingness to suck off any guy she goes out with, almost on cue. So far, every time I have tried to return the favor, she hasn't even let me put a hand on her, either up her skirt or on her breasts. Right now, I am totally confused. I told her how much I am attracted to her and that I want her for more than one night. She says that I'm just infatuated and apparently hasn't been taking me seriously. What's killing me is that I'm really getting stuck on this girl and all I keep thinking of is that when she's not with me, she must be sucking off and fucking every other guy she goes with. If she did it with me that easily (and eagerly) on the first date,

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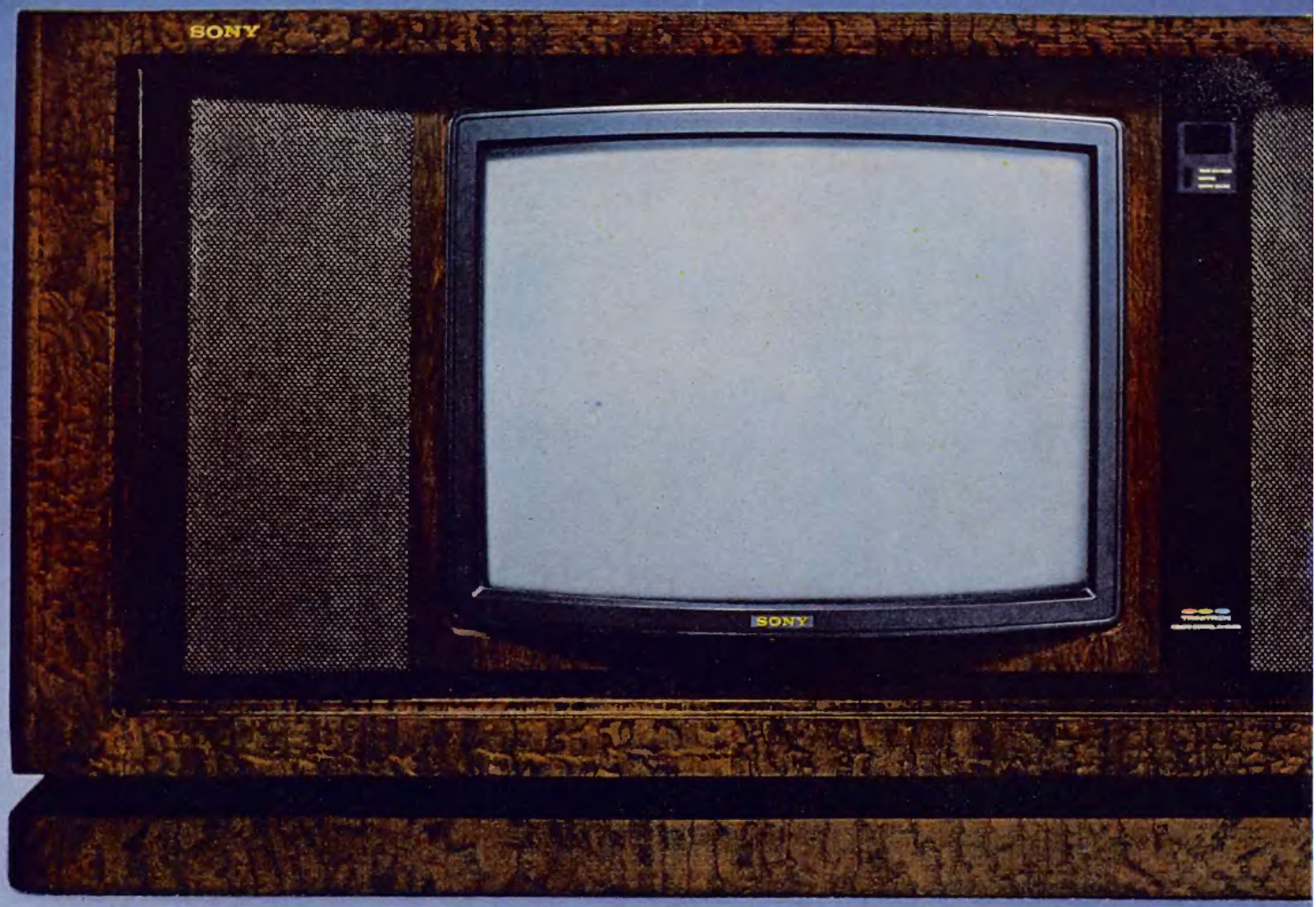

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And if you've always wanted a larger screen—but haven't

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DITTO.

wanted to give up small-screen picture quality—here are some other Trinitron exclusives you should know about.

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she must do it to every guy she sees. Since our first two dates, we've been out three more times and on those three occasions, she refused to so much as even touch me. The only thing I can think of is that maybe she's starting to get to like me and now she's trying to act all prim and proper to make up for losing control on the first two dates. But I'm falling in love with this girl and I'm driving myself crazy thinking that when she's not with me, she's out sucking off every guy in town.

Please help me understand what's happening here. Should I back off and try to play it cool for a while?—C. A., Nashville, Tennessee.

We think you're being very unfair to this girl (and to yourself) by unilaterally deciding that you're in love with her. Add to that the fact that you think she's performing for every guy she dates, which is an unfair assumption. Even if she is as "loose" as you accuse her of being, that's really her business and not yours. We see no justification for your desire to be the only man in her life—at least not at this point. After all, the two of you don't know each other well. And don't assume that merely because she has not let you be physical with her, she's trying to act "prim and proper" to impress you. It could be that you put her on the defensive and she feels unappreciated. Have a long talk with her and let her know your feelings—then take it from there.

The recent rash of confessions about excessive cocaine use and its attendant horrors got me to thinking about the South American Indians who, I understand, chew coca leaves every day. Why is it they don't get strung out like so many Stateside cokeheads do?—L. P., Pasadena, California.

There are a couple of reasons, the most significant being that coca leaves and cocaine are two different things. The coqueros of the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes do not take the refined product but approximately two ounces of coca leaves a day. They are chewed in much the same way chewing tobacco is, except that a little lime (often the powder from sea shells) is added to facilitate extraction of the coke and absorption by the body. The most common reason given for coca chewing (heh, heh) is as a respiratory stimulant to aid breathing and working at high altitudes. Whatever the reason, the coqueros' intake of two ounces of leaves yields only about a third of a gram per day, not enough for the first set of a minor rock star.

I lead a fairly good sexual life with my wife, "rolling in the hay" about three times a week. The point is that I love

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to beat off over a good porn film, and so I have four or five at home, which I watch three or four times a week in privacy. The problem is that during masturbation, my testicles ride up into my body, which doesn't do a lot for the sensation. What is causing this? Could it be guilt over doing this kind of thing behind my wife's back? I notice that sometimes one testicle will come back down, usually the right one, but in all cases it seems to hinder the ejaculation process.—C. M., Coral Gables, Florida.

It is normal for the testicles to travel during extreme arousal and ejaculation, but that process should not interfere with sensations or with your ability to reach climax. They also tend to ride high in cold: Are you indulging in an air-conditioned room? Guilt on your part could be a factor. Or boredom. When was the last time you changed movies? In short, it's all in your head, not your hand. Lighten up. There is nothing to feel guilty about. Why not ask your wife to join you?

I've always used a bulk eraser for my audio tapes, since they're faster and more efficient than erasing them as I record. I'm wondering if the same degausser would work on my video cassettes. It would save me a lot of time, not to mention money, in being able to reuse some of my tapes. Will it work; will it harm the tapes?—L. M., San Diego, California.

Erasing will not harm video tapes any more than it will harm audio tapes. The problem is that you can't degauss them as easily. There's simply too much plastic and air for the eraser's magnetic field to penetrate. Usually, you have to make several passes before you get clean tape and, even then, there may be some audio hangover. Trust, instead, the eraser head on your VCR. It may not be as fast, but it's much more thorough.

What are the chances of catching herpes from inanimate objects—door handles, glasses, toilet seats, etc.?—E. Y., Boston, Massachusetts.

Not very great. According to one expert, herpes virus "does not survive outside the body for more than 10 to 20 minutes, especially when the contaminated surface becomes dry." The old excuses won't work.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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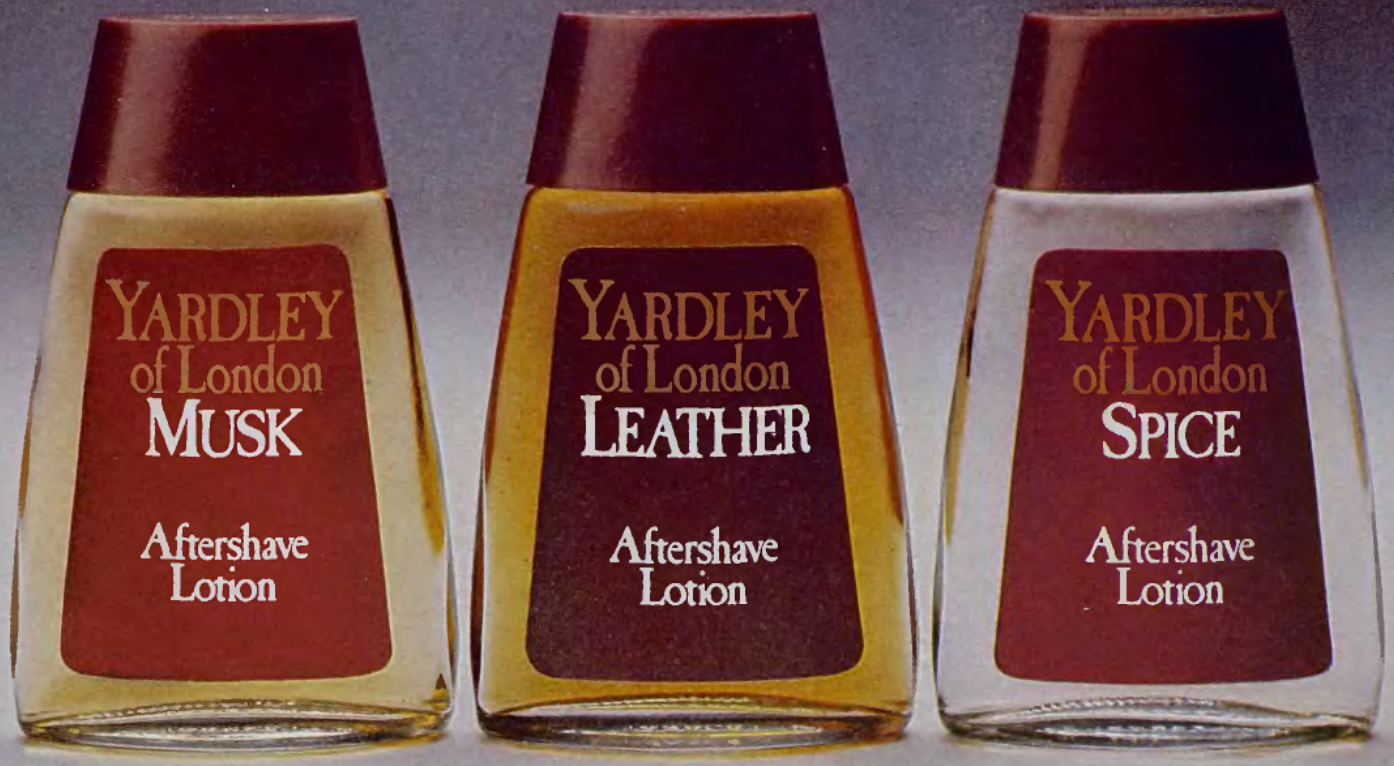

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DEAR PLAYMATES

This month, our Playmate panelists address one of the more interesting options inspired by the women's movement—taking more initiative socially.

This month's question is:

Can you ask a man out? If so, how do you do it?

Of course you can ask a man out, but you have to protect yourself. I would go somewhere safe. Lunches are good for that, or a picnic in the park. Someplace where he wouldn't get the wrong idea about what I had in mind. Or, if I hadn't been introduced yet, I'd plant the idea with someone who knew him. All you have to do is tell a friend you think a friend of his is great and you'd love to go out with him. Believe me, things *will* develop from there very nicely. Usually, word of mouth will do it. Friends are a great source of new relationships.

Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

I can do it. As a matter of fact, that's how I met my present boyfriend. I was on my way out of town and I wanted to see him before I went. It wasn't even very hard to do. I just said, "I'm going out of town tomorrow and I'd like to see you tonight, before I go." We're still together, more than three years later, so it worked. I know it's difficult for a lot of us to deal with, getting told no. I was lucky, I got a yes, instead.

Jeana Tomasino

JEANA TOMASINO
NOVEMBER 1980

I did it only once and the man was a friend. I cannot spot a man who looks like someone I would like to date and go up to him and ask him out. It kills me to have to admit this as a feminist and a woman who considers herself very independent. I believe I have as much responsibility and right to ask a man out, but I have never been able to initiate it, to make that first call. There is a less negative side to this for me, as well. I think I can learn a lot about a man from the way he plans initial dates, his tastes, his interests. Once a relationship gets going, I want the spirit of compromise to prevail, and I'd like to feel free to offer my opinion about the places we go and the things we do. And if the situation calls for it, I'm not offended by going Dutch.

Vicki McCarty

VICKI MC CARTY
SEPTEMBER 1979

Yes, definitely. Often, I start with, "Have you ever been asked out before by a woman?" Or "Have you ever had a woman ask you for your phone number?" Usually, they're pretty shocked, but sometimes they're not, and I just take it from there. Of course, you've got to be prepared to deal with rejection, just like men do. Like, when I ask a man to dance and he says no. Then I have to figure out if I got turned down because he just couldn't deal with me or if it was just an ego thing. But I like to be able to ask. And I'm prepared for the possibility of a no. I really feel for men. They get turned down a lot and it must be awfully wearing.

Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

No. I couldn't do it. I have an aggressive and extroverted side, but deep down I'm too romantic and too old-fashioned to just ask a man out. To be perfectly honest, even if I were in a relationship, I'd feel offended about going Dutch. Well, if there was a really good reason, like, if he just didn't have the money, then I'd do it. And I've paid my own way to go visit a boyfriend. That's OK. Once we were dating, I wouldn't hesitate to make suggestions about where I'd like to go. But when I'm getting to know someone, I prefer to play the girl. It just feels more comfortable to me.

Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

Yes, but I don't make it obvious. I wouldn't be able to go right up to a guy and say, "Would you like to go out?" I would hint around it until I made it look like it was his own idea. I'd work it out. Once I knew a man and we were in a relationship and I knew he cared about me, I could make suggestions. I won't say, "Let's make a date for Saturday night." Instead, I'll just say, "Why don't we do this sometime?" and wait for him to pick the date.

Lisa Welch

LISA WELCH
SEPTEMBER 1980

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SIN CITY REVISITED

When I moved to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, I was jokingly warned that the town was notoriously uptight and that it had even been featured in a PLAYBOY article about a local teacher who had been virtually driven to suicide by criminal charges of living with his girlfriend (*Sex & Sin in Sheboygan*, August 1972). Well, it's true what they say about that strange city. I haven't self-destructed, but getting fired from my bank job for vague reasons of impiety and immorality hasn't helped my career any. To my knowledge, my job performance was considered exceptionally good. The only immorality I was accused of consisted of reading PLAYBOY and not attending church. My boss actually said, "It tells something about a person when he reads girlie magazines instead of going to services." Since I didn't read on the job and no services were held at the bank, I can only assume that I was under some kind of moral surveillance!

I probably could sue for back pay and reinstatement, but I'm perfectly happy to be out of Sheboygan. I've never before encountered such a concentration of pious, hypocritical and narrow-minded bigots—with a few good people who live like members of an underground.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Ah, but they may be the only ones who find life in Sheboygan exciting.

SEXUAL CHOICES

I wish all feminists would read and discuss Christie Hefner's feminist appraisal of the current attack on pornography by some feminists and by the new right (*Playboy Viewpoint*, August). As a sociologist-sexologist concerned with the current political chaos over sex in the media, I would like to underscore and extend a few of her points:

1. Pornography is not well defined and differentiated as to violent content, and erotica (or shared sexual pleasure) is not often distinguished from pornography. Feminists and Moral Majority types both fail to make those crucial distinctions, leaving a morass of unfounded and vague generalizations about sex.

2. Some feminist (but not new right) writings *are* intelligent and relevant to the real world of sex without exploitation. Germaine Greer is one of the best proponents of humanistic feminism. She favors a constructive approach to erotic pleasure where sex is not left out.

3. Hefner is right—we need more common sense. If one merely reads the first few pages of the most recent (and dangerous) book on pornography, *Pornography: Men Possessing Women*, by Andrea Dworkin, the level of absurdity is quickly realized. Dworkin's book is getting lots of press among feminists, but it is more a *condemnation of heterosexuality* than a fair appraisal of pornography and erotica (which she says are one and the same).

4. Hefner is correct in stating that we need positive producers of erotica rather than the current criticism without constructive alternatives. We need a sex-positive approach to sexual choices (see *Sexual Choices*, by Nass, Libby and Fisher). Women and men must both create erotica that appeals to both sexes. It's time for feminists to develop positive statements about heterosexual expression. It is naïve to portray lesbian sex as the only nonexploitive and pleasurable sex available to women. Since most of us prefer sex making to other sex, it would seem appropriate for feminists to offer some insights into how we might deal with that preference.

"It's time for feminists to develop positive statements about heterosexual expression."

The media are an expression of bias, insight and information. But they can express only what people create. It is my desire to see a more erotic and less violent and aggressive portrayal of sexuality in the media, and I believe humanistic feminists have much to offer to such a portrayal.

Roger W. Libby, Ph.D.
Center for the Family
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts

LOVE ON THE ROCKS

It was my intention to write to *The Playboy Forum* and describe the proper technique for making love in a "pod" attached to a rock face. All I can say is that it didn't work. I'm sure it's possible and will mount another attempt at the first opportunity. But this letter will have to confine itself to what not to do.

Since the rock-climbers I associate with include no eligible women, I went outside the group and persuaded a reasonably athletic female friend to go on an adventure. There were no great risks involved. The total climb was 900 feet, with only three traverses that required serious rope work. We use it for training beginners. The training routinely includes an overnight stay in a suspended pod, with the climb completed in the morning, which adds to the effect of actual mountaineering.

Unfortunately, my friend didn't take well to heights, despite plenty of previous mountain hiking. In the pod, she experienced vertigo and tossed her cookies. She was a great sport about the whole thing, but lovemaking was deleted from the program. So was sleep, for that matter. We finished the climb the next morning, looking a bit haggard, and were accused by our colleagues of having partied all night. We denied everything, which seemed to convince them they were right. Hiking back down the easy route, I could even detect envy. We just smiled and refused to discuss the matter.

(Name withheld by request)
Seattle, Washington

As someone once said, the most convincing lie is truth told unconvincingly.

(continued overleaf)

CONSENTING ADULTS

I believe you misconstrue Bart Kosko's comments (*The Playboy Forum*, August). Libertarian philosopher Robert Nozick has written about a person's inherent right to do with his or her body as he or she wishes as long as it doesn't impinge on the rights of others. Bull's-eye! A perfect fit with the Playboy philosophy. However, he extended the sexual-freedom analogy into the economic sphere by stating that any capitalist act between consenting adults should be equally *unrestricted*.

Kosko's unanswered question is, I believe, why do we have 99 levels of government mucking around with our market mechanisms via restrictions, regulations and socialistic redistribution schemes and why does PLAYBOY espouse a laissez-faire philosophy vis-à-vis bedroom acts but not vis-à-vis board-room acts?

John R. Bradley
New York, New York

Yet another clever line, and we've since learned that Kosko's was borrowed from Nozick's "Anarchy, State and

LEGAL AID ABROAD

Every month, approximately 300 American citizens are arrested in foreign countries. Reports indicate that many of them have suffered some form of mistreatment during their arrest, interrogation or detention. Many foreign prisoners say they are afraid to talk with United States consular officials about mistreatment, for fear of reprisal.

Equally alarming has been the lack of effective legal counsel to represent those imprisoned outside the U.S. Many of those arrested complain of local attorneys' charging exorbitant fees under false pretenses and then ignoring, abandoning or otherwise victimizing them. Foreign attorneys often fail to maintain adequate communications with the client and his or her family. This often results in lengthier prison terms.

In response to these difficulties, the International Legal Defense Counsel has been formed to protect the legal and human rights of those imprisoned in foreign countries. It coordinates their defense, monitors their treatment and promotes the adoption of prisoner transfer treaties so that they can return to their home countries to serve out their sentences.

If you have a friend or a relative imprisoned in a foreign country, you may contact the I.L.D.C. at 1616 Walnut Street, Suite 2200, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103 (215-545-2428).

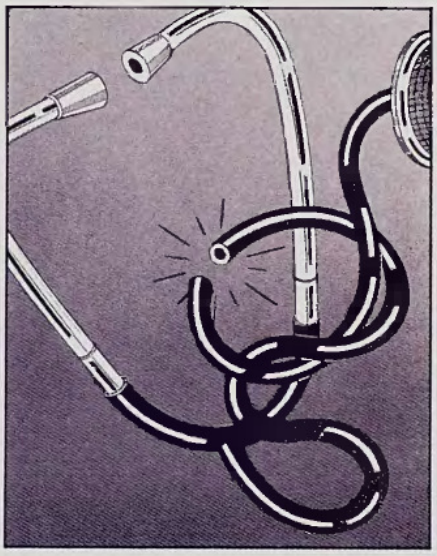
Robert Pisani, Executive Director
International Legal Defense Counsel
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BEARING THE CONSEQUENCES

CHICAGO—*Parents can sue to recover the costs of raising a child born after an unsuccessful sterilization operation, the Illinois Appellate Court has ruled. The decision was handed down in two unrelated cases that were combined for the purpose of appealing unfavorable lower-court decisions, one involving a man who had undergone a vasectomy and the other a woman who became pregnant despite tubal cauterization. The defendants—two doctors, a laboratory and a hospital—argued*



that the birth of a normal, healthy child, which occurred in both cases, was a benefit and not an issue for damages. The court ruled that it was "not inclined to raise this sentiment to the level of public policy," nor should the rewards of parenthood be allowed as a factor in mitigation to decrease the damages sought by the plaintiffs.

PILL PROBLEM

BOSTON—*Longtime users of oral contraceptives may face an increased risk of heart trouble for many years after they stop using them. A study conducted at Boston University School of Medicine found that while heart attacks remain rare among young and middle-aged women, the risk may be double or triple among those who have used the pill for as long as ten years and may continue for a decade afterward. The present heart-attack rate for American women between the ages of 40 and 49 is about 30 per 100,000.*

Responding to the study, a number of physicians noted that pills currently in use have lower levels of hormones and that the "risks identified by the [researchers] might likely not hold up in future analysis."

POT-POURRI

AUSTIN—*Pharmacologists at the University of Texas may have resolved the contradiction between scientific findings that marijuana decreases the sex drive and the experience of users that it often works as a sexual stimulant. The researchers have discovered that the drug affects male sexual activity in two phases, raising the levels of testosterone and other sex hormones to a point where the brain senses the increases and shuts down their production. The researchers speculate that tests involving humans have taken place long enough after the pot was smoked that the initial effects were missed and only the lowered hormone levels were detected.*

Meanwhile:

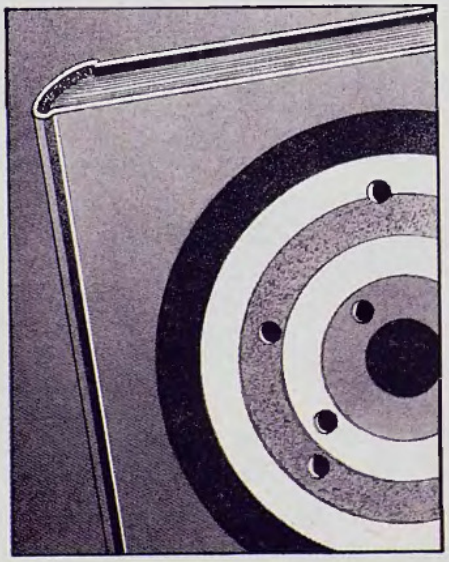
- *A California study has found no evidence of brain damage among seven men and three women, aged 25 to 36, who had smoked between two and four ounces of pot a day for an average of 7.4 years. The tests did not examine other effects of marijuana but noted that the subjects, described as educated white Caucasian members of a religious sect, did not become "high," "actively engaged in daily work" and displayed no impairment of language or math ability, visual organization, memory and other intellectual functions.*
- *Almost simultaneously, the American Medical Association published a physicians' guide titled "Drug Abuse" emphasizing the possible adverse effects of marijuana. The book has been criticized by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws as a rehash of old studies, many of which "have never been confirmed or have been discredited."*
- *A team of researchers at the Harvard Medical school compared surveys of seniors at a New England university conducted in 1969 and 1978 and found that drug users (mainly pot) and nonusers were "essentially indistinguishable" in terms of academic achievement and participation in school activities.*
- *In Washington, D.C., a Senate subcommittee heard testimony that the use of drugs in general and of marijuana in particular seems to be declining among teenagers in the U.S.*

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Arkansas have brought to 32 the number of states now recognizing the medical value of marijuana in treating glaucoma and the side effects of cancer therapy. The problem remains one of legally obtaining and supplying the drug because of Federal bureaucratic obstacles, according to the Alliance for Cannabic Therapeutics. The U. S. Government, rather than concede the medical usefulness of pot and reclassify it from a drug "with no accepted medical value," has been promoting a synthetic THC pill, despite studies indicating it is medically inferior to natural Cannabis and more likely to cause adverse side effects.

SCHOOL-BOOK CENSORSHIP

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A nationwide study has found that efforts to censor books occur in one fifth of the country's schools each year, succeed about half the time and often are initiated not by parents or other outsiders but by apprehensive teachers or principals seeking to avoid trouble. Nearly 1900 librarians, principals and school superintendents participated in the study, which was sponsored by a group of professional organizations in the educational and publishing fields. The voluntary censorship most often occurs in schools that have previously experienced book controversies. The participants listed more than 200 books they said had been subjected to censorship pressures in 1980. They ranged from the "American Heritage Dictionary" to "Huckleberry Finn," with J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye" often catching flak. Another popular target of censorship is George Orwell's "1984."*



SEX AND VIOLENCE

A nationwide Roper survey conducted for NBC found that religious fundamentalists who complain of too much sex, violence and profanity on television are as likely as anyone else to watch the shows labeled objectionable by various conservative religious groups. Respondents were asked a series of questions to establish their fundamentalist beliefs and those with strong commitments were reported to represent "only a fraction of the nation's population." About a quarter of that number criticized the shows in question and fewer yet wanted them "removed from the air." The study concluded that "like the general public, fundamentalists show little concern about violence in these programs. They differed from the general public, however, on the number of issues relating to freedom of expression."

DOPE IN THE MILITARY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Military authorities are planning a crackdown on drugs in the wake of a survey indicating widespread marijuana use among Service personnel. More than 2000 randomly selected sailors aged 18 to 25 were tested at the San Diego and Norfolk naval bases and nearly half were found to have smoked marijuana or hashish within the preceding ten days. The test results were released after autopsy reports on 14 crewmen killed in a landing accident aboard the carrier Nimitz found traces of THC in six of the victims. Surveys conducted in 1979 suggested that 59 percent of American sailors, 61 percent of Marines, 53 percent of American soldiers and 21 percent of Air Force personnel had used illegal drugs during the previous year. In addition, a Congressional subcommittee investigating the problem found that some 3300 U. S. military personnel had been removed or transferred from their regular duties at nuclear-weapons installations because of drug or alcohol abuse during a five-year period.*

DISSENT IN THE CHURCH

NEW YORK—*A survey of 3000 young Roman Catholics in the U. S. and Canada has found that three fourths do not believe the Pope to be infallible and that more than 90 percent reject the Church's stand against birth control. The poll, funded by the Knights of Columbus and conducted by Chicago's National Opinion Research Center among Catholics 14 to 30, also found that only 17 percent consider premarital sex morally wrong and that 89 percent disagree with Church policy on divorce and remarriage.*

SUPERSYPHILIS?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Researchers are worried that the bacterium responsible for syphilis may be developing an immunity to penicillin and other antibiotics. It hasn't happened yet, according to an article in* Science *magazine, but doctors in Texas and California have isolated genetic material in the bacterium that seems to have the potential for rendering the syphilis organism drug resistant.*

SEX IN THE SOVIET UNION

MOSCOW—*Soviet authorities have decided to establish experimental sex-education classes for teenage students in Moscow and several other cities. The youth newspaper* Komsomolskaya Pravda *reports that 14-year-olds will be taught the basic biological principles of sexual relations, with emphasis on the risks of sexual contact at an early age, while older students will learn about the "ethics and the psychology of the marriage relationship." The educators decided that such courses were necessary because children are maturing earlier than in the past and because parents have been "shamefully hushing up the subject."*

NO PEEKING

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA—*Eight women miners have sued the Consolidation Coal Company for $5,500,000 because of a peephole drilled in the wall separating the women's bathhouse from a mine office. The women claim the hole existed at the time the shower facility was built but was not discovered until three months later. Then, said one of the plaintiffs, "We stuffed toilet paper in it every day and they poked it through."*

Utopia." While clever, the comparison between business in the public sphere and sex in the private bedroom is a little strained and doesn't lend itself to much enlightening debate.

WAR ON DRUGS

The latest word from Washington is that the United States Government may recruit the military into its war on drugs. The DEA is drooling over the possibility of using U-2 spy planes to spot marijuana fields in Northern California and the Navy's sophisticated satellite network to monitor cargo boats on their way from South America.

While the bill itself is certainly distasteful, the implications of such a law are profoundly disturbing. Beyond the reconnaissance duties, the law does nothing to restrict use of the military's aircraft, ships and personnel to help the lawmen once the offenders are identified.

The problem seems to lie in a reactionary House of Representatives, with its dangerous overkill mentality. Like the Vietnam conflict, the war on narcotics is one that can never be won through this dangerous misuse of national military power.

(Name withheld by request)
Boulder, Colorado

It worries me that the Reagan Administration would like to employ the U. S. Navy, Coast Guard and other military resources in a new "war" on drug smugglers. Reagan has built his Presidency on private enterprise as a solution to most of the nation's ills. Why not this one?

During the 16th and 17th centuries, privately owned ships were commissioned by Government letters of marque to attack ships of other governments; hence the term privateers, referring to gallant independent seamen whom adversaries insisted on calling pirates. The U. S. Constitution, in Article 1, Section 8, specifically grants the power of Congress "to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal and make rules concerning captures on land and water."

The reason the Constitution was so specific in that power was that the infant American Navy could not hope to control British, French or Spanish maritime activity, including smuggling in the Caribbean.

Today it seems unlikely the modern U. S. Navy could control the state-of-the-art drug smuggling even at enormous taxpayer expense. So why not return to

Now you can park a

a time-proven solution—private enterprise?

Congress could grant letters of marque to qualified applicants, perhaps the tobacco or liquor companies, and they could seize ships and contraband on the high seas. The Government would save money, vested interests could serve themselves and real adventure would return to the Spanish Main.

V. Christmann
(Address withheld by request)

Sounds like fun. What happens to all the captured dope?

TRUE CONSERVATISM

In its reports on feminist extremists, PLAYBOY always has been careful not to condemn the entire movement. Please do not condemn the entire conservative movement on the basis of the Moral Majority faction unfortunately associated with it.

Before the 1917 Revolution in Russia, a small political group took on the name Bolsheviki, which means majority. The actual majority party took on the name Mensheviki, which means minority. The first was a brilliant propaganda decision; the second, a very foolish move. I believe the Moral Majority took this lesson from Lenin.

Unfortunately, because of the present system of political classification, many mutually exclusive and contradictory groups are placed together. Many organizations on both the right and the left are at one another's throats. There are growing numbers of black conservatives, and yet the American Nazi (a contradiction in terms) Party is also classified as right wing. PLAYBOY has been called left wing, but the Communists consider it a classic example of Western decadence and capitalist enterprise.

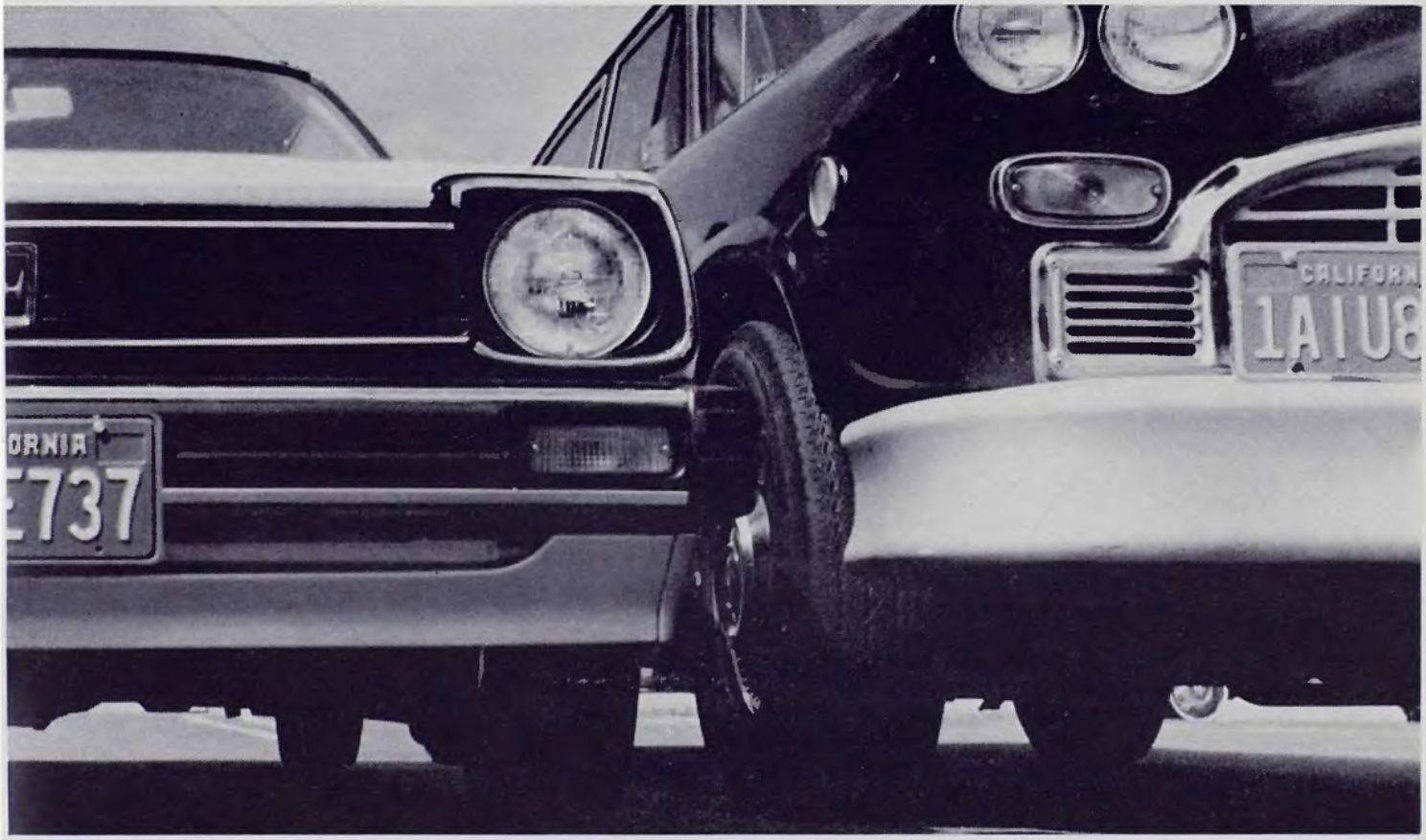
The one basic underlying principle of the real conservative movement is the maximization of personal freedom via the minimization of governmental (i.e., bureaucratic) intervention. Someone once said, "The only purpose of government is to defend the coasts and deliver the mails." Our Government does neither very well.

Norman Hines
Ann Arbor, Michigan

DEPARTMENT OF DIRTY TRICKS

Tired of getting propaganda letters from the self-proclaimed gods of the alleged Moral Majority? I have a suggestion.

You know all those self-addressed,



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The FE has other features professionals have come to value about Nikon. Things like true center-weighted metering for exposure accuracy. A memory lock feature that helps you get perfect exposures, even under back-lit conditions. Interchangeable viewfinder screens. And a solid, all-metal body for unsurpassed ruggedness and reliability.

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prepaid envelopes that come with their propaganda? Do not throw them away. Mail them back—empty. Do not put any comments in the envelopes; there are laws about that. Remember to seal them.

The reason for mailing back the empty envelopes is simple. First, the Moral Majority has to pay to have its garbage printed up. Then it has to pay envelope stuffers. Next is postage to mail the junk out, then a special postage fee for each envelope it gets back. Then the personnel to receive the return mail, and then for the trash pickup.

Also, if you received the Moral Majority newspaper, there is a free subscription coupon on the back. I'm sure you can think of some deserving soul!

(Name withheld by request)
Dubois, Wyoming

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG

Everyone knows that the Moral Majority is not a majority at all. If you just combine the two principal targets of these Bible-thumping louts—the gays and the women who support E.R.A.—it's outnumbered already. If you add on the adulterers, the fornicators, the porn-movie audiences, the people who smoke only occasionally, those who defend legal abortion and those who do not want more of our national wealth spent on bigger weapons of megadeath, that would probably come to around 90 percent of the population. In fact, I find it hard to believe that anybody who reads this will not belong to at least several of those groups.

When one considers this, it is obvious that at least one reason the Moral Majority doesn't demand new gun controls is that it would bring the opposition total to about 200 percent of the U. S. adult population, whereby it would cease to exist.

In the light of all this, the Moral Majority is a very small mouse casting a very large shadow—or Jerry Falwell is the general of an army of thoroughgoing hypocrites who would probably desert him in any number of battles. The only intelligent attitude toward them

is one of unintimidated, unmitigated and organized mockery.

When I speak of organized, I do not suggest that we should hold meetings, pay dues, send lobbies to Washington, and so on. Not at all. The most effective organization is often the most intangible. What I propose is that we start a new *fad*, using as our symbol an American flag!

One of the earliest American flags pictured a rattlesnake with the caption DON'T TREAD ON ME. I have always loved that and believe it sums up what this country is all about better than any other icon. I think we should make it as ubiquitous as the peace symbol was in the Sixties. Put it on tiepins, lapel buttons, bumper stickers. Put it on flags and fly them with Old Glory on July fourth. Put it on album covers, in movie ads, *everywhere*. Make it the symbol of the new resistance.

Imagine the results if this catches on. Millions upon millions of good American citizens proudly wearing the earliest symbol of their free nation that was founded in opposition to authoritarianism, repression of personal liberty and everything else that the Jerry Falwells stand for behind the cloak of morality they consider impenetrable armor.

"Don't tread on me" should be the rallying cry of today's freedom fighters.

Robert Anton Wilson, Ph.D.
Berkeley, California

COMPULSORY CHILDBIRTH

The following essay by "a suburban housewife and mother" appeared in the Chicago Tribune *and we think it's worth sharing with our readers.*

Those anti-abortionists who would allow abortion for victims of incest and rape are at least recognizing the heart of the abortion dilemma. They recognize that another life exists—that of the woman. Thus they are loath to force her to incubate a fetus conceived by force (though the fetus itself is innocent).

As a matter of fact, I think most anti-abortionists would not have the heart to tell a 12-year-old victim of incest, or a raped mother of young children, or an older tired mother of five that she must go through with her pregnancy or they will put her in jail.

Because that's what an anti-abortion law means. If a woman says, "I'd rather die than see this pregnancy through," you have to jail her, or at least strap her down somewhere so she can't abort.

I stayed in bed four months to see my pregnancy to term. The doctor hoped it would work, and it did. But suppose I had ignored the doctor's suggestion. Suppose I had to work, or I thought that four months in bed were tantamount to a prison sentence. Suppose I had kept walking around. If I then had lost the fetus, would I be put in jail? Or suppose the doctor turned me in—said I refused to stay in bed. Would I be arrested and tied down in a prison bed?

How far are the anti-abortionists willing to go to force women to keep pregnancies they don't want? How far are craven gynecologists willing to go to force a woman to incubate a fetus?

Yes, it is force when they personally believe an abortion is in their patient's best interest but deny her their medical aid. Will they inform the police of every woman who says, "I don't want to give birth"? Will travel agents report pregnant women who are flying to places that permit abortions?

Because I prefer to believe that anti-abortionists would not have the heart to force a child or a desperate woman into prison, I tend to think that what they really want to do is persuade a woman *not* to have an abortion.

I think they want to talk to a desperate child or woman and help her see things their way. And if they cannot persuade her to see things their way, and if they can't stay and comfort her, then I think they should leave her to her own conscience and doctor.

I think anti-abortionists also want women to not have intercourse or, at least, to use some form of birth control. But not all birth-control methods work all the time. I hope that anti-abortionists wouldn't be comfortable putting in jail people who forgot to use birth control or who used a method that was faulty.

It's too bad that anti-abortionists think pro-choice people are pro-abortionists. Maureen Reagan is a good example of someone who is pro-choice but personally against abortions. Many more feel as she does. Pro-choice doesn't mean easy choice—or even preferred choice. But I'm not ready to strap a woman down in a prison cell to make sure she stays pregnant.

Force is what it's all about. I hope that those Congressmen whose daughters and granddaughters can afford to fly to places that offer abortion (and would probably choose to do so, given the alternative) will recognize that life has already begun for the woman. If she feels the quality of her life is threatened by a fetus growing inside her, no one has the right to force her to give birth or to go to jail. At least in America we should be free to listen to our own consciences instead of to our Congressmen.

—ENID POWELL

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USING THE OLD HEAD

Finally, I am beginning to understand the opponents of legal abortion, and PLAYBOY has them all wrong. They aren't really against sex. They just figured out that the threat of pregnancy coupled with mandatory motherhood was the best way to get blow jobs.

You city people never give us hillbillies enough credit for craftiness.

(Name withheld by request)
Shelbyville, Tennessee

PUBIC *VS.* METRIC

Our August issue contained enough bad news that we felt obliged to publish one short, frivolous letter from Mike Mercado expressing alarm at what would become of the "cunt hair" under the metric system. For the unenlightened, we explained that this was a "lamentably common engineering vulgarism" for a very small unit of measurement and invited readers to respond. We were swamped with mail and here provide a small sampling in the hope that the issue is resolved.

A "lamentably common engineering vulgarism"? No. This noble and universal unit of fine measurement has been used in the machine-tool industry since the industrial revolution and cunt hairs are employed as standard reference in all countries of technological importance. When Soviet and American spacecraft mated in orbit, someone surely must have said, "Hey, Ivan! A cunt hair to the left," knowing Ivan would understand.

David P. Cass
Fountain Valley, California

Being in the petrochem industry, I have had the adventure of world-wide travel and have met many people in the engineering field. One was an instrument technician working at the Sasol Project in South Africa. I asked him in Afrikaans, *"Hoe min?"* ("How much less?") He casually responded, *"Net 'n skaam haar"* ("Just a cunt hair").

(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

With the adoption of the International System of Units (SI), unit quantities not traceable to the seven primary physical standards are discarded; hence, the demise of that "lamentably common engineering vulgarism," the cunt hair, and its popular submultiple, the red cunt hair.

However, added are siemens (the unit of reciprocal resistance) and gals (the unit of acceleration in free-fall), and an international effort has been mounted for the herbie—the primary physical unit of breast size equal to "one cubic mouthful" and its derivatives the deciherbie (the nubbin) and the decaherbie (the bazoom).

Finally, one would venture to guess that two parts improperly juxtaposed by a few nanometers per steradian, and requiring a deftly placed micropascal or two for realignment, will still invoke: "It's off by an rch. Tap it."

Alan M. Schwartz
Costa Mesa, California

The cunt hair, along with other common English-system measurement units, will be phased out as the metric system becomes more widely accepted. Metric units will include the following:

Megamother (Mm)—anything very large.

Gigagoose (Gg)—a measure of reflex. This unit replaces the Gigagotcha, which was ruled too hazardous for general usage.

Hectohair (Hh)—will replace the rch.

Kilocock (Kc)—unit of length.

Picopussy (Pp)—unit of depth.

Teratitty (Tt)—unit of mass or volume.

Centisnatch (Cs)—used to measure tolerance of fit.

Nanonipple (Nn)—a broad spectrum of color comparison, ranging from light pink to dark brown.

Decapiece (Dp)—will replace "10" as a measure of sexual attraction.

The petermeter should not be confused with instruments of the metric system. It will continue in general usage.

T. K. Foster
Dallas, Texas

Millihair

Wine by the liter
Is more, and it's neater,
And it's here, that's all there is to it.
But measure in metric,
In lieu of obstetric
Is absurd, and I simply won't do it!
I can't use meters
In comparing peters;
In fact, I'm a bit of a runt there.
So preserve this treasure
For minimal measure:
I'm shorter, but just by a cunt hair.

Aaron J. Wayne
Inglewood, California

The cunt hair, as a small unit of measurement, should be used only by civil engineers and others involved in crude construction. The Japanese, in the early Thirties, adopted the cunt hair from our bridge and dam builders but mistakenly used this tolerance in manufacturing their military equipment. While historians insist that the atomic bomb caused the defeat of the Japanese in World War Two, a few of us know that the cunt hair caused the collapse of the Japanese war machine. Their efforts were further hampered because they used the Oriental cunt hair, which is coarser than Anglo-Saxon cunt hair.

Jim Graybill
Half Moon Bay, California

In answer to the question of what will become of the cunt hair with the advent of the metric system, I respond: It will just get brushed aside so we can get on with the more important things at hand.

David A. Hicks
Beaver Dam, Wisconsin

H.M.H. AWARDS

The Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards for 1980–1981 have been presented to 12 persons in seven categories of achievement. Winners received $3000 per category from the Playboy Foundation in recognition of their individual efforts to protect and promote First Amendment rights.

Government: To Morton Halperin for his work as director of the Center of National Security Studies, Washington, D.C., in defense of public access to Government information.

Motion Pictures and Television: To Edward Asner, Allan Burns, Seth Freeman and Gene Reynolds for their creative contribution to the *Lou Grant* show and the series commitment to the principles of the First Amendment.

Education: To Kathy Russell, director, Washington County Public Library, Abingdon, Virginia, for her resistance to attempts to censor books and to identify the readers of certain books.

Law: To William F. Schanen III, the persevering client in the case of *Maynard vs. Port Publications et al.*, which limited the liability of a commercial printer for the contents of his customers' publications.

Print Journalism: To Todd W. Crowder and Charles E. Reineke, Georgia high school student editors, and their attorney, William Hoffmann, Jr., for their defense of the freedom of the student press.

Book Publishing: To Frank Rowe for his book *The Enemy Among Us*, which describes the personal consequences of his refusal to sign a loyalty oath 27 years ago.

Special Lifetime Achievement: To Stanley Fleishman, chairman emeritus, First Amendment Lawyers Association, for his 25 years of devotion and courage in extending First Amendment rights.

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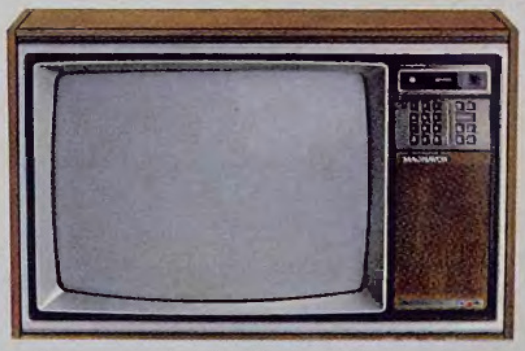

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HENRY FONDA

a candid conversation with the legendary actor about his kids, his marriages, his movies and his pals—and about growing old after 56 years in the business

The symbols in his Bel-Air home signify illness, recuperation, activity and creativity. There is a full-time male nurse with him as he slowly moves with the aid of a walker from one room to another. A hospital bed has been installed in a small room off the kitchen. Large cylindrical tanks of oxygen are delivered and stored in a corner of a bedroom. In another room, a new painting of a rumpled denim jacket hanging over a chair awaits his finishing touches. A half-read biography of Thomas Jefferson lies on a night table. On the dining-room table, 350 prints of several of his drawings are waiting to be picked up and sent to a dealer in New York and a gallery in Los Angeles for his first exhibition. And in the Galleria Room, his paintings, drawings and water colors line the walls—still lifes of fruit, a scene from the set of one of his Westerns, a London rooftop, an oil of a potted geranium on a chair and folksy drawings that reveal the Midwesterner: a pitchfork and bridle, three hats, work shoes, a Levi jacket on a pole.

And then there is this: a drawing of a book opened to page 312. Resting on the top half of this page is a magnifying glass that highlights the last paragraph of chapter 21. The final words, carefully printed in a hand that knows something of calligraphy, are these:

"On the highways the people moved like ants and searched for work, for food. And the anger began to ferment."

Below the magnifying glass, the words, much smaller, more difficult to draw, all still remarkably readable, continue: "It was late when Tom Joad drove along a country road looking for the Weedpatch camp. . . ." It is a page from John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath," and the artist is the man who brought Tom Joad to life in the 1940 film.

It was the 21st motion picture of Henry Fonda's career, a career that has spanned six decades, including more than 80 films, dozens of plays, two TV series—and two children who have followed his path to acting, fame and fortune. Of all the plays and films he has made, it is "Grapes of Wrath" for which he is most remembered. Tom Joad is a good, kind, decent young man who believes in a better life and who drives his family out West to find it. In his portrayal of Joad, Fonda left his stamp upon a character and a time.

The role wasn't a surprise to critics and fans, who had seen what Fonda could do in such films as Fritz Lang's "You Only Live Once," William Wyler's "Jezebel" and John Ford's "Drums Along the Mohawk." It merely confirmed the fact that Fonda was not merely a leading man—which he was from the very first film he made—but an actor of very high quality, one whom, for so many years since, we have almost taken for granted.

Not among the most versatile of actors, Fonda has lasted because of the feelings of comfort and familiarity he elicits in audiences. His voice is drawn from the Nebraskan soil, from the very heart of America, and it's the voice of everyman: the farmer, the laborer, the judge, the statesman, the cowboy, the fugitive, the wronged man, the angry man, the Best Man.

Fonda was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, in 1905, and began acting 21 years later, when a family friend, Dorothy Brando (who had an infant son Marlon), asked him to take a small part in a local production. When the play closed, he made the decision to be an actor. He went to New York, where he

"I think if you can get onstage and not fall down, you're good enough. In a recent play, I walked with a cane and was very sick. Yet there wasn't a soul who guessed I had a problem."

"Look at the chances I've had to play and pretend I'm Clarence Darrow, Mister Roberts, Tom Joad, all those wonderful people. For somebody who doesn't like himself, that's great therapy."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE SCHAPIRO / SYGMA

"Couldn't stand Eisenhower. Nixon, of course, was poison to me. . . . With Reagan, I think we're headed for disaster. He's a hell of a speechmaker, but I listen to a Reagan speech and want to throw up!"

auditioned unsuccessfully for every play he could, then traveled to Cape Cod to work in summer stock. There he joined a group of Princeton and Harvard undergraduates on vacation and became part of the University Players, where he met and befriended Joshua Logan, James Stewart, Myron McCormick and Margaret Sullavan, among others.

Not long afterward, in 1931, he and Sullavan were married; they were divorced a few months later. It was during the Depression and Fonda, Logan, McCormick and Stewart wound up sharing an apartment in New York, living mostly on rice. Eventually, they all found work, and in 1934, Fonda appeared in a comedy revue, "New Faces," with Imogene Coca. Leland Hayward saw him, became his agent and flew him out to Hollywood, where producer Walter Wanger offered him $1000 a week to make two pictures a year. It was all very dazzling for the shy, introverted Nebraskan, who didn't think there was much of a future in the movies.

His first film, "The Farmer Takes a Wife," was based on the play in which he had starred in New York. Fonda was then sharing a house with Stewart in Brentwood. Two years and five pictures later, he met Frances Seymour Brokaw while on location in France. She became his second wife in 1936. Their daughter, Jane, was born a year later and their son, Peter, in 1939. In the six years between his marriage and his enlistment in the Navy in 1942, Fonda appeared in 28 films. After serving three years in the Navy, as a quartermaster in the Pacific and later as a lieutenant, Fonda was awarded the Bronze Star and a Presidential citation. He returned to Hollywood in 1945 and made six more films in three years, including "My Darling Clementine," "The Fugitive" and "Fort Apache." He then left the movies for seven years, returning East to the theater, where he found his longest-running and most memorable stage role in "Mister Roberts," which he played for almost four years without missing a performance—including the night he went on after his wife committed suicide following a mental breakdown in 1950.

Their marriage had slowly disintegrated before that tragic event and they had agreed to divorce. Fonda had found solace with 21-year-old Susan Blanchard, stepdaughter of lyricist Oscar Hammerstein II. They were married in December 1950 and adopted a baby girl, Amy. Five years later, he and Susan were divorced.

After filming "Mister Roberts," Fonda went to Rome to make "War and Peace" with Audrey Hepburn. During that picture, he met Afdera Franchetti. They were married in March 1957. That year, Fonda appeared in a picture directed by Alfred Hitchcock, "The Wrong Man," on the heels of the only film he ever produced, "12 Angry Men."

In 1962, he divorced Afdera; and a year later, he met a stewardess named Shirlee Adams. Despite the fact that he resolutely said he'd never marry again, he made her his fifth wife in 1965.

In the theater, Fonda is best known for his work in "Mister Roberts," "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," "Two for the Seesaw," "A Gift of Time" (which Paul Newman said was "just the goddamnedest, greatest performance I've ever seen"), "Clarence Darrow," "First Monday in October" and, most recently, "Showdown at the Adobe Motel."

An avid deep-sea fisherman, kiteflier, beekeeper and organic gardener, whose favorite fruit is the tart sour apple he grows in his back yard, Fonda is one of those rare actors who have never suffered bad reviews. He was allegedly the inspiration for cartoonist Al Capp's Li'l Abner. His favorite American playwright is Eugene O'Neill and his taste in humor leans toward Woody Allen and away from Mel Brooks.

Although he has been overlooked by his peers at Oscar time, having been nominated for Best Actor only once and losing out to his best friend, Jimmy Stewart, Fonda was given a special Oscar at this year's ceremony for his over-all contribution to the movies. The American Film Institute and the Kennedy Center also honored him for his life achievement.

"'On Golden Pond' could only be done last summer. If it weren't, who's to know if Katharine Hepburn and I are still alive next summer?"

But Fonda's achievements are obviously not over. His most recent film, "On Golden Pond," which co-stars Katharine Hepburn and his daughter Jane, whose company produced it, is bound to receive critical acclaim and Oscar nominations. Fonda himself is considered by insiders to be the front runner to win, at last, the golden statue for his extraordinary performance.

In addition, his authorized biography, "Fonda: My Life," by Howard Teichmann, was published this year by New American Library; the book was a significant help in preparing this interview.

The attention and acclaim couldn't happen at a better time. Weakened by illness, the 76-year-old actor is determined to continue to work. While recuperating, he consented to this interview.

PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* **Lawrence Grobel** *(whose interview with James A. Michener appeared in September) to talk with the legendary actor. Grobel's report:*

"Katharine Hepburn told Fonda upon their first meeting, 'It's about time.' I felt the same way about this interview. Henry Fonda's been with us so long it's almost as if we know the man—when, in fact, we do not. As he is the first to let you know, he is not Abe Lincoln or Clarence Darrow or Tom Joad. He's had more than his share of personal tragedies, he's suffered through certain roles that he's ashamed of, and there are plenty of people who have angered him along the way of whom he remains unforgiving.

"But the man is a true professional, even in very ill health. Acknowledging that he hadn't wanted to do this interview and that his wife, Shirlee, had practically forced him into it—almost as therapy, it seemed to me—he was gracious and considerate and patient throughout, giving up six consecutive days to answer questions that were at times uncomfortable for him.

"Before I arrived, he spent 15 or 20 minutes walking slowly around the house, so that the few hours we spent talking each day wouldn't be too much of a strain. His voice was hoarse from little use, but his memory was strong. While basically still a quiet and shy man who keeps things to himself, it was obvious that he had enough of being sick. Life, for Fonda, is when the lights are on him, when the camera is rolling, when there's a script to memorize; and he is eager to get out of his pajamas and robe and back into action. For him, it's worth while only when the show must go on."

FONDA: I'm deaf, so talk loud enough for me to hear your questions.

PLAYBOY: How loud?

FONDA: Well, I've lost 40 percent of my hearing in both ears.

PLAYBOY: Do you wear hearing aids?

FONDA: What? [*Laughter*] I got them, but they're not working right. I've got to get to the doctor, but, shit, his office is in Hollywood and I can't get there now.

PLAYBOY: You're not very fond of doing interviews, are you?

FONDA: I don't look forward to it. I'm doing it because it's important and I've been persuaded. I said no for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it exhausting?

FONDA: No. Boring. I don't like to talk about myself, but that's the subject. Of course, I can also talk about the movie—*On Golden Pond*. It's something special. It's unusual, moving, touching, funny. It was a brilliant script, a wonderful story. Katie Hepburn was magic. Jane playing my daughter was special.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that it was the first time you and Katharine Hepburn met?

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FONDA: Yeah. I'd never met her. I knew Spence—not well, but I knew him—but I'd never met Katie. I met her at a meeting a month before we went into production. She came around to me and said, "Well, it's about time." From the first, it was as though we'd been working all our lives together.

PLAYBOY: How often does that happen with someone you haven't met before?

FONDA: Rarely.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Hepburn injure her shoulder and almost back off from the picture?

FONDA: She wouldn't have missed this chance, no way. We gave her three days off while we did other scenes, but beyond that, you'd never guess she had a problem.

PLAYBOY: Was Jane afraid of Hepburn when they met?

FONDA: I think maybe. She did well and conducted herself all right. They're very close today.

PLAYBOY: There's a scene in the film in which Jane meets you on the pond and attempts a reconciliation. Considering some of the differences you've had in the past, which we'll be getting into, was it a very emotional scene for both of you?

FONDA: Oh, yeah. It was working almost on two levels: with your own daughter and with an actress playing your daughter. Because of the context and the emotion of the scene, it could become very personal.

PLAYBOY: Since turning 70, you've had an abundance of good parts, haven't you?

FONDA: There's nothing to say that when you get this age, you're not going to have some of the best things in your whole career. Normally, you're beginning to slow down and take either smaller parts or pictures that you wouldn't do otherwise; but for me it's just been four, five or six of the best things that I've had in my whole 56 years in the theater. There aren't that many parts for an old man, but when there are, I've got 'em and I couldn't be happier. And *On Golden Pond* is going to knock them right through the roof.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you make that film during the actors' strike last year?

FONDA: We didn't work for about three days, and then the producer got waivers for us. I'm not quite sure how, but we went back to work.

PLAYBOY: Did any of you consider not working because of the strike?

FONDA: If we didn't do *On Golden Pond* then, it was never going to get done.

PLAYBOY: Because of your schedules?

FONDA: It could only be done in the summer. If it weren't done then, we would have had to wait until the next summer, and who's to know whether Katharine Hepburn and I are still alive by then? You just couldn't afford to wait.

PLAYBOY: There hasn't been too much written about your illness, but what there has been has been somewhat sensational. Have you been irritated by what some of the media have written about you lately?

FONDA: Only the *National Enquirer* kind of shit, where you've got to talk to lawyers to decide whether you're gonna sue the shit out of 'em or forget it. The most recent one about me claimed I not only had a heart problem, I was riddled with cancer, and that's a crock, but it's bad publicity.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FONDA: Because the word gets out and the producers think you're not well and you can lose work on account of it.

PLAYBOY: You mean getting work is still a worry for you?

FONDA: It's the operative problem with actors. I'm not the only one. If you know what you're going to do next, even if it's a year away, you're OK. If you have no idea what your next job is, you think, Well, that's it! I won't work again!

PLAYBOY: Gossip and scandal sheets aside, what is the exact nature of your illness?

FONDA: Well, the first thing that happened was about seven years ago. I'd never had a problem or been sick in my life. I had to do a narration for a Red Cross spot. I could hardly get to the corner, I was so short of breath. It was very unusual for me. I love walking and suddenly I can't walk 100 feet without grabbing hold of the mailbox and hanging on. I couldn't think what the fuck was happening. To shorten a long story, it turned out my heart was fibrillating; so I went to a hospital and they implanted a pacemaker. No big deal. Done some of the best work in my life in the past six years. Until last year I began to have problems again with shortness of breath and unsteady on my feet. They put me in the hospital again, for three weeks. Nothing but tests. Every kind of test you could think of, trying to determine why my heart was reacting the way it was. They finally put me on a bunch of pills—I needed a pharmacy beside my bed almost with the number of pills I was taking.

I was due to go into rehearsal for *Showdown at the Adobe Motel* two weeks after leaving the hospital, which I did. I was committed to do the play and I was sure I could get stronger every day. I think if you can get onstage and not fall down, you're good enough. I had to walk with a cane, which was all right, because the character I played walked with a cane. I didn't have any energy at all; I was very sick. Not throw-up sick but weak. Yet there's not a soul who saw that play—and it was a sellout run—who would have guessed that I had a problem. I'd finish a performance, barely get to my dressing room, barely able to change my clothes, go back to the hotel and stagger through the lobby so the people thought I was drunk. I couldn't walk a straight line. That would be March–April last. I felt that I was being overmedicated, taking many too many pills.

I decided to go down to the Scripps Clinic in La Jolla. One of the first things they did was to cut the medicine in half and I began to feel better right away. Then what the hell was the summer? Oh, that was *On Golden Pond*. I went East and did that and had no problems at all. But I was a bad boy. I was supposed to be on a very low-sodium diet and I went absolutely crazy. I used to take kosher pickles out of the icebox and just sit and chomp on one. It was the worst thing in the world I could do. All summer long, I ate wrong. At the end of that time, on the way home, I went to my New York doctor and I was I don't know how many pounds too heavy with fluid, edema in my legs. He put me on a double-strength diuretic for three days until I lost the fluid and came home. But I never really totally recovered. I was still very unsteady on my feet, fell down a couple of times, and that scared Shirlee, so they put me in the hospital again.

PLAYBOY: Were you resisting?

FONDA: No. During all those examinations, there was a general feeling that my whole problem was that the outer coating that my heart is encased in had calcium on it, and they had to find out for sure if it was so. Eventually, they operated, found I didn't have a calcium problem, and while they had me open, they put a new pacemaker in. I came home and that's what I'm recovering from today.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also have an operation to remove a tumor on your diaphragm a few years ago?

FONDA: Yeah. That was five or six years ago. It was growing out of my diaphragm and the doctor cut me between the ribs and took it out. Said it was as big as a grapefruit, benign but big.

PLAYBOY: Having gone through such an experience, do you fear death?

FONDA: Fear death? No.

PLAYBOY: Do you think much about it?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you're making good progress toward full recovery now?

FONDA: Yeah. Everybody else does, too. The doctors all do.

PLAYBOY: Do you hate your diet?

FONDA: I sure do. I miss chewing on a kosher pickle. I dream about it.

PLAYBOY: What else do you dream about?

FONDA: I dream I can dance like Fred Astaire or Gene Kelly.

PLAYBOY: When you started acting, weren't you once offered a year's contract at $100 a week to be a dancing comic actor in an attempt to create another Astaire?

FONDA: In a way. Or Ray Bolger. Leland

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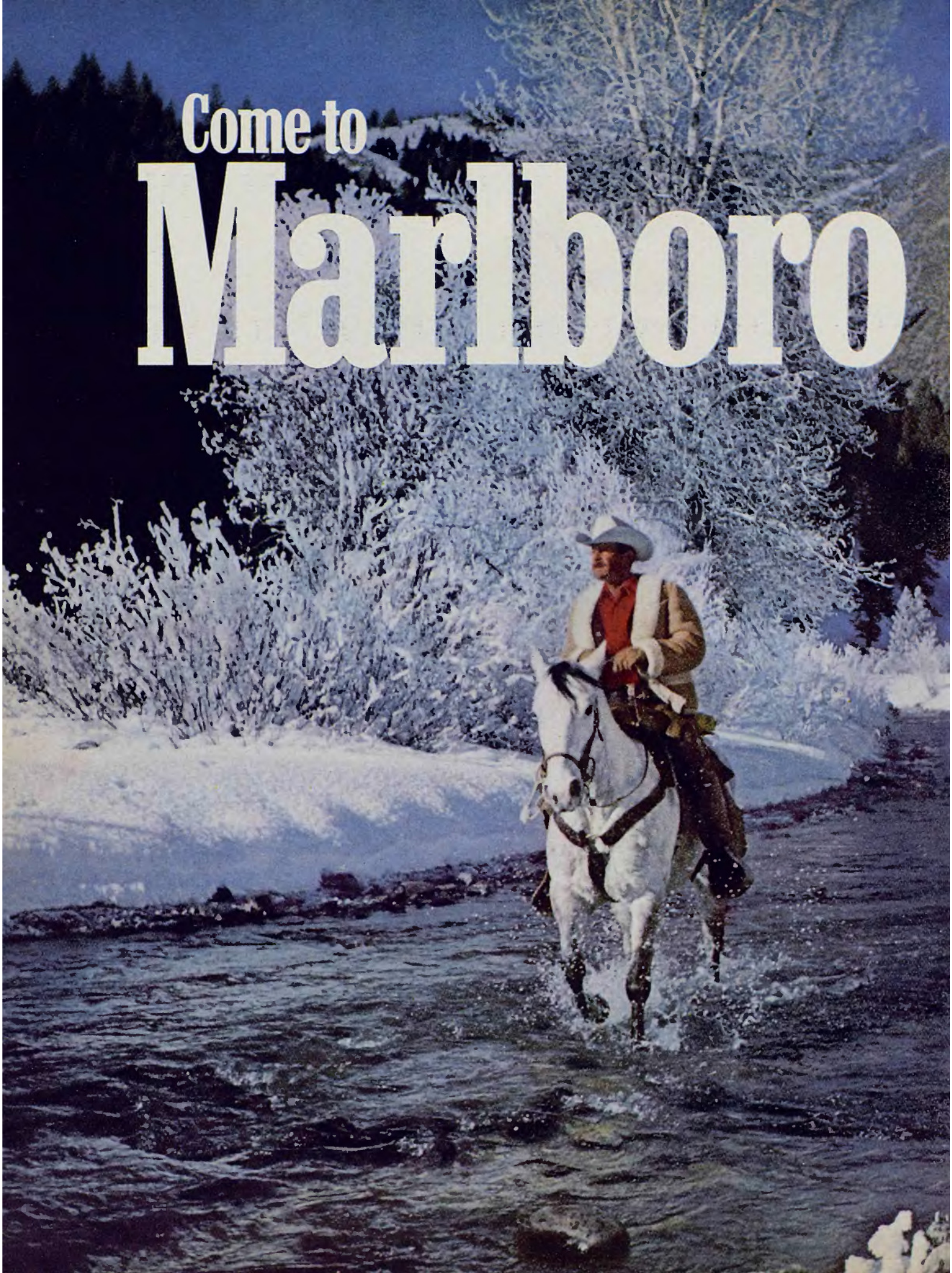
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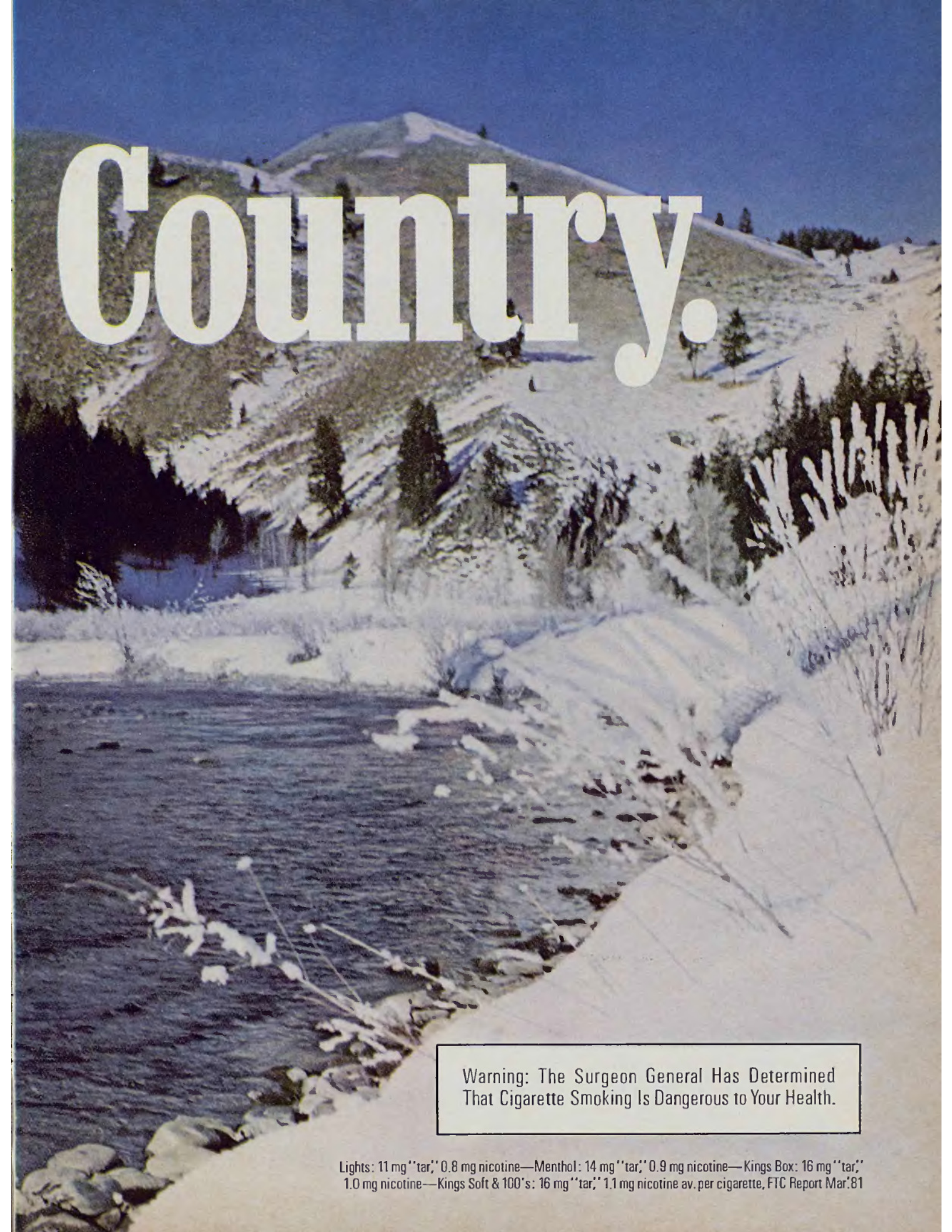

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Hayward, who was the top agent and who could sell anything, was not excited about me as an actor and never indicated he wanted to handle me until the 1934 Broadway revue *New Faces*. That's when he made a deal with Dwight Wiman, who was a producer of musicals, who had an idea that he'd send me to Chorus Equity to dance and make a dance comedy. It was 52 weeks to a year, salaried, at $100 a week. That was unheard of, but I turned it down. My dream was not to be a dancer or a comic.

PLAYBOY: It was, obviously, to be an actor. In pursuit of that dream, didn't Joshua Logan call you the best-known unknown actor in New York?

FONDA: He did. In those days, I was religious in going from office to office. I never missed a day that I didn't go into a producer's or an agent's office. I never slowed down. All the casting gals and the secretaries got to know me so well, they'd just look up and say, "Nothing, Hank." It was during that time that Josh said I was the best-known unknown actor in New York.

PLAYBOY: How discouraging was that?

FONDA: I never really was discouraged. There were others with me who were in the same position.

PLAYBOY: That was during the Depression. How did it affect you?

FONDA: I was barely aware of it. We were in a depression as actors all the time. It wasn't any different. We had no money. We existed on rice. No sugar, no salt. Nothing. You just boiled rice.

PLAYBOY: Yet you had a lot of confidence. After working in summer stock on Cape Cod, you've been quoted as saying you went to New York "damn sure" you were a good actor. What made you so certain?

FONDA: It doesn't sound like me to say that. I'll assume that I did, because I'd been playing the best parts written at that time for young actors and had been accepted by the local community and the reviews were always raves. I suppose that's what made me think of saying it.

PLAYBOY: When did you first get a feeling for words, which, after all, are what actors fall in love with?

FONDA: I don't think it happened until I was pushed on the stage of a little theater by Do Brando [a family friend and mother of actor Marlon Brando]. Up to that time, I was a painfully self-conscious, shy young man and had very little to say. I didn't think about words at all. Part of the whole attraction of acting was that it was therapy. I was wearing a mask. It was like hiding behind a character. I wasn't self-conscious at all in the theater playing a part.

PLAYBOY: When did it become something more?

FONDA: It was very gradual that the acting thing became a pull. What I was doing was acting with all of these fun people. I began to realize that acting

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was a game of make-believe; let's pretend. Like a young kid playing cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians. That's when I began not to think about becoming an actor but understanding what it was that is so exciting about acting. And it's still the fun that it was 56 years ago. It's still make-believe.

PLAYBOY: You never actually studied acting, did you?

FONDA: We were all learning by experience, by doing it. It never occurred to me or to anybody I knew to study. I wish I had. I wish I'd studied voice, particularly. I've never had a good voice. It doesn't always work. Right now, I lose my voice easily and with this recuperating and being an invalid, it gets weak and I have to force it. I don't think you learn to act in a school, but you get the opportunity to work.

PLAYBOY: Your acting often seems so natural and effortless, almost as if you're not acting at all. When did you become aware of the effect the theater can have on an audience?

FONDA: My first visit to New York was the most unusual week I'd ever had in my life. I saw nine plays in six days. They were the plays of the season and, as it turns out, the plays of any season. They were all special. It was one of those seasons in which everything was good: *Front Page, Coquette, Saturday's Children, The Constant Wife, Tommy.* One play I'll never forget was *Gods of the Lightning*, about Sacco and Vanzetti. Charlie Bickford was in it. It was so real that I walked out of the theater and scowled at cops. I'll never forget it as an experience. I totally forgot that they were actors. I very quickly realized there was a difference between watching an actor you knew was acting and watching somebody who made you forget he was an actor. I began thinking, That's the way I want to be. Please, God, don't let them see the wheels go around, don't let the machinery show. Whatever I do in preparation is to make it as natural and real as possible.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents opposed to or supportive of your acting ambitions?

FONDA: Only supportive. I was very lucky in my parents. You couldn't ask for a better father and mother. I remember being shocked to go East in 1928 and beginning to hear of contemporaries who hated their parents. I couldn't believe it.

PLAYBOY: Was your father the biggest influence in your life?

FONDA: I expect so.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a time, when you were 14, when he took you to witness a lynching?

FONDA: It was an experience I will never forget. This young black had been arrested on suspicion of rape and a mob started to collect. My dad's office looked down on the courthouse square and we went up and watched from the window. The mayor, the sheriff and his two assistants rode into the middle of this mob on horseback, trying to calm them. They damn near lynched the mayor. You couldn't believe that they would overpower the law, force their way in, get this guy out of a cell, drag him through the streets, hang him from a lamppost, riddle him with bullets and then drag him from the back of an automobile. It was so horrifying. When it was all over, we went home. My dad never talked about it, never lectured. He just knew the impression it would have on me.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever see your father in yourself?

FONDA: I've sometimes come on a shop-window at a certain angle where you see a reflection and I've sort of instantaneously said, "My God, it's my father."

PLAYBOY: Did either of your parents live to see you in the movies?

FONDA: My mother never did. My dad was an invalid when I came out here. Fox Studio screened *The Farmer Takes a Wife* for him, so he did see one.

PLAYBOY: What did he think?

FONDA: By the time I got back to visit, it was not on the tips of our tongues to talk about. He'd talk about when he got well, he wanted to buy some property north of Omaha and raise chickens. I said, "Dad, that's what'll happen. I'll set

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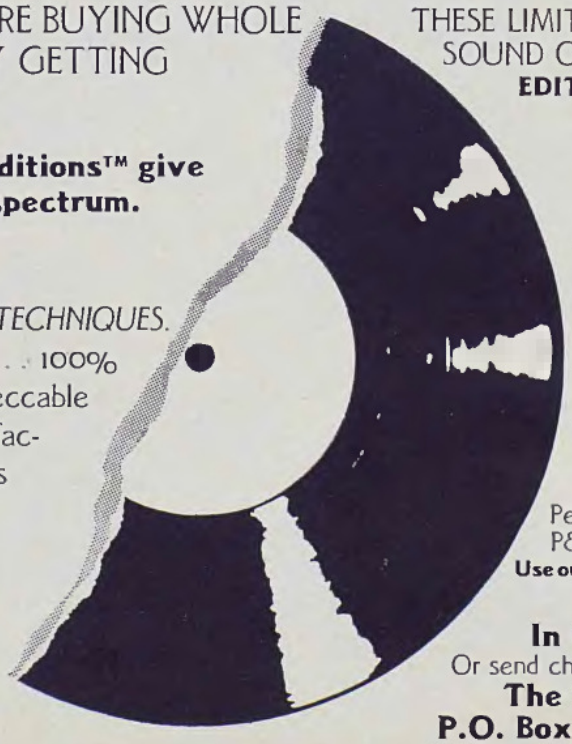

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it up for you." He died three or four weeks after my visit. [*Pause*] When I think today that my mother died at the age of 54 and my dad at 55, that's babies. To think that I've outlived my parents by more than 20 years. It's amazing.

PLAYBOY: How did they die?

FONDA: Mother had a blood clot and it killed her. I never was sure what the cause of Dad's death was. I just sort of have a vague idea that it had to do with his kidneys. I adored my father and mother.

PLAYBOY: Were you brought up in a religious household?

FONDA: I was brought up as a Christian Scientist. My grandmother was the first reader and a practitioner. If we got a cold, we'd call Grammy for help. We wouldn't go to a doctor. That's all I knew until I was out of college. Since then, I haven't been inside a church.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

FONDA: I'm an agnostic, which turns out to be a very hard thing to understand. I said it on a *Donahue* show once when somebody asked the question. Everybody thought it meant atheist. An agnostic means I don't know the answers. That's all.

PLAYBOY: When a 17-year-old Bette Davis wrote you a note proposing marriage, you didn't have an answer then, either, did you?

FONDA: When I was first in New York, I drove my friend Hunter Scott home from Princeton. He didn't want to stay at Princeton, so I met him in New York and we drove down to Princeton before starting our trip back. He had two girls and their mother with him, a Mrs. Davis and her daughters, Bobbi and Bette. Neither of them was particularly attractive, but Hunter was pinned to Bobbi. It turns out that Hunter was pinned to a girl in every city in the United States, almost. It was a thick, foggy night, but we got to Princeton and put them up at the Nassau Inn. The next day, we took the girls to look at the new Princeton stadium by moonlight. Now, I forgot to preface this by saying that Hunter had this great idea that we'd have this contest during our trip. Every time you would kiss a girl, you would get a score; the one who had the higher score won something. This was typical Hunter Scott. He was very juvenile and I'd just go along with it. Now, we've got the girls at the stadium and I'm in the back seat with Bette. I just met this girl and she doesn't really attract me. She wasn't a very pretty girl. But when Hunter got out of the car and walked into the stadium with Bobbi, I knew that he was going to be scoring. I have always been this very shy guy with girls. I went with the same girl for two years when I went to the University of Minnesota and I never kissed her. I'd get her to the door and was always too scared to kiss her. Anyway, now I'm

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in the back seat with this Bette Davis and some way or other, I just leaned over and gave her a peck, so that I was at least even with Hunter. That's all it was. The next day, we took them to the train, and before we left Princeton to start our trip, I got a letter that was written on the train, from Bette. In essence, it said, "I've told Mother and she will announce our engagement when we get home." I thought, Is that the way it happens? It scared the shit out of me. Never answered it. Never paid any more attention. Never heard anything more.

PLAYBOY: Soon after that, you got involved with a character named George Billings, who had made a silent film as Abe Lincoln and then hired you at $100 a week to tour with him, doing sketches from Lincoln's life. Was that a lot of money for you then?

FONDA: The most I'd ever made. The most I'd ever dreamed of, and I didn't make that kind of money in the theater again for years.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever think that one day you'd wind up playing Lincoln yourself?

FONDA: No. When they sent me the script of *Young Mr. Lincoln*, I turned it down. I even let them test me as Lincoln. I went to the rushes with the producer and the writer the next day and this thing came on the screen and, shit, it was Lincoln! He started to talk and my voice came out of this character and I said, "No way, fellows." And they dropped it.

PLAYBOY: Until John Ford entered the scene and intimidated you into doing it.

FONDA: Months later, Ford was assigned the film and he sent for me. I didn't know Ford. I knew his work and I used to hang around the set, watching him shoot *Stagecoach*. I stood there at his desk like a guard with his white hat in his hand and he was the admiral. His first words were something like, "What's all this shit that you don't want to play Lincoln? You think he's the fuckin' President? He's a young, jackleg lawyer from Springfield, for Christ's sake." And that's how he intimidated and persuaded me.

PLAYBOY: Was Ford as great a director as people say he was?

FONDA: There will never be another Ford. He had instinctively a beautiful eye for the camera. He was so egomaniacal. He never would rehearse, didn't want to talk about a part. If an actor started to ask questions, he'd either take those pages and tear them out of the script or insult him in an awful way. He loved getting his shot on the first take, which for him meant it was fresh. He would print the first take even if it wasn't any good.

PLAYBOY: That's how he shot that famous last scene in *The Grapes of Wrath*, in which you say goodbye to your mother and leave the work camp, isn't it? He didn't let you and Jane Darwell rehearse until he was ready to shoot.

FONDA: He would stop the rehearsal the moment Ma and I got into a position where the dialog started. We never did rehearse the dialog until we shot. Jane Darwell and I both knew that it was a hell of a scene. When he finally said, "OK, roll 'em, this is a take," we both sort of let the emotion take hold, and then we realized that that was all wrong. Don't let that emotion spill all over and become embarrassing. Hold it back. We played the scene like holding a horse that was trying to get away. The emotion was there in the back and it colored our faces, our looks, the tone of our voices, and that's all there was to it. We just finished the scene, cut it and walked away.

PLAYBOY: And Ford never said a word?

FONDA: He didn't have to. You knew how he felt.

PLAYBOY: Is that the film you're most identified with?

FONDA: I guess so. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel there's a part of Tom Joad in you?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Steinbeck's wife has said that you became the personification of what her husband stood for. How would you interpret that?

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FONDA: I don't know what John meant.

PLAYBOY: He apparently thought of you when he was writing certain of his characters.

FONDA: I can't believe that.

PLAYBOY: When did you get to know Steinbeck?

FONDA: After I'd done the film. I was in a restaurant and we just said hello, shook hands. We didn't fall all over each other. There were four or five others and we went on a tour of bars and got drunk and wound up at his apartment over on the East River and we were drunk at dawn. That's how I met him. He turned out to be a neighbor, only two blocks from my house in New York. We were never intimate or close. I think we had admiration for each other.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of him as a writer?

FONDA: I loved his work. I've read everything he's written. When he died, his widow asked me if I'd come back and read two of John's favorite poems. At the end of the services, I went into the little chapel and was with the widow. She handed me a tin cigar box that Steinbeck had lined with felt and it was his jewel case he had made for himself. In it were the gold studs and cuff links that he wore when he accepted the Nobel Prize. I have that upstairs; it's one of my prized possessions.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it *The Grapes of Wrath* that forced you to sign a seven-year contract with Darryl Zanuck at 20th Century-Fox?

FONDA: Yep. I'd worked with Zanuck before, several times. I did *Young Mr. Lincoln*, *Drums Along the Mohawk* and *Jesse James* and he was always after a contract, but I wasn't interested. Until *Grapes of Wrath*. That was the bait.

PLAYBOY: He knew he had you?

FONDA: He said, "I'm not going to let you play Tom Joad if I can't control you." Well, bullshit. I did *Grapes of Wrath* and I followed it with some of the worst shit that I've had to do in films, so I'll never forgive Zanuck.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man was he to work for?

FONDA: The only times I saw Zanuck was when they'd cast me in some crock and I'd ask if I could see him. I'd go in there and object to it and say, "Why do I have to do this?" A couple of times, I was lucky enough to get off the lot and be lent over to Paramount or RKO or Warner Bros. to do *The Lady Eve*, *The Big Street* with Lucille Ball and *The Male Animal*. Except for those films, I didn't do anything else at Fox that I could be proud of until *The Ox-Bow Incident*, and that was made in spite of Zanuck. He hated it. Didn't want to do it. But by the time I got back from the war, he was taking bows for *Ox-Bow*. It had become a prestige picture.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Zanuck force Fritz Lang

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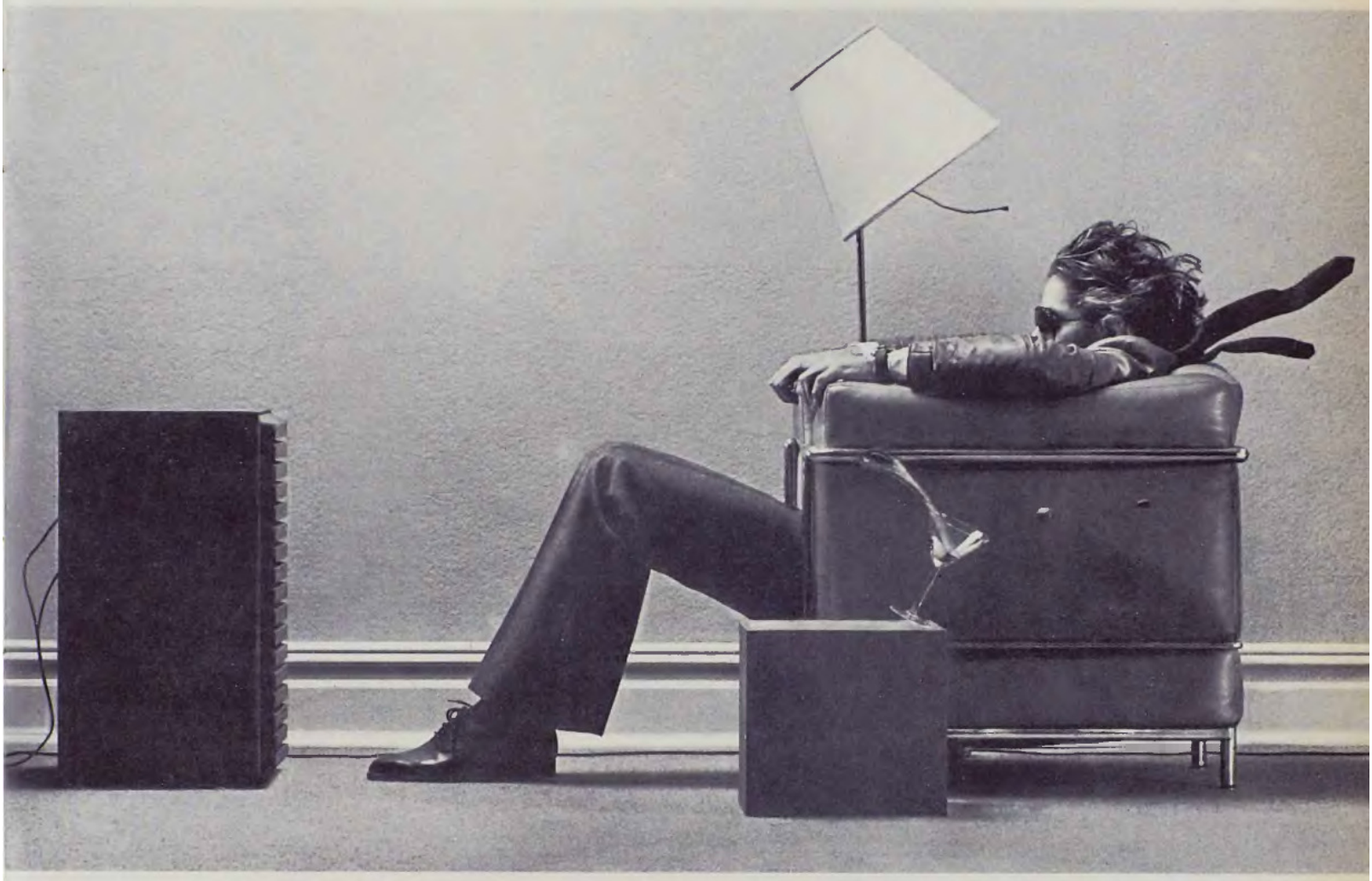

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on you after you protested that you didn't want to work with him again?

FONDA: Because *Jesse James* was so successful, Zanuck said he'd do *The Return of Frank James*. He came to me and said he'd get Fritz Lang to direct it and I almost flipped out. He didn't seem the right man to direct an American Western at all. Not only that, I'd had such a bad experience with Lang on *You Only Live Once* I wasn't looking forward to it. I told Zanuck all those things and he said, "Well, he's learned his lesson." He wound up directing the film. He killed three or four horses because he didn't know when to stop running them. Ran them up hills at 9000-feet altitude till their hearts would burst.

PLAYBOY: Despite not liking Lang, how did you feel about *You Only Live Once*?

FONDA: It was one of my best films. I recognized that he was one of the giants of our business and his films were incredibly good, but his attitude with actors was so wrong. He treated them like puppets. He wanted to pull the strings. He was very frustrated by sound, because he couldn't talk to them during the scene. He was off to the side of the camera, gesticulating.

PLAYBOY: You did *The Wrong Man* for Hitchcock; wasn't he like that as well? Didn't he feel that actors were cattle?

FONDA: Not Hitch, no. He was funny all the time. Hitch would come in and tell a funny story just before he'd say "Roll 'em" into a serious scene. I loved working with Hitch. He blueprinted every scene he did carefully with the production man and the assistant director and the script supervisor, so that any one of the four of them could have lined up the shot and shot it.

PLAYBOY: Which was totally unlike Ford. Which director did you prefer working for?

FONDA: I'd take Ford. He'd be at the top of the list. With Ford, you were never really sure. He kept things secret from his own script supervisor. He'd dream up little pieces of business in the car driving to location and never say a word to anybody. As soon as he got to the scene, he'd say, "Why don't you do this and do that? Put your feet up on the post. Change position." And they would always turn out to be the things that people would remember.

PLAYBOY: Did that rub off on your acting as well? Did you learn to improvise through Ford?

FONDA: No, I can't. I've got to have every word that's coming out of my mouth written and laid out.

PLAYBOY: Marlon Brando says if you can't improvise, you don't belong on a set. Would you say most actors can or cannot improvise?

FONDA: I don't really know. Jane's one who loves to improvise. I'm told that most of Al Pacino's pictures are improvisations. I don't know whether that's true or not.

PLAYBOY: Did you see Brando in *A Streetcar Named Desire* on Broadway?

FONDA: Oh, yeah. Memorable, memorable. I remember going backstage to see Bud and I was so moved I couldn't talk to him. I couldn't open my mouth. I was so emotional.

PLAYBOY: Since you knew his family and it was his mother who gave you your start, did you know he had it in him?

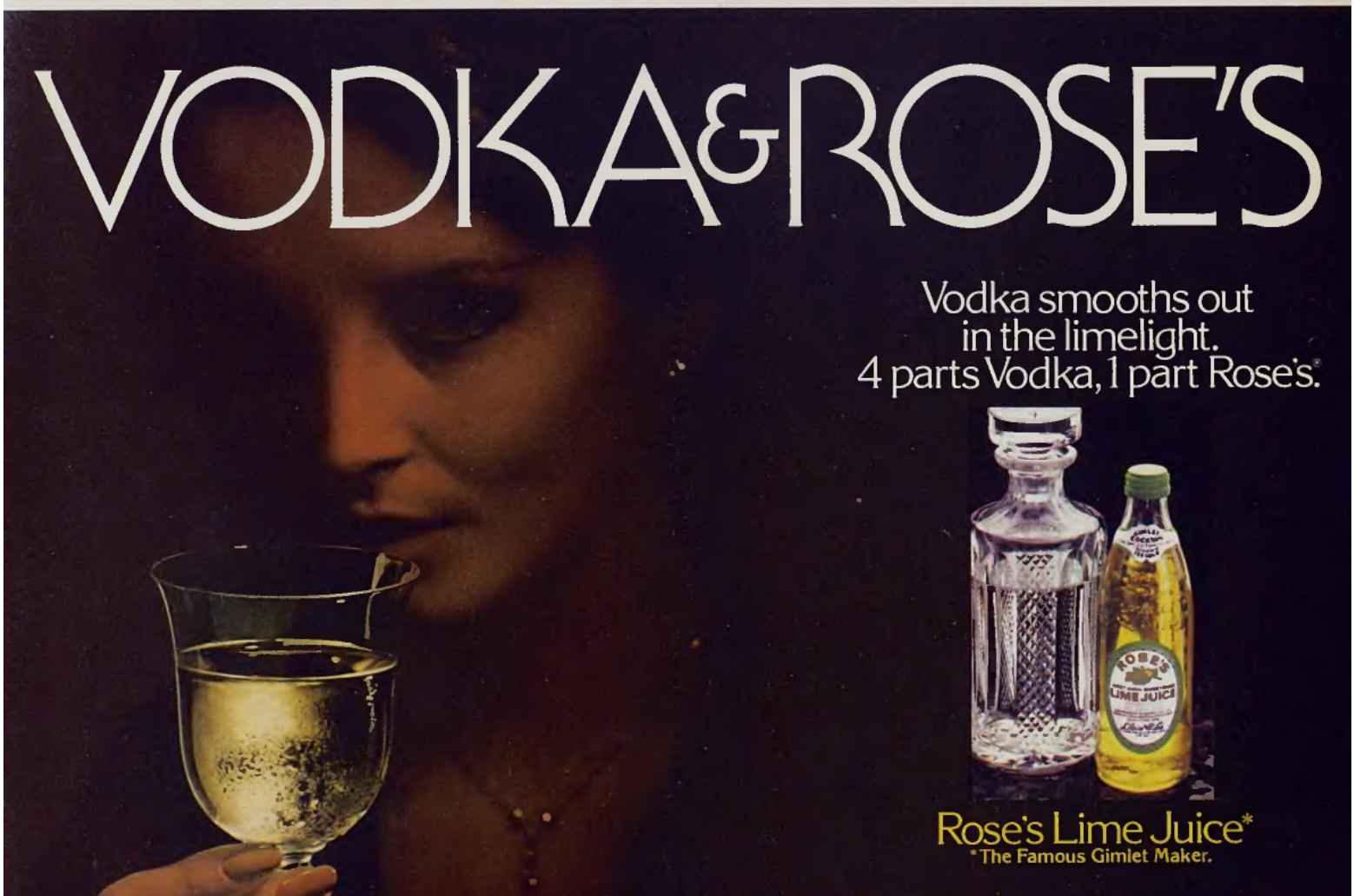
FONDA: I'd heard about this young kid who came from Illinois who was stirring Broadway. And I saw *Truckline Café*, in which he had a small part in one scene, but he had pure magic in that. But *Streetcar* knocked me flat.

PLAYBOY: Did you know him when he was a boy?

FONDA: He was just a baby when I worked with his mother. When he was six, they moved to Libertyville, Illinois. We kept in touch rarely. I'd only hear about Bud. He was only about 14, but it didn't seem like another day before I began to hear about this crazy son of a bitch in New York who was setting the town on its ear.

PLAYBOY: How good an actor is Brando?

FONDA: I don't think there's anybody better when he wants to be good. If he



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cares. I think he's absolutely the best.

PLAYBOY: Some critics say that about you.

FONDA: I don't think so. I actually feel quite limited. My Middle West accent is too pronounced. I can't lose it enough to play Restoration comedy or Shakespeare at all. I don't have a great ear. I can get away with east Tennessee or west Texas. I've even played a New Englander and got away with it and was proud.

PLAYBOY: Were you happy with your first film?

FONDA: I wasn't happy with the first three films I did. The first time I was pleased was with *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. [Director] Henry Hathaway and I did a lot of shit from then on for [producer] Walter Wanger.

PLAYBOY: How did you initially get involved with Wanger?

FONDA: I was under contract to Leland Hayward after I did the play *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, and he dragged me off to Hollywood for a few days and he sold me to Walter Wanger, who had no idea who I was, to make movies for $1000 a week. Two movies a year in the winter and I could go back to New York in the summer. It was like everything on my terms and I was just dumfounded. I found myself shaking hands with this stranger, agreeing on a deal. I remember walking away from the hotel with Leland and saying, "Now, am I bound by that? Can I get out of it?" Leland never let me forget that.

PLAYBOY: Did the movies interest you then?

FONDA: No. I had no ambition to be a movie actor. I thought, They're crazy. I'll take their money and go back to New York.

PLAYBOY: Is the stage still your first love?

FONDA: Oh, yeah. The theater.

PLAYBOY: Anyway, your move to New York was a few years after your marriage to Margaret Sullavan ended. How long had that marriage lasted?

FONDA: We were married the end of December [1931] and took an apartment in Greenwich Village. We must have been there three or four months before I moved out at her request. It was several months after that when she stopped off in Chicago on the way to California and got a divorce.

PLAYBOY: What was it—temperaments?

FONDA: I never was temperamental. She was very.

PLAYBOY: Were you close with her when she died in 1960?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Your second marriage was to Frances Seymour Brokaw, mother of Jane and Peter. How did you meet her?

FONDA: She was visiting Europe. I was doing a film with Annabella [*Wings of the Morning*] and Frances knew the producer, who brought her out to the set. I remember being photographed with her sitting in camp chairs. We had a chance to talk a lot. She was on her way to the Olympics in Berlin and the film was within a week or two of finishing. She said, "Why don't you join me in Berlin and we'll go to the Olympics?" I thought, Why not? We had a beautiful time. She was not only pretty but a fun person to be with. She enjoyed life. We enjoyed being together. She had had her Buick touring car shipped over on the boat and she said, "Let's drive around Europe." I said OK. From Berlin, we drove down to Munich, then to Vienna, Budapest, back to Munich, eventually to Paris, when I proposed. When we got back to New York, I met her family. We were married that first week in New York.

PLAYBOY: So you married within three months of meeting. Do you consider that a risky thing to do?

FONDA: Today I do. I obviously didn't then. We were very happy for 12, 13, 14 years, with a very successful marriage.

PLAYBOY: Soon after you were married, Jane was born. Did you feel close to her as a baby?

FONDA: I didn't get as close to Jane and Peter when they were babies as I did with [my adopted child] Amy years later. I used to go home from work and it would be Amy on my lap, get up in the morning and change her diaper. But there wasn't really that closeness with Jane and Peter.

"I'm sure Jane and Peter wondered where Dad was and why he wasn't home like other dads. I've always regretted it a little bit."

PLAYBOY: Because you were working a lot?

FONDA: I *never* was not working, and a lot of it was far away. Many times I would be 12 weeks away from home and I'm sure Jane and Peter were getting to be an age when they wondered where Dad was and why he wasn't home like other dads. I've always regretted it a little bit. There were so many years when they were very young that I couldn't be with them—either because I was in the Navy for three years or because I was on location. But I tried to make up for it. I took Peter fishing for a week the first vacation I had from *Mister Roberts*. That's when Peter became a fisherman, and he's a damn good one today.

PLAYBOY: When did they first get to see you in the movies?

FONDA: I don't remember with Jane. With Peter, their mother gave a birthday party and screened *Drums Along the Mohawk*. I wasn't there, but their mother told me afterward when the Indians were chasing Dad, it scared Peter so that he left the room and played out in the hall the rest of the afternoon and didn't go to the movies again for years. It was traumatic for him.

PLAYBOY: Does he remember it today?

FONDA: He remembers it and talks about it. During the war, I was in the Pacific and their mother had a party like that and showed *Chad Hannah*. It involved a circus and how I became a ringmaster. Peter sneaked up the side of the projector until he got to the screen and he put his hand up to touch my character. A couple of years later, when the war was over, I got home in the afternoon and the kids were still in school. So I drove the station wagon to the school and parked it at the foot of the driveway. When Peter came down, he saw the car, then he saw me and he became very shy and walked slowly until he got up to the car and said, "Hello, Chad."

PLAYBOY: How old was he?

FONDA: Six.

PLAYBOY: Before you enlisted in the Navy, you made a lot of, well, lousy pictures, didn't you?

FONDA: Just before the war, when it got closer and closer to the time that I knew I was going to be leaving and the studio knew it, they just crowded me into films and made as many as they could before I got away. Some of them were very forgettable. But you're under contract; you do what they tell you to do.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also have to date actresses they told you to, to help keep the star system in the public eye?

FONDA: I only once dated somebody I was told to. Marlene Dietrich. It was very strange. I didn't know her and it was just like an assignment. She needed an escort to an opening, and I drove down to her house in my little Ford and waited for her to come down. When she did, it was the star's entrance down the staircase. We didn't go in my Ford, we went in her chauffeured limousine. I just sat there like a bump on a log. It was a typical opening night, lined with photographers. I remember this long walk beside Marlene Dietrich, being photographed a lot. We didn't have a great deal of conversation. She was a glamorous star. I don't remember her movies too much.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your time in the Navy, were you gung ho about the war?

FONDA: Yes. I was a typical eager beaver who wanted to shoot at Japanese. I wanted to go where the action was.

PLAYBOY: How significant were those years?

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FONDA: I didn't like one minute of them. A lot of it was going to school, learning navigation, signaling. I was on a destroyer for a year as a quartermaster; that's assistant to the navigator. That I enjoyed. I sailed through this boot camp for officers and came out at the head of the class. That impressed the shit out of people.

PLAYBOY: And you received a Bronze Star for helping sink a Japanese submarine.

FONDA: One of the things that I learned in my various schooling was antisub warfare: how to find submarines, where to look for them and what to do when you know there is going to be one in the area. Through our secret code, we were given the news that a submarine was taking off from Tokyo. I organized a Marine squadron that searched a certain pattern. It was prearranged. Search planes flew another pattern and they found the submarine and sank it.

PLAYBOY: Do you still have the medal?

FONDA: Peter lost it. I'd given it to him.

PLAYBOY: Were you upset with him?

FONDA: No; it meant nothing to me.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to know about the dropping of the atomic bomb before it was dropped?

FONDA: We briefed the pilot about where he was going and what to look for. The next thing I remember was hearing about Hiroshima, which sort of took me back, I must say. I had no idea what kind of devastation it would create.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, do you think it was the right thing to do?

FONDA: I can only wish that they had never thought of making it in the first place and that there was no problem today about nuclear fission or power stations or anything else. I'm against all of it. I'm sorry that anybody who learned that it was possible said, "Let's go ahead." I wish they'd just said, "That's dangerous, let's don't touch it."

PLAYBOY: Do you think it will eventually destroy us?

FONDA: I wouldn't be surprised. Not necessarily as a weapon of war; but what are they going to do with the waste? They keep looking and trying to figure out what to do with it. In the meantime, we're getting more and more of it. That's where the danger is. Take the Love Canal, for instance. Jane and Tom were there and gave me details. That's so terrifying, and yet it's going on today. There are still companies that are illegally dumping poisonous waste in yards and don't say anything about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's any way to stop it?

FONDA: I don't think it's possible. Too many people think it's progress.

PLAYBOY: Soon after you returned from the Navy, you began a very successful run playing *Mister Roberts* on Broadway. Frances, however, was not well by then, was she?

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FONDA: She was sick off and on for three or four years.

PLAYBOY: Did you find yourself losing your temper often with your children?

FONDA: I lost my temper a lot. I think they would say that.

PLAYBOY: Jane recalls your rages as being "terrifying—not Mediterranean rages but rages of frustration, tension and repression." She said they were as much against yourself as anyone else.

FONDA: I would guess. Uh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Were you aware of how strong your rage was? Did it have to do with your personal or your professional life?

FONDA: I'm not sure I understand what Jane means, but I surely had nothing to be upset about in my professional life. My personal life was disintegrating, but very slowly. I wasn't even aware of it for a long time.

PLAYBOY: When *did* you become aware of it?

FONDA: After we moved East and I was doing *Mister Roberts*. That's when Frances first had to go to a home for disturbed people. It was not a place where you're committed, but she was in and out of there two or three times over a period of a year.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever know what caused her disturbance?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult to live with her then?

FONDA: Well, it wasn't easy. A lot of that I've put out of my mind, so there's almost a blank. I never dreamed that it would be anything permanent. It was just a bore to have a wife who wasn't always well.

PLAYBOY: Is this difficult to talk about?

FONDA: It ain't easy. Frances' suicide is just never easy to talk about. I don't like to be reminded of what happened. It was a tragedy.

PLAYBOY: Were you at all prepared for that kind of tragedy?

FONDA: I don't know *anybody* in the family who was prepared for that.

PLAYBOY: How did Jane and Peter find out?

FONDA: They were ten and 12—too young to be told the truth, so we just simply said that Mother had died in the hospital. They've both got their own stories about how they found out, hearing other children talk about it or reading it. I've been criticized for not telling them the truth and letting them find out that way. I still think I was right. Anyway, it was a tragedy and that's the way things happened.

PLAYBOY: When they found out, did they blame you? Were they angry with you?

FONDA: No. Oh, no. There was never dialog about it at all. I never learned from them when they found out.

PLAYBOY: How much of Frances do you see in Jane and Peter?

FONDA: Very little.

PLAYBOY: You see more of yourself in them?

FONDA: Yeah. Frances' oldest daughter, Pam, lives in Rome, married to an Italian ambassador. She's very much like her mother.

PLAYBOY: In what ways?

FONDA: Looks. Nervousness, which Frances didn't show right away. But Pam is so jumpy that it makes you nervous to be with her.

PLAYBOY: On the day Frances took her life, you went to the theater that night to do *Mister Roberts*. Was that the most difficult performance of your career?

FONDA: Probably. Leland and Josh persuaded me that I should go on, that it would be the best thing for me. I was just too numb to argue or even think about it. I just went out and played the show. I would eventually have had to go back and pick it up. If I'd waited two days or a week, the first performance after that would have been tougher than the one I played.

PLAYBOY: *Mister Roberts* ran for almost four years. Isn't it unusual for an actor, especially a movie star, to stay in a play for that long?

FONDA: I am unusual. I don't know anybody else who likes long runs. Most actors say, "Shit, how could you do it

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night after night after night?" I enjoyed it. I wouldn't have missed a performance and didn't—1700 performances. And the last, at the Biltmore here in Los Angeles, was a better performance than the one on opening night—and opening night was as exciting as you could ask a theater to be. The audience went absolutely out of their minds, standing on their seats, hollering, whistling. It was the only time I ever had to make a curtain speech. They wouldn't stop applauding.

PLAYBOY: What did you say?

FONDA: Something like, "That's all they wrote. If you want us to start again at the beginning, we'd love to." And they went into convulsions all over again.

PLAYBOY: How could the last night be better than *that*?

FONDA: You've grown. If you don't grow in a part, you should get in another business. It should never become mechanical. I can tell right away when I'm in the audience if the actors are bored and they're listening and their eyes are on you if you are talking, but they're thinking, Where will I have supper tonight? You can't do that. It's a great concentration. It's a great discipline. It's a challenge in the theater that I enjoy.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever nervous before going on?

FONDA: Never. On the contrary. I'm called a neurotic son of a bitch by my peers because I don't go and throw up in a corner on opening nights. I can't wait! I'm gonna get out there and I'm not going to be myself and people aren't going to be looking at *me*! I'm going to be smart, like Clarence Darrow. A character, like Mister Roberts.

PLAYBOY: Logan, who co-wrote and directed *Mister Roberts*, has written that you were difficult to work with and that you dominated him. Did you feel that?

FONDA: No, I never felt that. I know Josh does. Josh was and is an awfully sensitive man. You can't criticize him at all. I did several times and it used to drive him right up the wall.

PLAYBOY: How different was the movie from the play?

FONDA: I was not happy with the film. Mainly with Ford, who I felt was the one man in the world to direct it. Turned out *not* to be the one man. He was such an egomaniac. He didn't like to duplicate anything that Josh had done in the theater. He kept changing scenes. You can't play it for almost four years like I did and not become a purist. You don't fuck around with something that works as well as it did. We're lucky that he had his kidney attack and operation and he had to be replaced when the picture was half finished.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Ford actually hit you when you began to criticize his direction?

FONDA: Yeah. Leland said, "Pappy wants to see you." I went in and Ford knew that I was unhappy with the way he'd handled the scene that afternoon, and so he said, "All right, what's the matter? Let's have it." So I told him in the nicest way I could that when Leland asked me who should direct this film, I said, "There's only one—John Ford. He's queer for the Navy, he's an outdoor man, an outdoor-location director, a man's director, everything you could think of. But Pappy," I said, "you're playing around with things that worked beautifully in the theater and you're changing them." I don't know how far I got before he stood up and pushed me back over a table. It was more like a shove than a hit. Shit, I wasn't gonna fight the old man, so I just got up and left the room. A few minutes later, he came to my room to apologize, and from then on, it was almost embarrassing. He'd ask me before every scene, almost sarcastically, "Do you approve? Is this all right with you?" He stuck closer to the script from then on.

PLAYBOY: Logan wrote that James Cagney was like a Disney character in the film. Do you agree?

FONDA: No. But all the subtleties in the play were lost in the film and I blame Ford for that. It's hard to say these things about a film that everybody universally loved and saw 20 times. You

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can't tell them that you don't know what you've missed when you didn't see the play.

PLAYBOY: After your problems with that film, you followed it with more problems on your next, *War and Peace*, which Dino De Laurentiis produced. What was your opinion of De Laurentiis?

FONDA: I hated him. He didn't speak a word of English. I had my own ideas about Pierre. I felt he was not a leading man. I tried to get wardrobe to make me look like Pierre and Dino vetoed all that. His idea was that he had cast Mel Ferrer and me to be the two romantic leads opposite Audrey Hepburn. I'm doing my best on the set to make a character out of Pierre: I got the carpentry man to get me some rimless glasses. Dino would see me wearing them and through an interpreter would go to [director] King Vidor and say, "Tell Fonda to take those off." I put them back on the minute he was off the set, but it wasn't easy.

PLAYBOY: You've made a lot of pictures that weren't easy in that regard.

FONDA: I did some awful, awful things and I'm ashamed of them.

PLAYBOY: What film was the most awful of them all?

FONDA: *Sex and the Single Girl.* I turned it down when it was offered to me. My agents talked me into it, because they said, "You son of a bitch, you're not going to make a living out of *Ox-Bow Incidents* and *12 Angry Mens*. They can win awards, but they don't make any money. In order to indulge yourself to do films like that, every so often you've got to be in box-office pictures." They were right. It was a terrible picture, but it was box office.

PLAYBOY: What was your role?

FONDA: I was married to Betty Bacall. I don't remember, really. I hated the director [Richard Quine], who never did anything else that I've heard of.

PLAYBOY: Earlier you said that *You Only Live Once* was one of your best films. What are some of the others you've liked?

FONDA: *The Grapes of Wrath* has got to be right up on the list. And *12 Angry Men* is one of the best; it's become a minor classic, known around the world. *My Darling Clementine* was a very special Western. *The Ox-Bow Incident* was a special film. *The Lady Eve.* A picture called *Slim*, a B picture but a very good film that was overlooked.

PLAYBOY: You've left out *On Golden Pond.*

FONDA: Oh, yeah. I think it may turn out to be the best thing I've done.

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of talk in Hollywood about this being your Oscar-winning performance.

FONDA: I never think about an Oscar.

PLAYBOY: Have you felt cheated that you've never won one for a particular film?

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FONDA: Shit, no, it would embarrass me. The only time I was ever nominated, I got out of the country just to avoid having to be there. Getting the special Oscar was difficult, because everybody knows how I feel about the Oscar. Yet getting it the way I did was all right, because it was for a *body* of work, and that was an honor.

PLAYBOY: Was it also a moving experience for you?

FONDA: Yeah, because the audience was so sensational. They wouldn't stop applauding; it was a standing ovation. I kept standing there with Bob Redford for what seemed like five minutes before I could say a few words.

PLAYBOY: So if you're nominated this year you won't attend?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Not even if your wife insists?

FONDA: She can't. She says she's going to, but there's no way.

PLAYBOY: What if Shirlee and Jane and Peter all insist you go?

FONDA: I will *not* be there and put up with that shit! I watch it on TV and five contenders for Best Actor are all out there and at various times the camera will go to them for close-ups. . . . The idea of the camera coming to me while they're naming the other actors, then whoever wins kisses their wife or girl or husband and runs up there and takes it and makes a speech. . . . No way!

PLAYBOY: But if you did win it this year, you wouldn't turn it down, would you?

FONDA: No. I'll let Jane accept it or the producer . . . and I won't be as proud of it as I am of the special Oscar, but I won't do a George Scott, no.

PLAYBOY: You attended the ceremonies for the life-achievement awards presented to you by the American Film Institute and the Kennedy Center. Were they meaningful for you?

FONDA: The Kennedy Center was, particularly at the end, when they had a Navy choral group onstage and they started singing *Anchors Aweigh* and then sang *The Red River Valley*, which is *Grapes of Wrath*. I cried like a baby, [*Fonda's voice chokes*] tears just streaming out of my eyes. I just couldn't stop crying. The Navy group came up both aisles in line and they saluted, "Good night, Mr. Fonda." It just broke me up.

[*At this emotional point, friend and fellow actor George Peppard enters the room. It is one of his regular visits. He puts a large tomato on the coffee table in front of Fonda. "That's my biggest," he says. "It's a beauty," Fonda says. "You always come at a time when I can't talk to you, George." George leaves, promising to call.*]

PLAYBOY: Do you see many of your friends while you're recuperating?

FONDA: Jim [Stewart] comes out here about every three days to sit with me here. He's my closest friend. And Barbara Stanwyck always comes to visit when I'm not well. Sends the goddamnedest things to eat. She came the other day with five different boxes from a Beverly Hills dessert store. God, there were pecan pies and chocolate pies and lemon cake. I was madly in love with Barbara Stanwyck.

PLAYBOY: Was it a Platonic love?

FONDA: Well, we were both married, so it was Platonic. She was my favorite person. A damn good actress, too. I loved her then and I still do and Shirlee's learned to live with it.

PLAYBOY: While you're recovering, what occupies your thoughts?

FONDA: I think about my garden a lot, frustrated that I can't get out there. I was a naughty boy yesterday, because I took my walker out to the front of the greenhouse. I'd planted tomatoes and bell peppers and melons before I went in the hospital and they're all of them dried up. There's so much that has to be done and I'm just not ready. Shirlee caught me out there and just blew her stack. I asked her to put the walker in the back of the car and take me to the Westwood Garden Center, 'cause there're so many things that I can still get to plant. It isn't too late: lettuce, peppers, several other things. She wouldn't listen to it. Said, "You're not ready."

PLAYBOY: Shirlee's taking very good care of you. Would you say she's changed you any?

FONDA: In many, many ways. She is so outgoing, so extroverted. And I'm so introverted that she's been a great help to me.

PLAYBOY: Does she give you more confidence?

FONDA: I think so. She's a perfect companion for me.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet her?

FONDA: A mutual friend was working for Rogers and Cowan. They handled me at the time. He had to have a meeting with me and he didn't want to do it alone. He asked Shirlee if she'd come along. We went to La Scala. At the end of the dinner, I went off with Shirlee. She was a stewardess for American Airlines at the time and wasn't always in town. I used to drive out to the airport and pick her up when I knew she was coming in on a certain flight. We saw each other all the time and eventually she went with me when I had a location in Spain. We were together about three years. I didn't think I'd ever get married again. Then I thought, Well, shit, this is a very successful relationship, let's make it permanent and legal. I asked her and she went into shock.

PLAYBOY: Your reputation is that you never married your wives; they all married *you*.

FONDA: I'd say so. Except Shirlee.

PLAYBOY: So with women, you were more often the pursued than the pursuer.

FONDA: That's true.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first time you ever slept with a girl?

FONDA: The first couple of times was a prostitute and it was very unsuccessful. Turned me off.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, are you surprised that you've been married five times?

FONDA: It not only surprises me, I'm ashamed. I'm really ashamed to have to admit to anybody that I've been married that many times. It just doesn't go with anybody else in the Fonda family.

PLAYBOY: After you married Shirlee, Jane thought you should go into psychoanalysis, because any man who married five times must be unhappy. Did you know she said that?

FONDA: No, but it doesn't surprise me. She'd be the first to say she was sorry she said it if she was reminded today.

PLAYBOY: How did your different marriages affect your children? Especially the third, to Oscar Hammerstein's stepdaughter, Susan, whom you were seeing while Frances was still alive?

FONDA: They liked her very much, got along well with her. She was wonderful with them and when we married, they moved in with us in our apartment in New York. Susan was a very good mother for them. They were ten and 12 years old and she was a great help. They still adore Susan today. Didn't like Afdera at all. Who am I forgetting?

PLAYBOY: Just Shirlee.

FONDA: They adore Shirlee.

PLAYBOY: You once described your fourth wife, Afdera, as being one of the craziest persons you've ever known. In what ways?

FONDA: I don't like to criticize anybody in print and I'm just going to bow out and not answer. She's a character. I was going to say social butterfly, but it's more than that, because she had a compulsion for entertaining, which I never did a lot of, still don't; but we had dinner parties almost every night at the house in New York and when we lived in the south of France. There was a lunch every day for 20 to 30 people.

PLAYBOY: Did you know them all?

FONDA: No. If I did, I knew them casually as friends of hers. Italians, mostly.

PLAYBOY: How long were you married to her?

FONDA: About three years.

PLAYBOY: Didn't she introduce you to Hemingway?

FONDA: That was in Pamplona or Madrid. Afdera knew him and she took me. He was pathetic and it was sad to meet him. Ava Gardner was there. He was sort of half drunk, his beard was scaly, you could see scale on his skin. He just looked unclean.

PLAYBOY: Was he writing anything then?

FONDA: I don't believe so.

PLAYBOY: How long was that before he took his life?

FONDA: Several years.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Susan for a moment, what was she like?

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FONDA: She was a beautiful girl, like Alice in Wonderland. Long blonde hair and she was gay, she was fun. I'm no good at this. You asked what she was like and I don't know how to answer.

PLAYBOY: Just what comes to mind when you think of her?

FONDA: We had a lot of good times until we went to Rome and she got bored. I was working and she was left alone a lot and by the end of the summer, she decided she was going home and she did and took Amy. By that time, we'd adopted Amy. And Jane and Peter had to go back to school, so she flew back with all of them and got them started in school and wrote me that it was all over.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond?

FONDA: I was heartbroken. I couldn't believe it. I begged her on the telephone not to give up, but it never worked again. I must say for years after that, we were very unfriendly. At least I was. I couldn't be friendly with her.

PLAYBOY: Can you see now that she might have had cause to leave?

FONDA: I don't blame *any* wife for having got fed up with me, because I was impossible. Shirlee's lasted 19 years because I've mellowed and I'm easier to live with, obviously.

PLAYBOY: After you married Susan and went to the Virgin Islands on your honeymoon, didn't you have to rush back when you heard that Peter had shot himself with a Civil War pistol?

FONDA: We were getting ready to go to bed when one of the local natives who worked for the hotel came running in, saying he'd heard on the radio that my son had been in a shooting incident and that I should come home. Well, that's hard to understand: shooting incident. What does that mean? He shot somebody? Somebody shot him? Not knowing anything more than that, Susan and I packed up, took a sailboat to where a main boat came from San Juan. In the morning, we flew to Puerto Rico on a flight that I chartered, where we caught a Pan American flight, still not having heard anything more. In Bermuda, I had a chance to call New York. I got Grandma Seymour on the phone and she gave me the details. Peter had shot himself accidentally. He was in grave condition but was not going to die. It was well after midnight when I got to the hospital and went into Peter's room. He was lying there with tubes in him. I stayed with him a couple of days until it was obvious that he was going to be all right.

PLAYBOY: Coming soon after his mother's tragedy and your remarriage, did you ever think he was depressed and that it might not have been an accident?

FONDA: No, because the story of what happened goes against all that. Peter had wanted a gun for a long time and

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I wouldn't get him one. I eventually bought him a .22 that he was to use only when we were together. We would go off into the woods and shoot at tin cans. Otherwise, it was kept locked in the closet. Now, Grandma Seymour was living with the children and one day Peter was going to the home of a friend's uncle and he wanted to take his gun. He said he didn't want to take any bullets, so his grandmother couldn't think of any reason why that wouldn't be all right, so she let him take the gun. They get there and the chauffeur drives them to a certain spot and waits in the car, with these three kids 50 feet away. One kid had an old relic pistol, the other kid had a shotgun. The three of them played with these guns, throwing things in the air and shooting at 'em. It's a wonder they didn't kill each other. The old relic was the only one that wouldn't shoot and Peter said, "Let me try." He took a .22 bullet from the other character and was trying to force it into the relic and it wouldn't go in. He had the barrel right in his gut and it went off. The chauffeur put him in the car and drove him to the hospital, which saved his life. So I just don't believe that it was anything but an accident.

PLAYBOY: Peter has been quoted as saying that a few years later, he was attacked by three hoods, who hung him on a fence in New York and drove nails through his hands. What do you remember about it?

FONDA: [*Angry*] Fuckin' lie!

PLAYBOY: Peter tells that story.

FONDA: He's got the goddamnedest imagination and he's a compulsive liar. Now, I shouldn't say that about my son, but it's not a true story! It's not possible. He was living at home and that I would see this boy every day and not know he'd been crucified with nails through his hands? There's no way!

PLAYBOY: Why would he tell that story publicly? Was it to get at you?

FONDA: I don't know. He likes to fantasize, I guess. I remember his telling me that story and I believed it as he was telling it, late at night. It was a long, nightmarish story and I didn't begin to doubt it until later. Never talked to him again about it, but his wife told me that he had told her the story and then admitted it was not true.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he felt he had to come up with something like that to grab your attention?

FONDA: Who knows? *I* don't know.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't Peter once arrested for growing marijuana in his back yard?

FONDA: He rented a house as an office and was letting a couple of pals live there. Now, who was growing the marijuana I'll never know, but it was being grown and they found it. I appeared at the trial just as a character witness. He

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was acquitted and that's really the most I can tell you.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever ask him if he *was* growing it?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's wrong to grow your own?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: As long as it's done with good compost?

FONDA: Yeah. [*Grins*]

PLAYBOY: Have you ever smoked it?

FONDA: Once. I was a close friend of a band that played in a tearoom for dancing after the theater. I didn't know what marijuana was. They handed it to me. I had maybe three drags and got higher than a kite. It was funny; everything slowed down. It would take 15 minutes to walk across the room, it seemed.

PLAYBOY: If it was a pleasurable experience, why didn't you smoke it again?

FONDA: I don't know why not. I didn't have the inclination then any more than I have today for that kind of stimulant.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that Peter's early use of drugs and Jane's early sexual activities were acts of rebellion against you?

FONDA: I think so, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever discuss it with them?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: How long did their rebellion last?

FONDA: Not long. A year. They were both successful right away and it wasn't necessary to rebel after that.

PLAYBOY: Still, Peter was quoted as saying that while you depicted great American honesty, you had no way of telling them about your life; they weren't part of it.

FONDA: I don't know what he meant. I don't talk about myself a lot. That's all.

PLAYBOY: How did it affect you, though, to hear what your children said about you in public?

FONDA: It was all happening at a time when they made the decision to go into acting. It was a classic rebellion. I like to think I was smart enough to recognize it as such and not let it touch me. A lot of it did. I was hurt. But it didn't take long and they came to me and apologized for the things they said that were hurtful.

PLAYBOY: Have either of them ever come to you for professional advice?

FONDA: No, they don't come to me. We talk, but not in the sense of advice.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel closer to either of them?

FONDA: Not really. Jane is away so much. She calls all the time from China or London or Africa or South Africa. She'll come home and call to say, "I was coming this afternoon, but I can't, I've got to go to San Francisco to make a speech." So I don't see Jane as much as you would think I would. I don't see Peter that much, either, but he's more often in and out. But I always enjoy seeing them and being with them.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen all of your children's films?

FONDA: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: But you haven't seen all of yours, have you?

FONDA: No. That doesn't seem to me unusual.

PLAYBOY: Can you be objective when you watch them or are you a proud father?

FONDA: A little of both. Jane's films, particularly, I get totally taken in. They're so good. I think she gets better every time she goes to bat. There's nobody like her; she's unique. Peter's mostly are B pictures that not even he is proud of. Most of the time he says, "Don't bother, Dad, I did it for the bucks so that I can do this on my own," and then he'll do *The Hired Hand*, which is a little classic; a beautiful, beautiful film.

PLAYBOY: Jane's early films weren't very good. When did you start thinking she was good?

FONDA: Maybe *Klute*. The scene in *Klute* that I feel won her the Oscar was where she is talking to her analyst and the camera is on Jane. I remember thinking, Shit, what a writer to find those words, they are so real, so right. I asked her about it and she said it was an improvisation.

PLAYBOY: Not being a believer in the Oscars, what do you think of Jane's two?

FONDA: Proud, of course. I know it meant a lot to her, not only as an award but because it could mean money. Success for the films that she'd produced herself. They could make another million or so. That was important.

PLAYBOY: How important is money?

FONDA: It's very important. More important for Jane than for me, because she uses it in so many ways. Almost all the good money she makes goes to the Campaign for Economic Democracy. I just need money to be able to live this way and I've got to continue to make it. I can't start living on savings.

PLAYBOY: Has your salary risen dramatically over the years?

FONDA: I've pretty much gotten the same salary. Well, no, it increased. It's not the same as it was when I made my first films, when I got $1000 a week. Then I got $5000 a film. Eventually, I got $100,000 and then $200,000. I can't think of one that made me more than another one.

PLAYBOY: Was it your need for money that led you to do those GAF commercials?

FONDA: I resisted it for many years. Like a TV series, it's a problem to find something that doesn't make you sick to your stomach. I sweated through seven years with GAF and was not unhappy when we quit. The one I did for Lifesaver was fun because we did it in Omaha on the block where I lived when I was eight, talking about those days. Two girls are looking at me and say, "Aren't you Jane Fonda's father?"

PLAYBOY: How would you describe Jane and Peter to the seven people in America who may not have heard of them?

FONDA: You ask questions that take such a long time for me to find answers. Jane is so smart that I'm in total awe of her—brilliant, talented . . . scary. She's got so many things going that I don't see how she keeps them all juggled in the air.

Peter is also scarily smart. He seems to know something about any question you ask him. He is also a writer-producer-director-actor. Spends most of his time on his ranch in Montana.

PLAYBOY: When the U.S.O. invited you to tour in Vietnam, how did your children react?

FONDA: Peter had very little to say about it. Jane didn't understand it at all. I had a lot of explaining to do to Jane, but I think she eventually understood. When the U.S.O. asked me if I would go on a handshake tour, I said I was opposed to the war. They persuaded me it didn't make any difference, we had thousands of troops over there and it would mean a lot to see somebody from home. We rarely were in an area in which there was gunfire. I don't know that I saw anything that shocked me or reminded me what a crock the whole thing was.

PLAYBOY: How did you react when Jane went to Hanoi and was called a traitor?

FONDA: I was very sorry. I thought she made a lot of mistakes. Told her so when she got back. She knew it and was learning every day. She was making mistakes and was trying hard to learn.

PLAYBOY: Were you upset that she went or about what happened once she was there and spoke on Hanoi radio?

FONDA: It was what she did when she was there that was upsetting.

PLAYBOY: Antagonized a lot of people.

FONDA: Oh, my God, I'll say.

PLAYBOY: How did you deal with that?

FONDA: I didn't have to deal with it.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say that she won't be satisfied until they burn her like Joan of Arc?

FONDA: I never said it. I think Vadim said it.

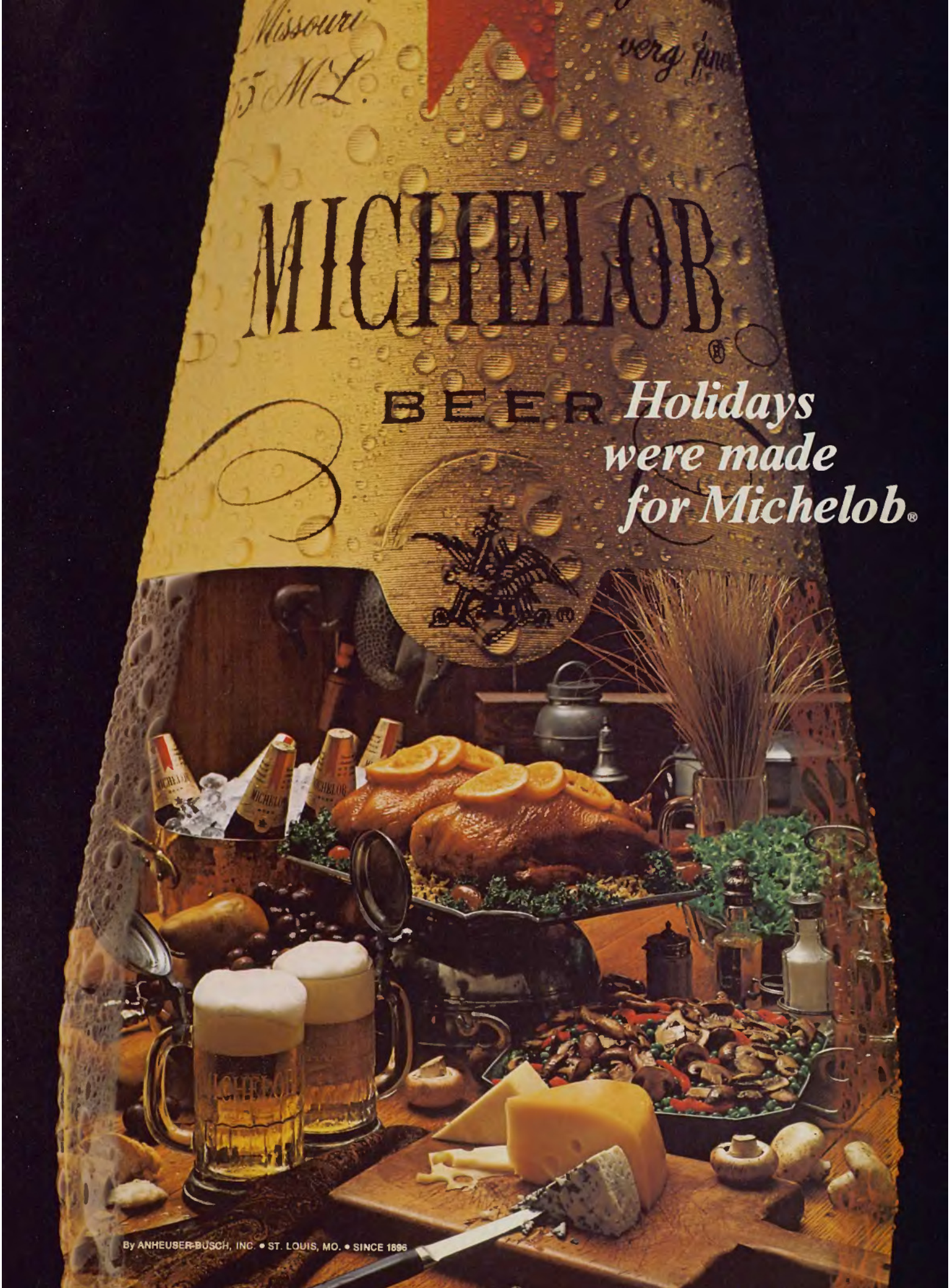
PLAYBOY: What was your opinion of Roger Vadim when Jane married him?

FONDA: I always liked Roger. He was a very civilized man, very smart. He's got a bad reputation with the ladies, and that may be so, but I visited them when they lived together in the country outside Paris and they were a very happy couple.

PLAYBOY: When Jane married Tom, did you like him?

FONDA: It took time.

PLAYBOY: Were you supportive of his politics?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FONDA: Oh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you think he had a chance to win the Democratic Senatorial nomination when he ran against John Tunney?

FONDA: He damn near made it. It scared the shit out of Tunney.

PLAYBOY: Could you see Tom as a future Presidential candidate?

FONDA: Tom Hayden? Tom could do anything he wanted to. He's so smart he scares you. I don't think he'll ever try it and I don't think he could make it, but if he did, he'd be good.

PLAYBOY: How about Jane for President?

FONDA: For President? Why not? Why not? She'd be good at anything she tried.

PLAYBOY: Would you be surprised if she entered politics?

FONDA: I would be. I don't think she has any ambition to and has said as much.

PLAYBOY: You didn't think she had any ambition to be more than a model, either. How do you think the media have treated Jane?

FONDA: She very gradually became the character the media have helped to build, and I don't know if I ever felt surprised about it.

PLAYBOY: Did you always support her?

FONDA: Oh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: We haven't really touched on your adopted daughter, Amy. What does she do?

FONDA: She's getting her doctorate in clinical psychology.

PLAYBOY: In a magazine article about her, she was quoted as saying, "In our family's careers, it's usually 'me, me, me'—and that drives me up the wall."

FONDA: I never thought of Amy reacting or realizing or thinking about that. I don't think it's true, except that probably to Amy, when she's with us, there's more talk about what Peter and Jane are up to than about what Amy's up to and that's why it seems like "me, me, me."

PLAYBOY: Are you close to her?

FONDA: Very, very close. I talk to her two or three times a week.

PLAYBOY: Are you also close to your grandchildren?

FONDA: Very. They come over all the time when they're in town.

PLAYBOY: Will there be a third generation of Fondas in the theater?

FONDA: Justin and Bridget [Peter's children] can't wait to be actors. They're 14 and 17.

PLAYBOY: Brando said he doesn't believe movie stars can be artists. What do you think?

FONDA: I think De Niro is an artist; Duvall is an artist. It's such a special talent that they've got, what else can you call it?

PLAYBOY: How about yourself?

FONDA: I don't think about myself like that.

PLAYBOY: John Houseman, who directed you in *Darrow*, said that you always reach a point in a production when you become insecure and lose faith in the project. True?

FONDA: It's often true. Certainly with *Darrow*. I thought it wasn't going to work at all. It was awkward, being alone onstage and pretending you're talking to somebody else. I was very insecure about the play. I couldn't have been more wrong.

PLAYBOY: So once something's in rehearsal, you're no longer the best judge of what's right for you?

FONDA: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Edward Albee write *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* with you in mind, only to have your agents reject it without showing it to you?

FONDA: I was told afterward that it was submitted to my agents for me and they never gave it to me. When I saw the play, I flipped out. It was the only fan letter I've ever written, to Arthur Hill, who played the part. Later, when they were getting ready to do the movie, there was talk for months about the casting: Bette Davis and I were often mentioned. Then Mike Nichols was assigned to direct it and he chose Elizabeth [Taylor] and Richard [Burton].

PLAYBOY: Did you like the film?

FONDA: Yes, I did. I frankly didn't think Richard was right for the part. I'm an admirer of Richard's, but it's very difficult for him to be vulnerable. That character is a very vulnerable man.

PLAYBOY: Vulnerable is one of the adjectives often used to describe you. What would you say your image was?

FONDA: I know people think of me as the typical American: trustworthy, loyal, friendly, full of integrity, and so on. And I know several directors who cast me against type for that reason. Joe Mankiewicz, who put me in *There Was a Crooked Man*. Quite an interesting part. I played a prison warden in the desert in 1880. There's a jail break and Kirk Douglas and this bunch shoot their way out and Kirk goes to where he hid the gold he'd stolen. It was in a hole and when he goes to reach for it, it's full of rattlesnakes and he gets bit and dies. I find him, throw his dead body over the back of the horse and the bags of gold over the saddle and start back. You assume I'm heading to the prison, but I ride across the Rio Grande into Mexico, which was an O. Henry kind of twist at the end. Joe cast me because I'd be the last person in the world you'd expect to do that.

PLAYBOY: Sergio Leone also cast you against type in *Once Upon a Time . . . in the West*, in which a rancher, his daughter and two sons are killed at the beginning and the camera slowly comes to the killer—and it's you.

FONDA: That's when I understood why Sergio would cast me in this son-of-a-bitch part—the worst son of a bitch

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that's ever been. Sergio could hear the audience say, "Jesus Christ, that's Henry Fonda," in shock, and that turned out to be absolutely true. It didn't do well in this country, but it played in Europe and South America for five years.

PLAYBOY: With all the cowboys you've played, how do you relate to horses?

FONDA: I'm scared to death on a horse. You can't be sure that it isn't going to step into a gopher hole or something and throw you on your ass and break your neck. Never happened to me, but I always felt it was going to.

PLAYBOY: Although you've been laid up for some months, are you still planning ahead? Looking at scripts?

FONDA: Oh, yeah. I don't *look* for anything; I read what's submitted to me. So few things are any good at all. I read a lot of shit. Script after script after script, it's just nothing. You don't even want to waste the time reading them.

PLAYBOY: At least you can always paint. Didn't one of your paintings go for $23,000 at an auction not too long ago?

FONDA: That just staggered me. Shirlee was on the committee for the Neighbors of Watts and she said she'd get me to do a painting. I took these two tomatoes from my garden that weren't quite ripe and put them on the window sill and painted them. Called it *Ripening*. At the auction, everybody in the world was there. Frank Sinatra donated a gold cigarette box, an antique shop donated a Louis XV settee; somebody else gave a thoroughbred colt worth maybe $6000. My painting was third from the last. There were about 50 objects. When the auction started, shit, the people weren't bidding at all, things were going for nothing. The Louis XV that ought to bring several thousand got a few hundred; the colt got a few hundred. I got madder and madder. When it got to my painting, I was ready to bid and get it back. I thought it might go for $500. The first bid was $11,000! That's when I started to slide under my chair. Shirlee was jumping up and saying, "We're going to get a new schoolhouse!" The bids jumped to about $14,000 very fast. It narrowed down to two people bidding against each other and was knocked down to Norton Simon for $23,000. The next day, he called and talked to Shirlee, just to say how happy they were to own it—and to tell me that you don't ripen tomatoes in the sun. He's the guy who should know—he made his first buck at tomatoes.

PLAYBOY: You also recently sold a series of four prints that you did. How did you feel about that?

FONDA: I'm still ambivalent. I thought the dealer was out of his mind, he wanted $2000 for the set of four. Insanity! They're not worth it. I can't believe anybody would want one enough to pay that kind of money.

PLAYBOY: What painters do you most admire?

FONDA: Andrew Wyeth, his dad, his son. I own several Thomas Hart Bentons—an oil in the front hall, a lot of his lithographs and an original sketch from the *Grapes of Wrath* era.

PLAYBOY: What about music? Do you listen to much?

FONDA: I used to, but I hate the music that's being written today. I don't listen to rock 'n' roll. I was a jazz nut in the Thirties and Forties. To me, Benny Goodman and those groups—that was music.

PLAYBOY: Would you say you're guided more by passion or by intellect?

FONDA: By intellect. I don't . . . I don't really know. I wanted to say passion, but I think so much about decisions that it's got to be intellect, too.

PLAYBOY: We haven't touched much on politics. Since you and Jimmy Stewart are best friends, how do you maintain friendship, being on opposite ends of the political tracks?

FONDA: We learned a long time ago that if we were going to remain friends, we didn't talk politics. I first became aware of Jim's reactionary Republicanism when we were at the Stork Club and he started talking about what Roosevelt had done to the railroads—destroyed them. I said Roosevelt wasn't destroying anything, times were changing, we weren't still in an age when railroads were the whole answer; there were airplanes now. It began to be an argument. I realized then that we're not going to understand each other at all and I just stopped and haven't talked politics with him since.

"I'm scared to death on a horse. You can't be sure that it isn't going to step into a gopher hole and throw you on your ass."

PLAYBOY: How outspoken were you during the McCarthy era?

FONDA: The McCarthy era was just unbelievable to me. That's when I started to become less friendly with Duke Wayne and Ward Bond, who, I felt, hadn't known how to *spell* politics until then. They'd never indicated any political leanings, and suddenly these two characters are naming names of Communists in the business, putting them on black lists. I called them both on it, but it made no difference, of course.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever friendly with them after that?

FONDA: Never with Ward; I never spoke to him again. With Duke, a little warmer. He was a very nice guy and had a sense of humor. He'd always kid me about Jane.

PLAYBOY: As a man who has played the role of President a few times, how many real ones did you know?

FONDA: I've met Roosevelt, Truman, and I knew John Kennedy intimately. He used to live at the Hotel Carlyle when he was in New York, about two blocks from my house. Afdera met him before I did and had a dinner party and he came. After that, he was at the house quite a lot at parties or just to come over and sit with a drink.

PLAYBOY: Was that when he was Senator?

FONDA: No, President. We didn't talk politics. We were very social. He was an awful nice guy, easy to know. Funny. I enjoyed being with him.

PLAYBOY: Did you support Ted when he ran for President?

FONDA: Oh, yeah. But I don't think he'll ever make it. I don't think he should try.

PLAYBOY: Chappaquiddick?

FONDA: No question. A damn shame, because he's a good man.

PLAYBOY: What about some of the Republican Presidents?

FONDA: Couldn't stand Eisenhower. Nixon, of course, was just poison to me. I've hated Nixon for 40 years. Started hating him when he whipped Helen Gahagan Douglas, saying she was a Red and a pinko. Such fuckin' lies. I knew her and I've just had nothing but hatred for Nixon ever since and will never understand how the son of a bitch was ever elected.

PLAYBOY: You think he belongs in jail?

FONDA: Sure.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised he was pardoned?

FONDA: Not only surprised, I was shocked. I've never forgiven Ford for that. To think that Nixon was our President! He was such a crook.

PLAYBOY: Were you even more outraged when you found out the FBI under Nixon was tapping Jane's phone and opening her mail?

FONDA: I couldn't be more outraged. The name Nixon is enough to outrage me.

PLAYBOY: Briefly, we'd like to ask you your opinions on some current issues, such as abortion and E.R.A.

FONDA: It's ridiculous that it's even a problem. E.R.A. should be taken for granted. Abortion, that's up to the individual.

PLAYBOY: Gun control?

FONDA: I never will understand why people are against it. It's insanity to me that we don't have gun control.

PLAYBOY: Pornography?

FONDA: I'm not curious about pornography. I've never gone to a pornographic

3:06 P.M.

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film. If people want it, give it to them. But I'm ashamed that there is a problem of pornography.

PLAYBOY: Gay rights?

FONDA: I don't think they ought to be put back in the closet, but there's a certain limit. You can't be a boy scout if you're known to be homosexual, and I agree with that. I'm not sure how I feel about the Army and the Navy. Homosexuals can make damn good teachers.

PLAYBOY: How concerned are you about Reagan?

FONDA: Reagan is a major concern. I think we're headed for disaster. I'm surprised there isn't more opposition. He upsets me so it's hard to talk about. He's got us on a path now that we're gonna be on for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Do you know him?

FONDA: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Friend?

FONDA: Acquaintance.

PLAYBOY: Did you think much of him as an actor?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Is he much of an actor now?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: How did he get elected?

FONDA: He's a hell of a speechmaker. He says the things people want to hear. He says them very convincingly and with what sounds like sincerity and he's talking a language that people haven't heard for a long time and it impresses them. *I* listen to a Reagan speech and want to throw up!

PLAYBOY: Let's, then, go from bad actors to good. Are there any actors you would have liked to work with?

FONDA: A lot. Brando, Pacino, De Niro.

PLAYBOY: What is it about them you like?

FONDA: That's asking me to analyze acting, in a way, and I can't do that. They're just exciting to watch.

PLAYBOY: You can't or you won't?

FONDA: I'm not good at it.

PLAYBOY: What about actresses? Are there any you regret not having worked with?

FONDA: No, I was very lucky, I worked with most of the exciting actresses around. Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, Olivia de Havilland, Lucille Ball. All of 'em.

PLAYBOY: Among male actors, you never worked with Laurence Olivier. What do you think of his work?

FONDA: I'm a good friend of Olivier's and I think he's brilliant in his Shakespeare. But he's a mechanical actor. He admits he is. That's the way he works. He says he doesn't work from his heart, he works from his head. But he's awful damn good. He can be just as bad, and so can Brando. I mean, some of the things he's done recently are embarrassing. He wants to make enough money to put his kids through college.

PLAYBOY: Any other constructive criticism for members of your profession?

FONDA: I've become disappointed in Jack Nicholson recently. He started out to be one of the most exciting young actors we could have. Now, I don't like to hear myself say these things, because they're going to be printed. But I'm not close enough to him to tell him to straighten up.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he's destroying his career?

FONDA: If he continues like this, he will.

PLAYBOY: One of the most unpleasant Hollywood stories is about Joan Crawford, whom you knew. Her daughter's book, *Mommie Dearest*, has been made into a movie. How do you feel about that?

FONDA: I resent the book. I resent the daughter and the publisher and everything about it. I knew Joan during those days. Worked with her and was often at parties at her home, pool parties in the afternoon, when the children were there, and I never saw or heard anything that would give me a clue that the stories were true that the daughter wrote. I think whatever is truth about them has been exaggerated so that it makes her more of a monster than she was.

PLAYBOY: Do you dislike Hollywood books in general?

FONDA: I hate them. I didn't read it, but I hate Shelley Winters' book from what I've heard. Susan Strasberg's book; I didn't read it, but I'm told about it. I resent the shit out of Garson Kanin and his wife [Ruth Gordon]. They're making capital today and a good living on writing about people they knew and worked with, including Katharine and Spencer. Now, that was a well-known relationship; there wasn't anybody who didn't know about it. But the Kanins wrote about it in detail and they're supposed to have been good friends of Katie's. She'll never forgive them.

PLAYBOY: What about your own book, which Howard Teichmann wrote under your authorization?

FONDA: They've been asking me for years to write my story and I just was not interested. I couldn't believe anybody cared or would want to read it. I can't believe there's enough in my life that is interesting enough to make a biography. The only reason it was done is that Teichmann said, "It's gonna be written anyway, so you might as well cooperate," and that's why I agreed. I'm going to be curious to read it to find out why the publishers are excited. I'm curious about what I said and what friends said. He'd interview somebody and then call me to corroborate something and there wouldn't be a word of truth in it. It was their memory. It's the old *Rashomon*.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the book sell for $1,800,000, the highest price yet paid for an actor's book?

FONDA: And more than that by the time they add London's order and Canada's order, magazine serialization, paperback and everything else.

PLAYBOY: Well, for a man who's opposed in principle to that sort of thing, you're not doing bad. Do you think you like yourself?

FONDA: If I've made any sense at all in the days I've talked to you, you should understand that I don't like myself. I wish I were somebody better, smarter.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've played such likable characters.

FONDA: Look at the chances I've had to play and pretend that I'm Clarence Darrow, Mister Roberts, Tom Joad, all those wonderful people. For somebody who doesn't like himself, that's great therapy.

PLAYBOY: Do you like yourself more now than in the past?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: What don't you like?

FONDA: I'm not able to be articulate with you and make a lot of good answers to your questions; that's one thing. I'm a lousy interviewee.

PLAYBOY: Not as bad as you think.

FONDA: Well, I feel I am. I don't feel I have good answers to anything.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you'll be surprised when you read this.

FONDA: Well, it will be you.

PLAYBOY: Let's say "us," with the emphasis on you. Brando also didn't think he was as articulate as his interview proved him to be.

FONDA: Well, I'll sure appreciate it if you can do that for me.

PLAYBOY: George C. Scott has said that the curse of an actor is that he continues to question how important he really is outside his narrow scope——

FONDA: See, that kind of answer is what I mean. I haven't got those good words.

PLAYBOY: Then let's ask you what worries you most as an actor other than not getting a part—what curse can you think of?

FONDA: I can't think of anything. I'm very proud. I guess because I've done well. I know I have respect and a good reputation. I'm proud of that.

PLAYBOY: And you'd like to be remembered as. . . .

FONDA: [*Pause*] As a good actor.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider yours a happy life, in spite of what you say you feel about yourself?

FONDA: Not counting the tragedies that have happened, most of my life has been happy, yeah. I've been very lucky.

PLAYBOY: Well, with everything breaking for you at the same time—the book about you, a new movie, this interview—it sure looks like it's going to be a Henry Fonda Christmas.

FONDA: Yeah. [*Long pause, slow smile*] It is.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

One who's inclined to enjoy sliding the gentlest grade on an inner tube as much as attacking the steepest slope on skis. Since PLAYBOY readers buy more than 20 percent of the haberdashery sold in the U. S., he knows the layered look is the fashion for the starkest season. He can't trust other magazines to provide page upon page of entertainment every month, so he counts on PLAYBOY to insulate him from a winter of amiss content.

ATLANTA: THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN

article **By JAMES BALDWIN**

when a city lives so long in the shadow of terrifying violence, the crime grows greater than the deaths, the victims more numerous than the dead

IT'S APRIL and I am in St.-Paul-de-Vence, France, eating breakfast and reading the American newspapers. I have been following the unprecedentedly publicized series of murders in Atlanta and now have an uneasy, unwilling feeling that soon I will almost certainly find myself in that city. For one thing, I am an honorary citizen of Atlanta, with the scroll and the key to the city, and have, I am very proud to tell you, an honorary degree from Morehouse College. In other words, I have friends there, people whom I love. I cannot read the news reports without thinking of those people and wondering what is happening to them. Most of them have children.

I have handled a great many children, washed them, spanked them, put them on the toilet, tied ribbons in their hair; and, though I am trying to, I find that I am unable to imagine a child as a sexual object. Yet the murder of a child is a sexual performance, whether or not the child's body bears any of the more obvious marks (apart from being strangled) of sexual aggression; and people who murder children rarely murder men.

Except for a ruthless animal cunning (which is capable of getting a child into as much trouble as it is incapable of getting him out of), children have no defenses. A child believes everything; he has no choice. That is how he sorts out reality. When a child retreats and can no longer be reached, it is not that he has ceased to believe; it is that we, who are all he has, have failed him and now he has no choice but to die. It may take many forms, and years; but the child has chosen and runs to death.

Now, somewhere in Atlanta, some desperate person who must certainly once have been just such a child is seducing children to death. Someone—consider this—gets a bright black boy, a child, into his car. He is

ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENT TOPAZIO

astute enough to realize that between poverty and puberty the child has little choice. He knows that the child imagines, as all children do, that he knows the score, that he can get out of any trap. But no child knows that death is real.

And at some point, this child is fed, bathed, clothed and murdered. And someone carries him somewhere and drops him.

When I was a child, I was sometimes very brutally handled. Which means that I will never be able to overcome that matchless wonder and terror that overtakes a child who is assaulted by an adult. And maybe because of that, certainly because of my friends and, perhaps to a greater degree than I care to face, because all of us are fascinated by the things that most repulse us, I know I must return to Atlanta.

•

Terror leads to paralysis and paralysis leads to the end of hope. One's very body begins to be too heavy a weight to carry through the humid air; one longs to click one's heels, like Dorothy in *The Wiz*, and get the hell out of Atlanta. But to *believe in yourself as I believe in you* may never again be possible for the children of this city, who are also the heirs, it is worth remembering, of the distilled and dreadful bitterness of the blood-soaked and sovereign state of Georgia. And, though we are discussing the murdered black children of Atlanta, it is important to bear in mind that for every black corpse, there is a white one, or an equivalent actual and moral disaster. There is absolutely nothing new in this city, this state or this nation about dead black male bodies floating, finally, to the surface of the river.

I can't imagine anyone wishing to be in this place now. *I* certainly don't want to be here and I could have many reasons for being sorry that I came. I don't, on the other hand, quite see how I could possibly have avoided being here and, indeed, precisely at this moment.

Richard Wright once wrote that if Edgar Allan Poe had been born in 20th Century America, he would not have had to invent horror; horror would have invented him. The statement sounded perhaps a trifle excessive, like a gifted actor's extra flourish. But it does not seem even remotely excessive now. On the contrary, it seems relatively mild, even kind. Certainly, nothing in Poe begins to approximate the horror now reigning over the city that gave us *Gone with the Wind* (which was, and remains, as book and film, a chilling moral horror in itself).

Human life, and especially a child's life, is our most important gift, our only real responsibility, and is more sacred than any temple or any doctrine, anywhere. In this matter of Atlanta, then, one scarcely knows how to begin—and that is because, abjectly, profoundly, one doesn't *wish* to begin. There is a kind of fire curtain that descends in the mind or the heart, a curtain that attempts to blot out something that one can weakly perceive as horror, but in the face of which horror has no meaning and neither has the word *evil*; in the face of which all of the disputes concerning good and evil and the nature of God and man become unendurable.

Atlanta claims for itself a distinction hitherto unheard of in human history: It is the city too busy to hate. Neither Rome nor Athens, Calcutta, Constantinople a.k.a. Istanbul, nor Jerusalem nor Nazareth, at the height of their power and splendor or at the depth of their indescribable trials, ever dreamed of making a claim so preposterously juvenile, so blatantly dishonest; and there are people in the city now who, remembering that the present city is literally built on the ashes of the city General Sherman put to the torch, believe that Atlanta is being punished for blasphemy. Which may, indeed, be true, if blasphemy means the vilification of that which is sacred. But it is important to point out that the only reason Atlanta is stuck with such a title is that it is the crown jewel of the New South.

Lord. The New South. Do not come down here looking for it. Forget everything you may have heard, or may wish to believe, concerning the New South. There is no New South. The New South is as old as *"to lib and die in Dixie!"* as cold as *grits didn't hold the heat!* or gingerbread colored or being a cocktail waitress in the Peachtree Plaza. The New South is as old as the paper-bag test or young Tom in a TV ad or Aunt Jemima in a situation comedy or as that rock of ages in which the South still believes it will be able to hide. The *real* South (which is the real America) flaunts itself, meanwhile, just outside Atlanta on Stone Mountain, the sacred gathering place of the K.K.K., dominated by the cross of the Nazarene Prince of Peace (*on the cross, a trembling soul!*), and every evening, when the sun goes down, flees to the suburbs, suburbs as far removed from reality as Byzantium and paler, by far, than the celebrated Georgia marble.

And as of this moment, when the white folks have fled, Atlanta becomes a black enclave. The whites flee by way of the bristling system of freeways—known as "ring around the Congo"—or by means of the rapid-transit system, MARTA, which translates as "moving Africans rapidly through Atlanta," another joke, which might have elicited a girlish giggle from Scarlett O'Hara and a resigned yuk-yuk-yuk from Mammy. The bulk—or the most visible bulk—of the white citizens of Atlanta are fleeing from the niggers, as they always have: God knows where—or if—they will eventually find themselves. For they are also fleeing, by no means incidentally, from all of the poor whites of the region.

The poor whites almost certainly outnumber the poor blacks and, being even more wretched, are yet more volatile and indispensable for the maintenance of the status quo.

One is scarcely, at first, aware of them. That is, in the daytime, when Atlanta is white, they merely look white. There they are, on the streets, along with everyone else, and one has no reason to wonder what they are doing or where they live. But then, while traveling across the city, one may suddenly turn a corner and find oneself facing block after block, mile after mile of hovels, with scrawny white children playing in desolate yards, closed white faces staring from the porch. And the South is not ghettoized, physically speaking, in the same way as the North. Poor whites and poor blacks live on top of one another, live in one another's armpits: They have absolutely no way of escaping one another. Some among them may become friends, but their communities are not, and cannot be, friends: The history, the structure and the purpose of the state forbid it.

This means—putting it as delicately as I can—that white people become, at least for the black stranger from the North, absolutely invisible for the first time. One wonders what they are doing in this dark city, all alone, without, so to speak, any visible means of support. But then, thinking about it another way, one can conclude that they need no apparent means of support. They are white, which is, as one has no choice but to hazard, their *raison d'être*. They are sustained by their well-to-do white brothers in the far-off splendid suburbs who have left them here to stand watch over this black city until the morning comes; and they are connected, inexorably and forever, by the cross. Their loneliness is as pungent as their sweat; some dreadful sense of loss is as strident or as muffled as their voices. It is impossible not to wonder what they are now doing in a city that has become as black as sin and death and hell and night—as black as the night that is swallowing up our children.

Black people are on the streets, too, mostly young and male. There seems to be no interaction between the blacks and the whites; but it is important to remember that I am talking about the poor.

On the other hand, what is meant by the New South is as aggressively visible and superbly photogenic as a Cecil B.

(continued on page 308)

"Repent, Ebenezer, and I'll be your Ghost of Christmas Present!"

Beguiling Bernadette

the peters principle is to look good in any era

EVER SINCE longtime PLAYBOY friend Alberto Vargas immortalized Bernadette Peters on canvas for her first album cover, an idea has been brewing around our offices. Not only do we appreciate Bernadette as an accomplished actress, singer and dancer but we think she epitomizes that rare quality of being able to dress up as if it were 1981 *or* 1891 outside, yet never seem out of place.

So we got together with top fashion designer Bob Mackie, who, besides dressing some of the world's most desirable women (Cher, Goldie Hawn, Cheryl Ladd and, of course,

Left: Frankly, Scarlett, we do give a damn! "I felt like Mammy was lacing me up to go to the ball," says Bernadette of the hoop petticoat, corset and bloomer contraption that has now itself gone with the wind. Not so virtuous is the seductive black outfit to the right. "This one made me feel like Jezebel," purred Bernodette. "It was a lot of fun. I was never just standing there, posing. Each period had a theme and an ombience that I could get into. It was just like being onstage ond acting."

Bernodette leans on designer Bob Mackie, who creoted the gowns she wears here and on PLAYBOY's cover.

Bernadette), has just completed designing his own line of lingerie. To introduce it, he created some special period pieces that illustrate fashions in ladies' undergarments over the years; we asked him to adapt some of those especially for Bernadette, and he was glad to comply.

"Men like modern lingerie," said Mackie, "but there's also something really intriguing about things that have lots of hoops, corsets and lacing. Nowadays, you take off her T-shirt, undo the jeans and she's ready. In the past, it took longer to get to." *(continued overleaf)*

"Bernadette doesn't just look like any modern girl dressed in old clothes," says Bob Mackie. If the simple flopper ensemble at left is an indication, he is right: Our lady is a vamp. She even expressed a certain personal fondness for this Twenties piece. "I loved the rolled-up stockings and the camisole." Right: The bias-cut chiffon robe with beaded tassels and belt reminded Bernadette of "all those tragic, suffering ladies in the George Hurrell photos." It reminded us of Jean Harlow, which ain't bad, either.

"I first discovered lingerie when I got my older sister's hand-me-down garter belts," recalls Bernadette. "I think men wish they were back." Obviously, a Forties girl (left) knew what her man wanted when he come home from the front to estoblish another beachhead. Below: Bernodette lounges creatively in modern, nude feother-loce frills from the Bob Mackie collection. When osked which boudoir set she'd want for her own, she wos diplomotic: "All of them."

About the lady who would model his special creations: "I've always loved the way Bernadette looks. Even the gowns I've done for her have always had a lingerie feel. Bernadette has a very bedroomy quality. So to do a whole layout of lingerie just for her was fun. She's perfect for turn-of-the-century designs—she looks like she came from that era—as well as the more contemporary stuff. Bernadette slips into either with no problem."

When we asked Bernadette—she of the flawless complexion, and other unmistakable assets—if she would pose in Mackie's creations, she allowed that it would be her pleasure. "Bob is a very kind man and a close friend. Besides, I think lingerie is sexy."

Regular contributor David Rensin conducted an interview with Bernadette during the photo session. Says Rensin: "Bernadette has been in show business as long as she can remember. Right now she's on view in *Tulips*, with Gabe Kaplan; in the next few months, she will add three more films to her credit. *Pennies from Heaven* (co-starring

boyfriend Steve Martin) and *Heartbeeps* (she and Andy Kaufman are robots in love) are due around Christmas; and *Annie* is slated for Easter. Throw in a singing career and it's obvious that Bernadette is an extremely hard-working woman. The many hours and late nights she put in for this project and the cover shooting (she and Steve Martin are the only couple to have his-and-hers PLAYBOY covers) are another example.

"When we finally settled down to talk, I found her to be bright, with a subtle wit and an infectious giggle. It was also clear that Bernadette chooses her answers carefully. She said she wanted to protect a cherished private life. Still, she responded to our gentle prying with good humor and didn't seem to mind revealing her wonderful figure in Mackie's designs or her feelings in general."

PLAYBOY: How did you like wearing this stuff?

PETERS: I like lingerie. Sometimes it's not so practical, because it creates lumps under your clothes, but it's great to put on. Personally, I love Bob's designs and that stuff that comes from Paris. They use great materials and I like the most expensive stuff.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your Playtex bra commercial.

PETERS: How did you know about that? It's not in my bio. [*Thoughtful pause*] I got involved in it when I was out looking for work and had to take anything that came along. I mean, it wasn't immoral, indecent or illegal . . . but then, you at PLAYBOY wouldn't think that, anyway. Besides, those commercials make you a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: Was your face in it?

PETERS: Oh, yeah. It was the one with that, uh, floating bra. In the script, I was a beauty contestant and I just couldn't make it to first place. Finally, the lady who was supposed to be my chaperone took me aside and said, "Honey, I have just the thing. It's this bra with a quarter inch *extra*." And the quarter inch helped. I put on the bra and I won. To tell you the truth, I never really put the bra on. I looked the same as before, only I did everything with such confidence that you thought I'd put it on. Confidence is why I won.

PLAYBOY: If you were a beauty contestant in, say, the Miss U.S.A. pageant, what would you tell Bob Barker in the minute-long personal interview?

PETERS: "Let's make a deal."

PLAYBOY: As the dress you wore to the 1981 Academy Awards indicated, you didn't need that extra quarter inch. Did showing as much skin as you did make you at all uneasy, make you feel as if everyone were staring somewhere below your chin?

PETERS: Well, the dress was heavily beaded and you couldn't tell if you were seeing something or not. But I'm not self-conscious about that stuff. I feel very comfortable in dresses like that. Very few women can really wear them and carry them off. It's almost got to be like you're wearing a bathrobe; treat it as if it were absolutely nothing. Then it works and it's incredible. When I feel good about something, then I forget it. I'm only self-conscious when I wear something *schleppy*. I don't have any complexes about my——

PLAYBOY: Yes, once and for all, what do *women* call them?

PETERS: Breasts. When I'm having fun, I may call them boobs.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any tattoos?

PETERS: No. But I wish I did. Well, maybe not a tattoo. A decal.

PLAYBOY: Where would you put it?

PETERS: Someplace nice.

PLAYBOY: What did you want to be when you grew up?

PETERS: I wanted to be a waitress, I swear. I used to live in Queens, and after my piano lessons in Manhattan, I'd go to this coffee shop and meet my sisters and friends. And there was this waitress there who was terrific. I used to watch her and think, God, what a neat job, taking the dishes and putting them in that secret well behind the counter. I didn't know what was under there. I found out later it was gray tubs. I thought it was better than that. I guess I just wanted to be busy, and now I am.

PLAYBOY: Does being beautiful sometimes get in the way, build a fence around you?

PETERS: I never considered myself beautiful. I mean, I never had that problem. Of course, the package should be nice, but it's really the person I'm getting used to, accepting myself, and I think that what I look like is, uh, strange. It's hard to be objective.

PLAYBOY: Is Steve Martin really funny?

PETERS: Yes.

PLAYBOY: When is he funniest to you?

PETERS: You mean, is he funny when he, like, trips all the time? He's not funny when he's not trying to be. He's not on all the time. Of course, when he has something to say, he *is* funny. He's an intelligent and funny guy and his mind thinks in intelligent and funny ways. He doesn't put lamp shades on his head or anything like that. You know, I really don't think about those things. When I'm with him, I don't say, "Look, this is Steve Martin and isn't it funny how this moment makes me laugh?"

PLAYBOY: We've heard that Steve is an art collector. We don't want to pry, but do you have any clown paintings in your house?

PETERS: Now, *that's* funny.

PLAYBOY: One thing you and Steve have in common is your dietary habits, right?

PETERS: Yes, we're both vegetarians.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite vegetable?

PETERS: Spinach. I like it with butter and slivers of almonds. I also like plain Chinese pea pods.

PLAYBOY: Are you a good cook?

PETERS: I try. I need more practice. However, I do make a very good ricotta cake. That's really easy. And I like to do pasta with a *pesto* sauce, but you've got to be careful if the doorbell rings, because your pasta can get overcooked while you're going to answer it.

PLAYBOY: What else do you and Steve have in common?

PETERS: We like each other.

PLAYBOY: Are you uncomfortable talking about Steve?

PETERS: I'm not real comfortable talking about my private life. I'm such a public person that I need something left for myself. It's only fair.

PLAYBOY: Since you're always on the go, what do you do to keep up? What do you read, watch on TV?

PETERS: I watch *60 Minutes*, though that's getting a little predictable now. I love *The New York Times*. I watch the news, but if the newscasters are too cute, I turn it off. *Sunday Morning* is a good show. I love Charles Kuralt. As for what I read, I like Lillian Hellman and Truman Capote, to start.

PLAYBOY: You used to live in New York. Why did you move to Los Angeles?

PETERS: Lots of reasons. One is that I don't like living in fear, and in New York you really have to be careful, even of what you wear when you're walking down the street. I don't think about that in L.A., but in New York, I take a jacket, if you know what I mean. I remember meeting this lady in Central Park a couple of years ago. A friend and I went to the little cafeteria in the zoo and we sat with this lady. She was young—35, 38. She was attractive. It was two in the afternoon and she said she had to go home soon because she wouldn't go out of her apartment after four o'clock. She was really afraid things were going to happen to her. I don't believe in living with those kinds of fears, and now I don't have them.

PLAYBOY: How can you tell if someone's falling in love with you?

PETERS: I can't. I'm not good at telling that. So I ask. If I realize someone's been doing something for a while, like following me around, I'll say, "Do you like me?"

"The best Christmas present I could get is my parents' renewing their marriage contract."

essay

By GEOFFREY NORMAN

in praise of that age-old method of enduring our trials and tribulations—hanging out with the guys

THE BUDDY SYSTEM

THEY WENT just about everywhere together and they seemed to share just about everything except women. None of the rest of us in the barracks knew just what they found to talk about during all those hours, but it was plain that they found something. You would see them sitting together in the mess hall, talking between forkloads of stringy beef and soft potatoes. They arranged to be manifested together on parachute jumps and you would see them coming off the drop zone, talking it over on the way to the assembly point. They bunked together and on Friday afternoons, they would shower and dress in the cheap drip-dry civvies they had bought from Robert Hall or J. C. Penney's and leave the reservation together to get drunk and brawl and look for women. It was not exactly what they wanted most from the world, but it was the available thing at the time. Monday mornings, we'd see them again, red-eyed and sometimes bruised and cut. Their faces would be gray from fatigue and epic drinking. They would sip the brutal mess-hall coffee and talk, or, if the hangovers were bad enough, simply sit and sip and hope, like the rest of us, that the training schedule would let them off easy.

"You know," an old 12-year corporal said one day, "I believe if Hawkins sneezed, Gifford would blow his nose."

"Maybe they're queer for each other," somebody said.

"Nah," the corporal said. "Queers got to always be touching each other and giggling and having little arguments. Them two are just running buddies. Be hard to take all this shit without someone to talk to. Those two just overdo it."

Somehow they fixed it so their orders came down at the same time and they managed to get into the same Special Forces team in Vietnam. They were training Montagnards and running some successful operations up by Dak To. That was fairly early in the game, before the arrival of the First Cav, when it was still a small war.

They stuck close, just as they had in the States. When they couldn't go out together on an operation, the one who was back at camp would spend most of the day around the communications bunker, listening for news. They went to Bangkok together on R&R and, the way they told it, didn't sleep for five days, and that was the only thing they didn't do, including a few pipes of opium.

Then Gifford came down with a hard case of malaria and, while he was in the hospital, Hawkins stepped on a pungi stake. The wound infected quickly and he was evacuated to Okinawa. While he was gone, Gifford came back to camp, thin and edgy from the sickness. Not having his buddy around made it worse. He had been an easy man to work with, but now he was a problem. Especially when there was some kind of shitwork to be done—sandbags to fill, barbed wire to string, a chopper to load. The sergeant major told Gifford that he'd "better get an attitude check and pull your head out of your ass."

He changed again when Hawkins came back, still limping a little, from Okinawa. They both did what they had to and did it happily, though everything was going slowly to hell around them: They'd had the semiannual South Vietnamese coup and Saigon was putting the blocks to the whole Special Forces program; the Montagnards were getting screwed by the bandits in the Vietnamese army; and the V.C., last but certainly not least, was putting pressure on the camp. There were mortar rounds at night and sometimes a probe of the wire. Each morning, a few of the Claymores would be turned around so the killing surface faced the camp. Everyone knew that there were V.C. infiltrators all over the place. It was a bad time. Maximum hair. One of the men on the team said, "Might as well go on and paint myself red and white, 'cause I just *know* those mothers are using me for an aiming stake."

Through all of it, Gifford and Hawkins stuck close. "Like stink and shit," someone said.

After their year of it, they went back to the States and got early-out discharges at Oakland. Then they went out and got drunk in San Francisco. They marveled at the hippies and the "peace creeps," shook hands, agreed to write and got on separate airplanes. Although they saw each other from time to time, they went different routes and it was never as close as it had been. But if you wanted to be grand about it, you could say that they'd saved each other's lives.

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That kind of friendship between men is a pretty ordinary thing, especially in situations that are anything but ordinary. We have all sorts of models: Hawkeye and Trapper of *M*A*S*H* keeping each other sane in a situation that would otherwise drive them mad. Any pair of partners in any Joseph Wambaugh novel—policemen who cruise a beat and spend more time together than most husbands and wives, who begin after a while to act like a married couple, anticipating each other's needs, engaging in small, ritualized arguments, making tender little gestures. Everyone remembers Butch and Sundance, and Army buddies may have been done forever by James Jones (a generation of men can still get choked up thinking about Prewitt playing taps for his dead friend Maggio). Examples fill Shakespeare and the Bible and the myths of Greece, leaving no doubt that men have tended over history to form intensely close friendships, especially in situations of great stress.

Yet there was an era, not so very many years ago, when a man who spent too much time in the company of other men was whispered about. "Latent homosexual" was about the worst thing you could say about a man back then, though there was something about the whole idea that seemed wrong. But it wasn't thoughtful analysis that the

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT GUSTAFSON

NO
Girls
Allowed

people who used the phrase were after; it was the pejorative. They were looking for the biggest, ugliest stick around. So if you favored fishing with the boys, then, of course, there was no doubt about it, old fellow, you were—sorry to say it—a *latent homosexual.*

All that changed with the swiftness of fashion. And in time, though it was still not quite right to go off for weekends with the guys, people couldn't use homosexuality as a general-purpose smear without exposing themselves as unliberated, bigoted, unhip. So, instead of changing the way they thought, those who didn't like the idea of male companions came up with another label: *macho.* As a pejorative, it had the wonderful quality of coming from another language and not being vulnerable to precise translation. Therefore, it could mean *anything.*

No matter. Hanging out with the boys had gotten a bad name and explaining exactly *why* it was bad had become unimportant. Just as everybody was once down on homosexuality, everybody got down now on *machismo.* It was roundly denounced by all the arbiters of correct behavior, from Ann Landers to Phil Donahue—all those people who have made us so confused and miserable.

But what is finally wrong with having buddies and spending time with them? Or perhaps a stronger way to ask the question is, What better way for a man to be spending his time than to be spending it with the boys?

The implied answer is, of course, spending it with the girls—the women, that is—in significant, meaningful, caring, growing, adult and equal relationships. Of course. Which sounds good when Joyce Brothers says it on the radio or Judith Coburn writes it in *Mademoiselle,* but which in real life simply doesn't happen.

If a meaningful relationship is the same thing as love, and I think it is, then the worst thing you can do for it is give it your undivided attention. You need to give that "mr." a little room to breathe, spend some time with other people. And it is better, by far, to make those people other men, not women. Much is made these days of the inability of most men to have women friends, but the explanation is simple and biological; you can be fully liberated and still find out about it. Offices and short-stay hotels are full of people who started out as just good friends and wound up as something else.

But knowing that the thing between men and women is tricky and that it can go bad, what have we done in our collective approach to it? We have done everything we could to make it even harder and to make it carry more water than it can possibly hold. The thing between men and women is part of what makes life worth living, no mistake about it. But it can't do the whole job alone. Nothing can. Still, we carry on as if what we need to make everyone happier is *more*—more advice and counseling, more manuals on love, more psychologists and self-help authors and just plain mouths whose business it is to tell us how to make our meaningful relationships ever more meaningful. And all the while, of course, the divorce rate goes up, and more and more people seek help. The whole situation might suggest to anyone willing to lift his eyes for just a minute that what we are looking at is cause and effect.

The old-fashioned advice that seems to be called for here is, "Don't put all your eggs in one basket." It is a lonely world and we resist the feeling of being too much alone. So what is the problem if men choose to have companions and to spend time with them shooting pool or shooting ducks?

One of the objections—and you hear it everywhere—is that when men spend time together, they spend it on such adolescent things. Woody Allen indulges his adolescent fantasies and calls it art; the rest of us aren't so lucky. But there is something worth considering: Buddies do not ordinarily go off for a weekend of fighting inflation or reducing East-West tensions. They are more interested in things like hunting and fishing, golf and handball, drinking and women. Those are not activities that make the stars tremble. They are ordinary pursuits that can be gone after seriously or not. Which is not the same thing as saying they are unimportant, a distinction that you must make two or three times a day in parts of America.

You don't even need a buddy to do most of the things that buddies do together, though one-man handball does get old. But buddies make most of those things better. I fish and hunt with a friend, and what that amounts to is that one of us picks the other one up before dawn and we drink coffee and talk in the cab of the truck on our way to the river or the woods. We talk about what might work that day and what worked for old so-and-so yesterday. When we get to where we are going, we split up. He will fish 300 or 400 yards downstream from me and we will not speak a word. Or we will work the opposite sides of a ridge, moving slowly, one man ahead of the other, each hoping to push game across the ridge to the hunter he cannot see. At the end of the morning or the day, we will meet back at the truck, and on the way home, we will have a drink and talk it over. We could do it alone, but the ride wouldn't be as much fun.

What is true of hunting and fishing is even truer of going out for some drinks. It is a well-known fact that drinking alone is dangerous. Drinking with someone can be dangerous, too, but it doesn't have to be. And if you feel like drinking and running your mouth—announcing just where God, the President, Tom Landry and your boss went wrong—then it is best to do it in front of a buddy. There is a kind of unwritten law between good drinking companions about the inviolability of drunken confidences. You do not have to be on your guard with a drinking buddy, and if you get overserved and can't remember some things in the morning, then he isn't going to be in a hurry to remind you.

You may act an absolute ass when you are out consuming that loudmouth soup and, in fact, one of the other objections people have to men who like to go off with the boys is that they act so damned silly, like such *boys.* And those people have a point. You count on a buddy for a lot of things. In some cases, you might even count on him to save your life. But you also count on him, from time to time, simply to make you laugh.

There was a time when a friend and I were sharing an old farmhouse while we finished school on the VA. T.J. was the sort of man who, people said, would do *anything* for a laugh. One morning, when I was just coming awake, I heard him creeping up the stairs to my room, giggling and trying to muffle it. He owned a huge great Dane and I could hear the dog making these moaning noises as it came up the stairs behind him. I was supposed to be asleep, but there was no way. So I lay there between the sheets, trying to imagine just what in the hell was going on. Jesus, I thought, whatever it is, it can't be good. I'd better get out of bed. But I was tired and I waited a few seconds too long.

T.J. stopped at the head of the stairs and stuck his head into my room. It was a careful, searching gesture that exposed nothing but his face, which was lit up with a grin that could have come off Jack Nicholson.

"Morning," he said.

"Good morning. What's up?"

"Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Oh, come on. What are you hiding behind your back?"

He put a hurt expression on his face. "You ought to be more trusting. You're too suspicious of everything. What could I have behind my back?"

"Whatever it is, it's driving that dog mad."

By this time, the dog was growling and pawing the floor and T.J. could not put the moment off any longer.

"Oh, yeah," he said. "Well, I did bring

(continued on page 160)

exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a yule delight

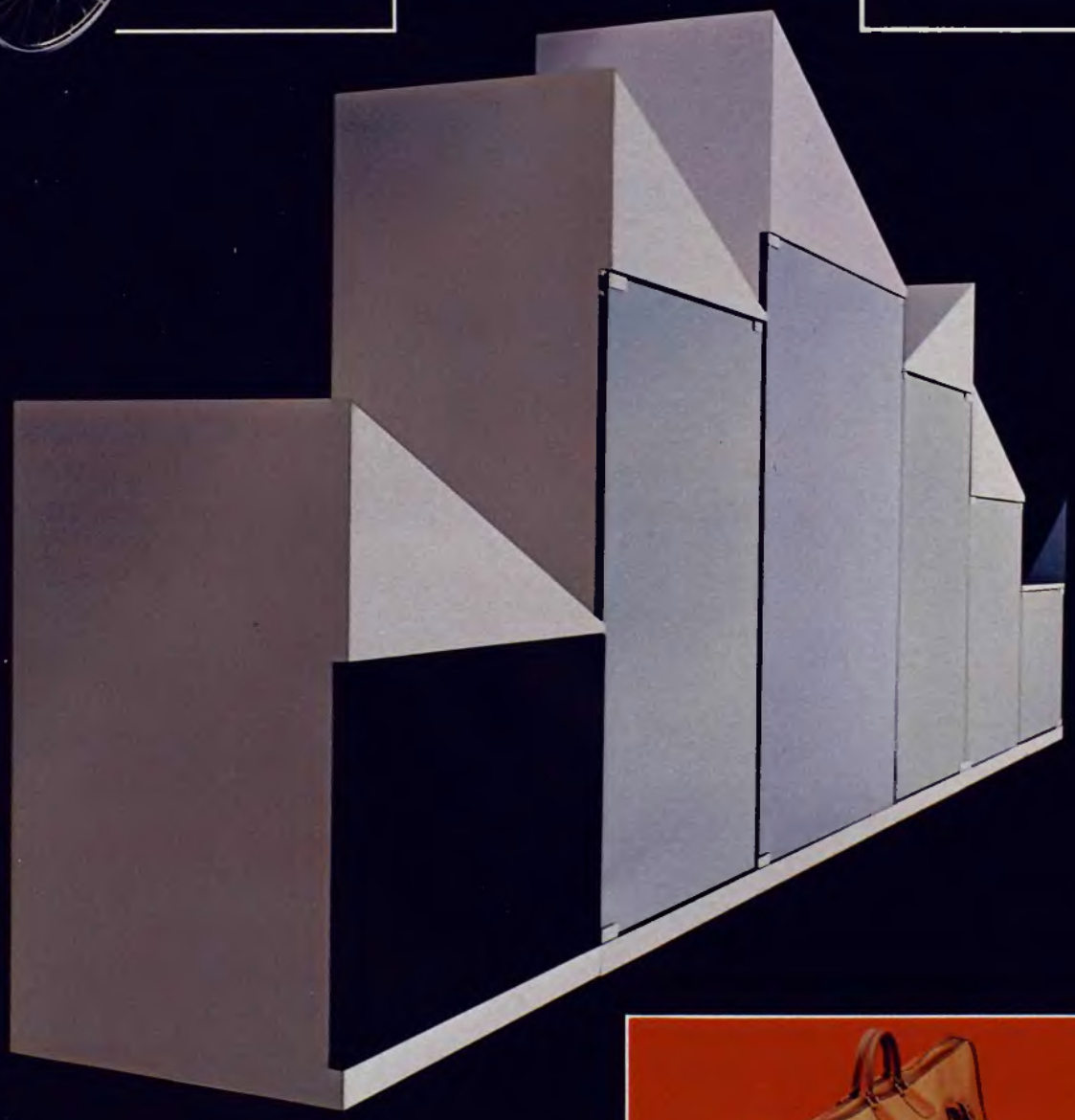
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Above: To keep someone's holiday bubbly well chilled, there's a silver-plated double wine cooler, from Sointu, New York, $375, that holds a brace of Piper-Heidsieck Brut Sauvage, from Renfield Importers, about $35 each. Next to it is a hollow champagne flute glass, from Tiffany & Co., $7.50 each. Up front, a leather cigarette case, from Alfred Dunhill of London, $57.50, containing Amigos filter-tipped cigars, from Nat Sherman, New York, $2.40 for a box of 20. We've included an S. T. Dupont butane lighter, from Henry Kay Jewelers, Chicago, $385. In front of it, a carnelian and 14-kt.-gold bar-bell cuff link (its partner is in the champagne glass), from Tiffany & Co., $145. Next, a polo watch in solid gold with quartz analog movement, by Piaget, $11,900. And last, a case from Gucci, Chicago, $95.

Top: Write on with a red, black or silver Italian-made retractable-shaft metal ballpoint pen, by Paraphernalia, from Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, $42.50. Above: Bike buffs will go like crazy in Ghibli helmets that feature a streamlined outer shell, full and flush shield that keeps off wind and rain and a unique seat-belt-type locking quick-release strap with a Velcro take-up strip that prevents the loose end of the strap from whipping your face and neck, from Helmet House, Santa Monica, California, $108.95 each.

Left: It's easy riding on a TSM moped with an automatic clutch that requires no shifting, motorcycle-style tank that holds two and a quarter gallons, adjustable handle bar and a biposition long saddle that tips up for tool storage, by Cycles Peugeot (U.S.A.), $819. Right: Essex Transducers' Keyless Entry System for your front door lets you program any five-digit combination, thus eliminating the need for keys, $160.

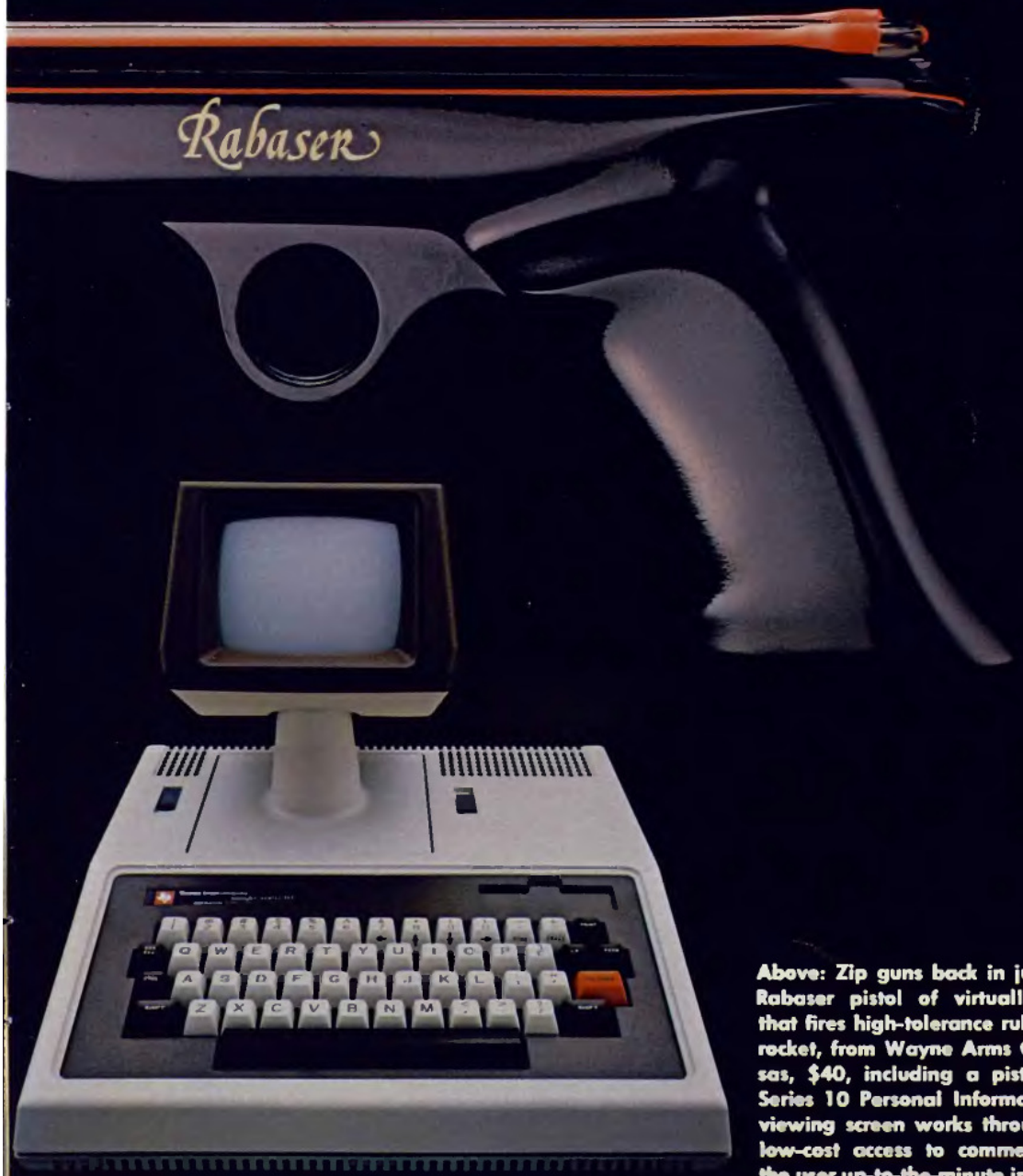


Above: Cityscape is the name of an unusual six-unit, 11⅔-foot-long housing for video and audio components featuring doors of Diaglas, a two-way-mirror surface that's transparent when illuminated from behind and reflective when the light source is off, from Design Institute America, New York, $12,890. Right: Two vinylized-cotton-canvas and bridle-leather toters, from Hunting World, New York, include a tennis bag, $510, and a toiletries kit, $110.

Left: Abacus calculator features 11 functions, including percentage, square root and chain calculations, by APF Electronic, $17.95. Right: The ultimate kaleidoscope—a solid-brass limited-edition model by Craig Musser that's mounted on a walnut stand, from Ron Seff Showroom, New York, $5000, including lamp.

Below: The handmade 340 Snow-Pro snowmobile tops out at 100 mph and features hydraulic disc brakes and an independent front and rear suspension just made for terrific ice racing, from Arctic Enterprises, Thief River Falls, Minnesota, $6000.

Left: Kouros Eau de Toilette, $50, and Kouros Apres Rasage/After Shave, $25, both by Yves Saint Laurent. Right: The Harry Blackstone Executive Magic Collection is a rosewood-and-brass case filled with 20 illusions and a microcassette with Blackstone talking about each trick, from Illusion Gallery, New York, $1950.



Above: Zip guns back in junior high were never like this Rabaser pistol of virtually unbreakable polycarbonate that fires high-tolerance rubber bands called basers like a rocket, from Wayne Arms Company, Overland Park, Kansas, $40, including a pistol case and ten basers. Left: Series 10 Personal Information Terminal with a 5½-inch viewing screen works through telephone lines to provide low-cost access to commercial data banks, thus giving the user up-to-the-minute info, by Texas Instruments, $995.

BUDDY SYSTEM *(continued from page 154)*

"'This is Bobsled One. Losing altitude and pressure.' 'Roger, Bobsled One. Say, can I have your car?'"

you some breakfast."

He held a struggling hen over his head to keep the dog from taking it (and part of his arm) in one snap of those huge jaws. Then he made two funny, hopping steps across the room to my bed, the dog right behind him, and with one motion stuffed the chicken under the sheets with me. The dog came in just behind the chicken, and the three of us flailed around in the tangled sheets for several long and wild seconds. The dog planted two huge paws firmly on my chest to get some purchase as he burrowed after that chicken. His claws made deep red tracks in the skin and I shouted. The chicken flapped and squawked. The dog growled and burrowed deeper. Then feathers began to drift out from under the sheets and fill the room. I survived, the chicken didn't. For T.J., it was the high point of the year.

A writer I know, whose political profiles and analysis once won awards and made him famous and who now gets rich writing Broadway plays, had a friend who was a lawyer. They were both from Texas. The writer moved to Washington and New York. The lawyer stayed in Texas. When the lawyer announced that he was going to start working out to get back in shape, the writer sent him 400 pounds of weights, C.O.D. When the lawyer moved to a beautiful new home with several acres of seeded lawn, the writer, who was back home for a visit, went by in the middle of the night and left a present. It was a goat, with HAPPY BIRTHDAY painted on its side, which he tied to a tree with a rope long enough to allow the animal to graze the entire lawn.

Then there were two pilots I knew, great buddies who sometimes flew on each other's wing. They took off one day and, almost as soon as they got their wheels up, one of them had a fire. He came around for an emergency landing, talking to the tower all the way.

"Tower, this is Bobsled One. Losing altitude and hydraulic pressure."

"Roger, Bobsled One, equipment is on the runway."

"Bobsled One, this is Bobsled Two."

"This is Bobsled One."

"I'm right under you and I don't see the fire. Hang in there."

"Roger."

Everything looked good for an emergency landing until, on top of everything else, the crippled plane had a flame-out. The pilot was at that tricky point where he had to decide which was less risky—to go ahead and try to land or to punch out. He decided to stay with the plane.

"Tower. I'm losing altitude."

"Roger. Will you eject?"

"Negative. I'm going to try for the runway."

"Roger."

"Bobsled One, this is Bobsled Two."

"Go ahead, Bobsled Two."

"Roger. Say, can I have your car?"

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Either you believe that sort of thing has a place in the world or you don't. Some think it makes an otherwise tedious world . . . what? Amusing? Joyful? Comprehensible, even? On the other hand, some might call it just juvenile clowning that has no place in a world where there is so much to be done. *No goofing off there, you. This is serious. It's life.*

One other reason that male friendships are finally suspect is the fact that we believe in the notion of the *loner*. It has been fed to us almost ceaselessly. Literature is full of loners, of course, but where the idea really blooms is in the movies—*Serpico*, *Brubaker*, *Shane*. Movies do so much with loners, I think, because most name actors won't share the camera, or can't. Al Pacino *has* to play a loner. So did Clint Eastwood until he found the monkey.

Loners make undeniably great cinematic material. But the director who comes closest to having the right news about loners is Paul Schrader. In life, the loner is not necessarily noble or tragic. He is neither Sisyphus nor Prometheus, not even John Wayne or James Dean. He is Arthur Bremmer, Lee Harvey Oswald or the little shit who shot Reagan to impress a starlet who played in a Schrader movie about a loner's attempt to shoot a President.

It is not only the loners on the underbelly of society who are unappealing, though. Consider Nixon—good material for drama but a disastrous President who kept his own counsel. Better an Eisenhower who liked to drink whiskey, play cards and cuss with his buddies, just like when he was in the Army. Or John Kennedy, so fondly remembered by the men close to him, who was probably a better companion than anything else in his life.

So real-life loners make good saints and assassins, but what about you—a man who merely likes, from time to time, to get away with other men? You have made some friends over the years and when you get together, it is not to recite Coleridge or raise your consciousness. It is to take time off from all of the other things. Imagine yourself living in New York, working at a job that has all the satisfactions—high pay, glamor, power. You eat out at Manuche's and Madrigal, go to openings at the Museum of Modern Art. You have a big, quiet apartment, you don't ride subways and you take your vacations abroad. You are living the good life and you feel entitled. You've worked hard, after all.

Somewhere along the way, you meet the woman. She is more or less your equal in status. She works as hard as you do, makes good money, knows her way around and takes no crap from any man. All of the things that can happen between men and women happen intensely and soon you are "deeply involved." In arguments, she takes a line and does not give an inch. It is one of the things you like about her. You know where you stand.

You have been together for a year or so, let's say, when a call comes from a friend you knew in another time. He has put together a little fishing trip in the Keys. He has a place to stay, the use of a boat and he is tapped into one of the best skiff guides in Key West. Come on down, he says, the tarpon are moving. And your woman objects. She resents being excluded and she thinks the whole thing is terribly immature and *macho*. If you go, she might have to seriously rethink things. What do you do?

Well . . . I don't know. And neither do any of the people writing about these things these days. Sometimes you give up a friend to please a lover and sometimes you don't—depends on the relative importance you attach to each. Joyce Brothers can't decide that for you. If you consult experts before making that kind of move, there is a high probability that you will either make the wrong decision or make the right decision for all the wrong reasons. And it is dead certain that if you don't come to grief this time, then you will the next time or the time after that.

You shouldn't have to make exclusive attachments, you say. And that's true enough. But it happens all the time. Your lover will become jealous of your friend and your friend—or your lover—will have to go. Your friend will probably be more understanding about it than your lover. There is no knowing why that should be so. It just is. And when it goes bad—as bad as it can go

(continued on page 260)

"This case is going to be a tough nut to crack!"

ANATOMY OF A CORPORATE TAKE-OVER

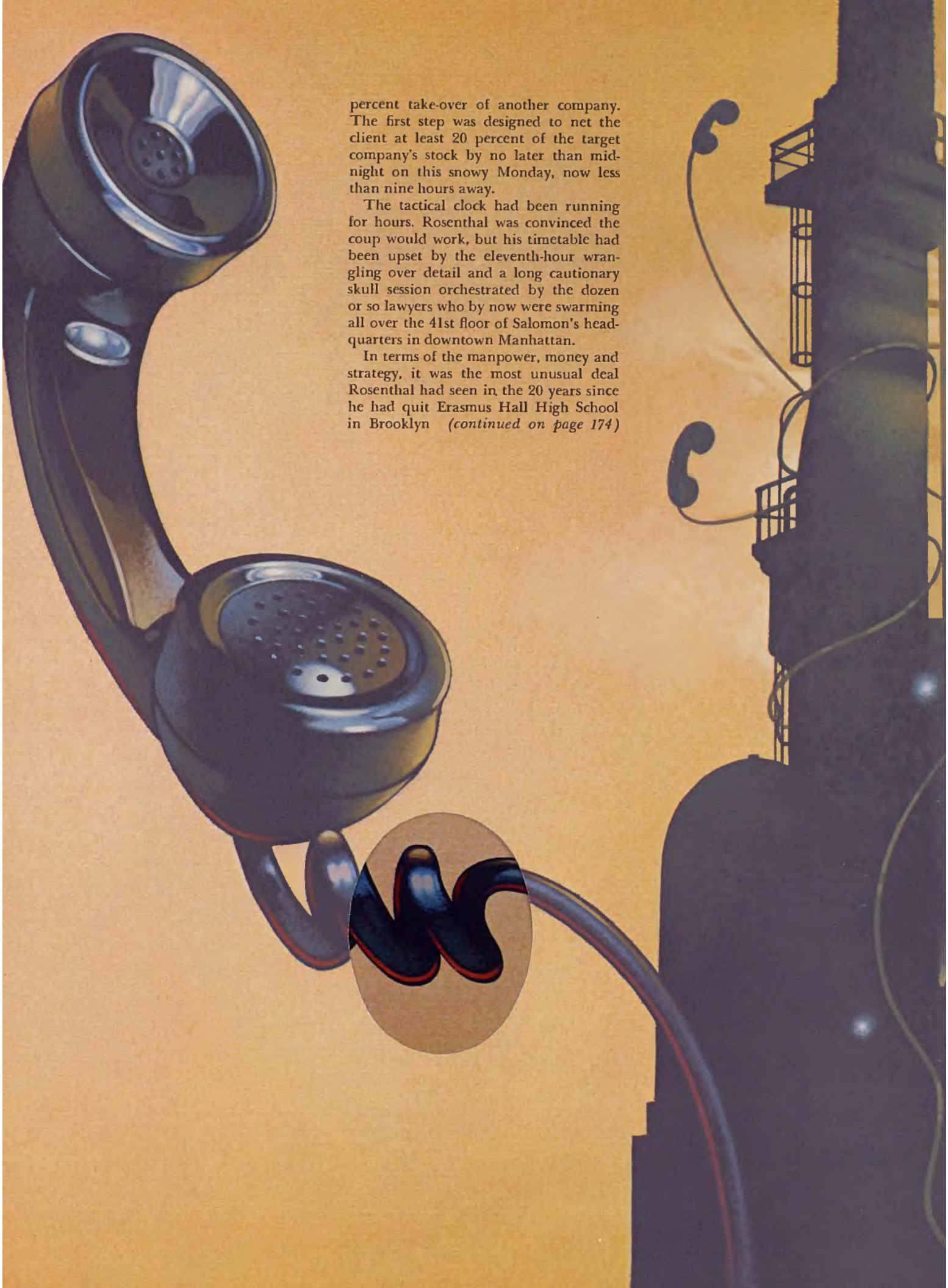
it's the business world's equivalent of a political coup. at its best, it's accomplished without bloodshed

article **By RICHARD PHALON**

RICHARD G. ROSENTHAL—Rosey to his longtime friends—was uncharacteristically edgy as he sat at his desk overlooking the cavernous trading floor of Salomon Brothers, the investment-banking firm, on this blustery Monday afternoon in mid-January 1978. The weekend had been a wipe-out. A blizzard, one of the heaviest in years, was blanketing the Eastern Seaboard. Rosenthal had not been able to log his customary twin-engine flying time, a pursuit that helps him achieve detachment from the pressure-cooker world he inhabits as one of Wall Street's most skilled traders. The job requires almost instant buy-or-sell decisions on deals that often involve tens of thousands of shares and millions of dollars.

Much of Rosenthal's weekend, in fact, had been chewed up by a series of seemingly endless phone calls aimed at ironing out some very heated last-minute disagreements over key strategic elements in a deal he and other merger and acquisition experts at Salomon Brothers had been hatching for the better part of five hectic weeks. The client was one of the firm's major corporate accounts. There was big money involved—perhaps as much as $350,000,000—in a carefully plotted blitz that might prove prelude to a 100

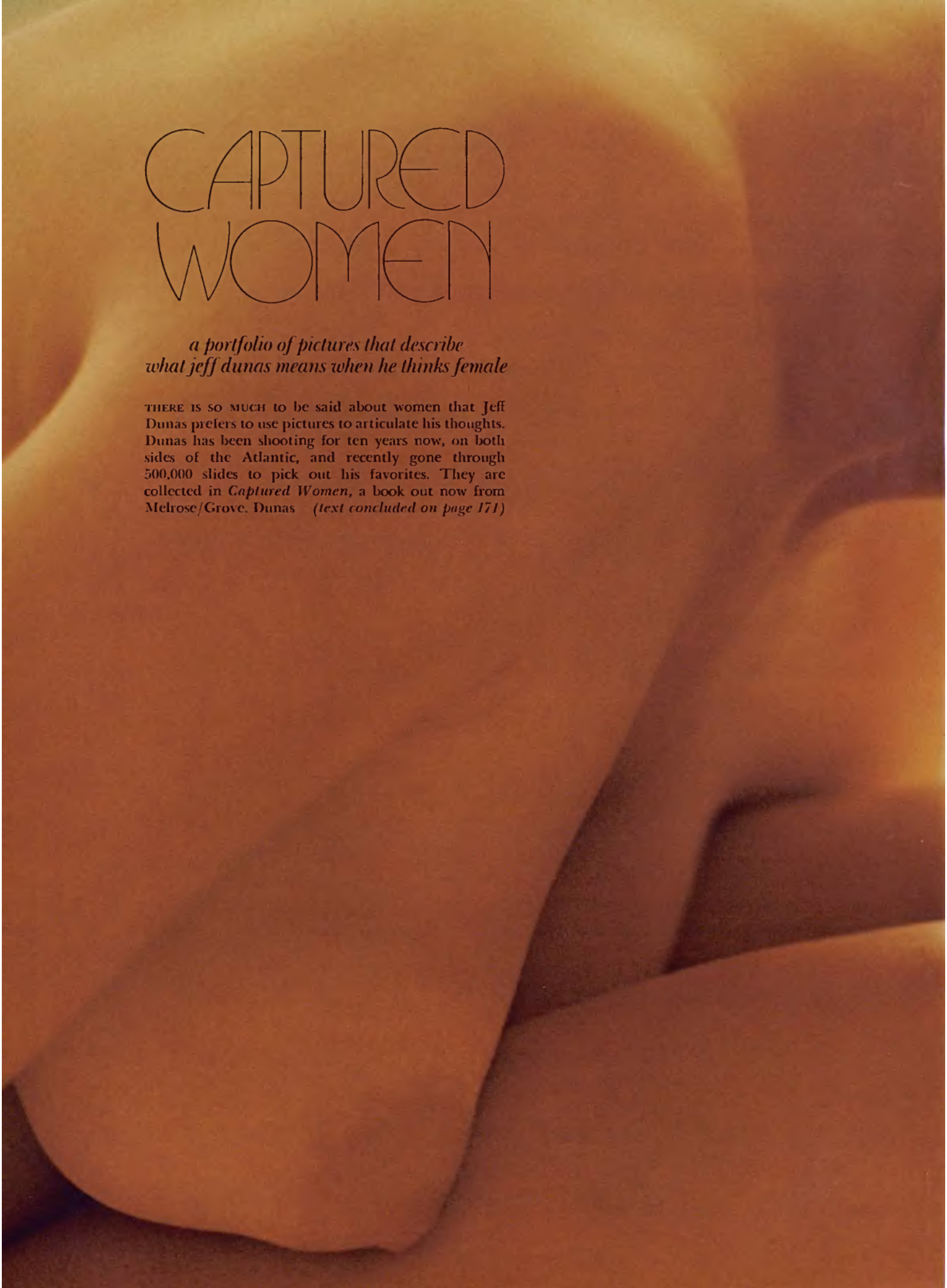
ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT KROGLE



percent take-over of another company. The first step was designed to net the client at least 20 percent of the target company's stock by no later than midnight on this snowy Monday, now less than nine hours away.

The tactical clock had been running for hours. Rosenthal was convinced the coup would work, but his timetable had been upset by the eleventh-hour wrangling over detail and a long cautionary skull session orchestrated by the dozen or so lawyers who by now were swarming all over the 41st floor of Salomon's headquarters in downtown Manhattan.

In terms of the manpower, money and strategy, it was the most unusual deal Rosenthal had seen in the 20 years since he had quit Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn *(continued on page 174)*



CAPTURED WOMEN

a portfolio of pictures that describe what jeff dunas means when he thinks female

THERE IS SO MUCH to be said about women that Jeff Dunas prefers to use pictures to articulate his thoughts. Dunas has been shooting for ten years now, on both sides of the Atlantic, and recently gone through 500,000 slides to pick out his favorites. They are collected in *Captured Women*, a book out now from Melrose/Grove. Dunas *(text concluded on page 171)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

On the opening page, Dunas' subject is former porno star Nancy (*The Ecstasy Girls*) Suiter, in a pose considerably more demure than those to which her audiences are accustomed. At left, two English girls check the view from the balcony of their Boulevard Raspail hotel in Paris. That's the Eiffel Tower and *Les Invalides* in the background. "We had been planning to shoot in the country that day, but it was raining," Dunas recalls. "So we shot in the hotel room instead." Flexibility prevails.

At right is Eva Voorhis, one of today's most popular models. Dunas discovered her before the fashion industry noticed that she had a remarkable head of hair on her shoulders—great peepers, too.

Above, Dunas took over a 17th Century farmhouse in Hertfordshire, England, posed a willing example of Danish pastry and played Vermeer for the rest of the day. "I strive for a timeless quality in my photographs. I give the model as much freedom as possible to make her own contribution within the context of a highly controlled picture. The women I photograph must be able to represent the larger universal woman, not project a strong personal statement. I need to capture something of the inner woman, something very subtle yet revealing."

In 1977, Dunas rented a part of the vintage Bluebell Railway in Sussex, England, to enact photographically one of his favorite recurring fantasies: a train seduction (above). So, with the engine chugging away and Dunas clicking away, this otherwise sensible couple blew off some steam at someone else's expense. The folks at Amtrak have been notified about this, but they're not returning our calls. Below, one of Dunas' most difficult camera stunts, the arrival of a female flasher at an opening night at Los Angeles' Shubert Theater. At the absolutely right time, he had the girl leap out of the car, strut her stuff for the appreciative, and then jump right back into the car as Dunas and the getaway driver got away. For all that preparation, risk and *chutzpah*, Dunas got two shots; this is the one he prefers.

Ever wonder how the other half lives? Dunos often does, and as a child of Los Angeles, where reality and fantasy mix easily, he wanted to re-create what he imagined must be going on inside one of the city's dozens of darkened limousines. Here, a contemplative gentleman considers his past, while his giddy poramour tries to get a good hold on her future. Overleaf: Dunos frames a model in cool, clear water.

started his career working for magazines such as *Time* and *TV Guide* and soon graduated to more challenging advertising and fashion jobs. For three years, he was the Paris photography editor for *Oui* magazine. In addition, he has photographed album covers for Olivia Newton-John, Helen Reddy, Bobby Caldwell and Isaac Hayes. Now, however, photographing women has become Dunas' real life work. "I maintain a large studio in Los Angeles, but I rarely use it, because I prefer to work on location—and finding good locations is an art in itself. Six months of each year, I spend working in Paris. I am constantly thinking pictures, forever jotting down ideas for photographs. You need to be a little possessed in this business." The secret of the perfect shot? "In order for a photograph of a woman to succeed, it must reveal the allure and mystery that is part of every woman—whether she's clothed or unclothed," he says. "A woman's unique sensuality lies in her power to project subtle, almost indiscernible nuances. I try to capture on film that special essence that is the fascination she holds for men and women alike: that fleeting, revealing moment, that private moment. Successful pictures tell the stories themselves. They transmit something emotional and linger in the memory." Of Dunas' work, novelist Harold Robbins says: "The photograph is an art of the 20th Century. Within the century, there has been a photographer for each decade. I feel Jeff Dunas will prove to be the photographer of the Eighties."

CORPORATE TAKE-OVER *(continued from page 164)*

"Any tipping of the client's hand might give the intended victim time enough to run to the courts."

and landed his first job on the Street as a clerk with the now-defunct brokerage firm of Ira Haupt & Company. Incredibly fast on the uptake, Rosenthal was trading over-the-counter stocks with the best of them while still in his teens and was made a general partner at Salomon in 1969—at the unheard-of age of 27.

His realm is the higher calculus of what he calls "market judgment, psychology—and how people feel about a stock." Rosenthal talks constantly with big institutional investors—insurance companies, banks, pension funds, mutual funds. Hence, part of his assignment on this deal was to pinpoint the identities of such investors with big holdings in the target company and work out a price that would make the institutions eager to sell what amounted to the single biggest block of stock in the target. The client would clearly have to pay above the market for the stock. The key question was how high it would have to go to shake the stock loose without getting caught in a bidding match. The first price had to be right, a tricky business to figure. The incentives were there from Rosenthal's point of view. As one of Salomon's senior partners, he stood to share handsomely in the $350,000 fee his firm would earn if the blitz worked.

A lot of things could go wrong, and Rosenthal carefully worked his way through the check list as the clock moved to 2:45 P.M. The institutions were going to be solicited after the four-P.M. close of the market. They had to be sworn to absolute secrecy as to the identity of the target. Any tipping of the client's hand might give the intended victim time enough to run to the courts for a stop order that could stymie the deal. The lawyers had leaned heavily on the need for secrecy in the outlines they had put together for Rosenthal and the other high-level executives who would be working the phones. Portfolio managers talk with one another all the time. Was it really possible to approach 30 or so institutions without some word of the offers getting out to the grapevine? Would the price hold?

Rosenthal had been sufficiently worried about the two-tier $40-and-$45-a-share offering price he had settled on to have tried it on for size that morning with Dan Lufkin, founder of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, once one of the hottest research "boutiques" around Wall Street, and spokesman for a group that owned about 94,000 shares of the target. Lufkin was not interested in the $40 "favored nation" offer that would guarantee his group more money if the Salomon client made a higher bid for the target company's stock over the next year and a half. The $45, on the other hand, reflected a $12-a-share premium over the then going market. It looked so good that Lufkin, without any prompting, offered to pass it on to a longtime friend who headed a major investment company. Rosenthal took that as a good but not conclusive sign that a sufficient number of institutional investors would follow suit and yield the Salomon client the minimum 20 percent ownership it was seeking. No minimum, no deal—and no fee for Salomon or for F. Eberstadt & Co., another old-line investment-banking firm that had been brought into the situation. "To cut through all the esoteric," said Rosenthal, "the fundamental question posed to me was, Could the client acquire a minority interest in the target? After examining the stockholders' list, my answer was yes."

•

Rosenthal's answer was based on research that showed that institutions held the balance of power in the target company's stock. The First National Bank of Boston alone, for example, controlled almost 780,000 shares; the I.D.S. group of mutual funds in Minneapolis held more than 450,000 shares; and the T. Rowe Price group of mutual funds had more than 1,200,000 shares. Given the fiduciary nature of their responsibility to the trusts, pension funds and other clients whose money they managed, the institutions would be hard put to turn down an offer that gave them a chance to get out of the stock at a good profit.

Although it would be several hours before the machinery really started to roll, Rosenthal had already made a couple of calls around the Street to establish the fact that people with the power to make quick decisions on the offer would be around after four P.M. Several of the other solicitors had done the same and at 2:45, Rosenthal was on the line to an old friend in San Francisco, Jack H. Leylegian II, senior trust-investment officer for the Bank of America.

"Hi, babes," said Rosenthal with the breezy air he reserves for big clients like the Bank of America. He and Leylegian had been doing business for the better part of a decade. This call was a follow-up to one Rosenthal had made to Leylegian three days earlier. At that time, he had cryptically asked if the bank would be able to respond quickly to a two-tier offer to buy one of its portfolio stocks at a premium. The name of the stock wasn't mentioned and neither was the size of the premium. Leylegian's interest was sufficiently piqued, though, for him to ask Rosenthal if there were a take-over involved. "There were a number of take-overs taking place," recalled Leylegian, "and if it was a take-over, the mood of the market was such that there were large premiums being paid." When Rosenthal told him it wasn't a take-over situation, Leylegian shrugged in sudden lack of interest. "I didn't know what the name of the stock was, if we actually held it or not or if the deal would come off," he said.

Now came this second call from Rosenthal, who was once again asking him if he would be willing to sell the still unidentified stock at a premium. Leylegian was a little miffed. It was 11:45 A.M. in San Francisco, he had a lunch date on his calendar and was pressed for time.

"We will have to stop playing games," he told Rosenthal. "I don't know if I own the stock and I have a client to meet in 15 minutes."

Rosenthal asked Leylegian if he would be back in his office around one P.M.—four P.M. and the close of the market in New York. Leylegian said that in all probability he wouldn't and put the ball right back in Rosenthal's court.

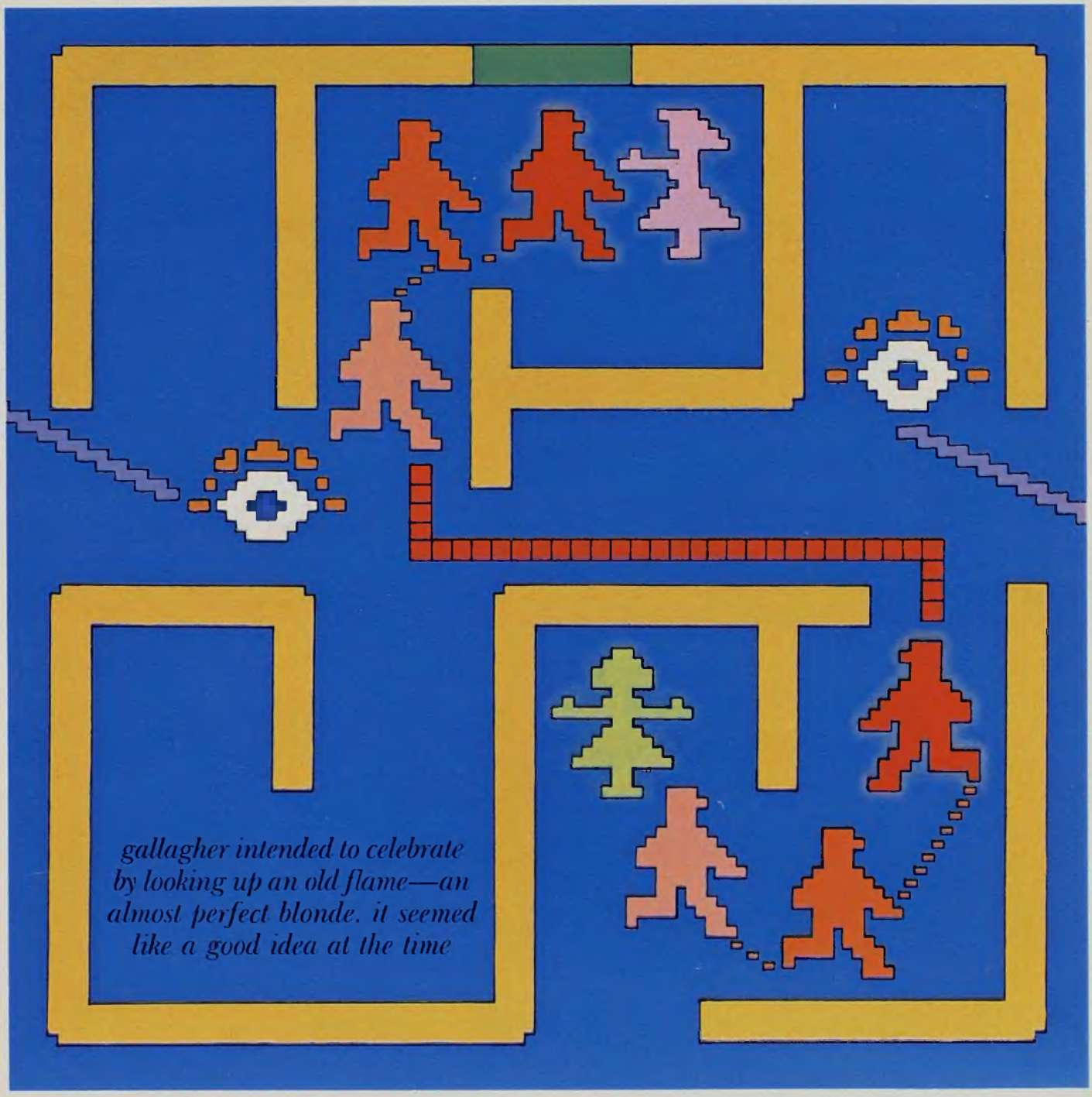
The Bank of America executive recalled telling Rosenthal that "if he wanted to let me know, based on a long, steady relationship with him, what the name of the stock was, I would be happy to tell him if we owned it; and if we did own it, whether or not we had any power to do anything with it. So just between us," says Leylegian, "he told me the name of the stock was Becton, Dickinson."

Leylegian responded with a groan. "Dick, we don't own the stock; we sold it all several months ago—but I'll check to make sure." Leylegian walked down the hall to one of his portfolio managers, asked him to find out whether or not the Bank of America had, indeed, unloaded all of its Becton, Dickinson stock, and hurried off to lunch.

Leylegian was vaguely aware that the Bank of America had sold a lot of the East Rutherford, New Jersey, medical-supply manufacturer's stock in the $28–$29-a-share range, and now here it was, suddenly being bid for at what promised to be a fat premium. Leylegian was also acutely aware that his old friend had laid a heavy burden of secrecy on him. The risk, he knew, was

(continued on page 358)

THE ADVENTURER



gallagher intended to celebrate by looking up an old flame—an almost perfect blonde. it seemed like a good idea at the time

fiction

By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

SUDDENLY, Gallagher had nothing to complain about. He had written a hit play; money poured in. He wanted a house; he had a house. He wanted a boat; a boat was his. His sons, formerly brooding, now smiled on him. After two years of marriage, his second wife looked at him as if he were a dish of ice cream. It was all he could do to fend off happiness.

One morning, he told his wife, "Christy, remember those sudden trips I used to take, just pick a place on the map—Panama City; French Lick, Indiana—take off and go? Remember how replenishing they were? Why don't I do that again?"

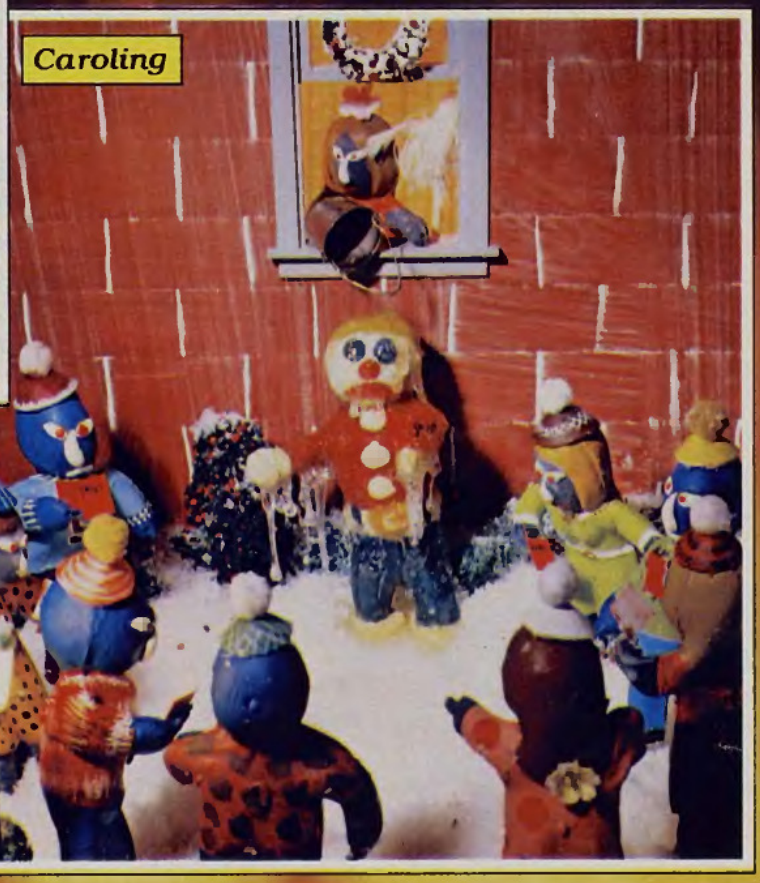
"I think you should. I've got plenty to do and I wouldn't mind being alone for a while."

The response, had it come from another woman, would have been menacing. But this *(continued on page 284)*

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL KOCK

Cutting the Tree

Wrapping Presents



Caroling

Playing with
His New Toys

Christmas At Mr. Bill's

in the spirit of the season, playboy presents your favorite superhero

Created and Produced by Walter Williams

Graphics, Sets and Models by Jim Wilson
Photography by Carl Waltzer

CONFESSIONS OF A COCAINE COWBOY

By THOMAS "HOLLYWOOD" HENDERSON with WALTER LOWE, JR.

he went from rags to riches and then blew it all away—now he's rising from the dust with a holy vengeance

THE WEEK AFTER I signed my first N.F.L. contract with the Dallas Cowboys, I checked into the dormitory at their training camp in Thousand Oaks, California, carrying a little tack—some reefer, some acid and a couple hits of THC. I had no inkling of what that camp would be like, no inkling whatsoever. I had played football for 15 years, but I'd never seen it done the way Tom Landry did it. I didn't even know what a computer *was* before I got to the Cowboys' camp, and I suddenly found myself in a world of computerized systems. There was a quality-control system, a system of execution, a system of consistency, a system of percentages and a system of tendencies. *Tendencies*, man—that's what Landry is all about. He has the response to any tendency in football. Why, Landry does so much research that he knows what George Allen is thinking at night while Allen is sitting alone in his house.

So I show up at Thousand Oaks believing that the first time out on the field, all I got to do is just go and kick somebody's ass. I mean, that's all there is to it—just come out and kick ass. Our basic defense when I played in college was a Five-Two Sic'm. Five-Two Sic'm generally played the whole game, with only minor adjustments. But the Cowboys wanted me to sit in the classroom for four hours a day, looking at film, taking tests, learning these defenses called 31 Safety Zone or 48 Banjo-Flex Weak, or 41-46, Flex Strong, Flex Weak, Inside-Outside, Fly, Jet, Tango. And mind you, all this was just everyday routine stuff you had to know to *really begin* to understand the system.

The Dallas linebacker coach was Jerry Tubbs, a good old guy from Oklahoma. Tubbs never says a bad word about anybody personally, but he's cold when it comes to rating ability. He'll just look at a player's moves and comment, "He's sorry" or, "He's good." Jerry was something special to me, because no matter how bad I talked, he saw through to my ability. Then there were my linebacker friends—D. D. Lewis, Bob Breunig, Mike Hegman and the rest—the guys I sat around with in the classroom every day, who started telling me I was either dumb or wasn't trying. But it wasn't that I couldn't learn the system. I just didn't *want* to learn it, because I already knew I could play.

I don't give a damn what defense you call it. Just bring me that motherfucker out of the corner and I'll have his ass. Fuck the Banjo Flex defense. I mean, you can sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* while you're calling your plays, but I'm gonna tear your motherfucking ass up with *London Bridge Is Falling Down*. One of my gifts was that I was always around the ball. I had a knack for it. I mean, I *loved* to get around that ball. I'll stab you right in the face, *nail* you. And a *loose* ball, I'll take off with it

LeRoy Neiman

in a minute. You drop that football and I'm gone with it. Bye.

So, of course, I thought the Cowboys should have started me. But they just put me on the specialty teams, and I played damn good there, too. Against the St. Louis Cardinals that year, I took a hand-off on a reverse at the three-yard line and went up the side line all the way. Ninety-seven yards for a touchdown, with high-top shoes on and a hip pointer. I had just gotten a shot for it at halftime from Dr. Knight and that put me on top of the world. I spiked the ball clear over the top of the goal post, the first slam dunk ever in the N.F.L.

My rookie year in Dallas, there were still a lot of night clubs that didn't want blacks, and black men dating white women weren't very popular, either. The Cowboy management's attitude was . . . well, let's just say I saw some decisions made about a couple of black rookies with white wives that had nothing to do with football ability. But I dated a few white women, anyway; I was just discreet about it. Plus, I'm so big, *so* intimidating, such a *giant* of a black man, people just didn't want to waste their energy fucking with me. So during my first year in pro football, I did pretty much what I wanted—a little reefer, a little acid, a little speed and a whole lot of women.

I broke up with my old girlfriend from college and found a new lady named Ruth, a black nurse who halfway moved in and took care of me. (Of course, I always had other women outside.) Probably the worst thing about my first year in Dallas was figuring out my income tax. I earned about $150,000, but I spent a lot, too.

All things considered, it was a great season. I ran a hell of a reverse on the first play of Super Bowl X, the Super Bowl of '75. It went for 48 yards, I think, and I almost broke it but was tackled by Pittsburgh's goddamn kicker, Roy Gerela. That should have been the story: A guy comes all the way from the ghetto of Austin, through a little black college, to be number-one draft pick by America's Team, goes to the Super Bowl and runs the first play of the game for a big gain. Sounds nice, huh? It should have ended right there.

Because during that Super Bowl week in Miami, I had my first taste of genuine stone-pure Peruvian flake cocaine.

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One day in Houston, just before the end of the 1980 season, Bum Phillips, the Oilers coach, said something that really set off my paranoia.

We were having a team meeting and Bum suddenly said, "You know, fellas, I want to share something with y'all today," but he was looking right at me. "You know we can all learn to be successful, but we don't learn how to handle success." I felt like jumping across the room and hitting him right between the eyes when he said that. Of course, I was coked out of my mind, which made me paranoid to begin with, but I felt he was singling me out. Anyway, he was only half right. It's true that nobody teaches you how to handle success, but nobody teaches you how to be successful, either. At least nobody taught *me*.

My momma, Violet Faye Henderson, always said, "Nobody deserves credit for Thomas' success in pro football but Thomas and God." And she's right.

I was born March 1, 1953, in Austin, Texas, at 12:05 A.M.—partying time. My natural father's name is Billy Goree, but he didn't raise me. He and Momma just had a one-night stand. One day, when he walked her home from work, my grandmother was away at a prayer meeting. The way my mother tells it, there was a big white swinging chair on the porch. And that's where Thomas Henderson started, right there on that chair.

Anyway, I was raised by Momma and Mr. Rivers, who I called Dad, even though I knew he wasn't my real father. Daddy pumped gas in the same service station for 27 years and stayed with my mother for 20. They even got married, eventually. There were four of us, in all: Momma, Mr. Rivers, me and my little sister, Cookie, living in one room on 13th and Chicon, right off the Cut. (The Cut is 12th and Chicon in Austin. There're a lot of bars there, loud talk, wine drinking and fights all the time.) There was a partition in our place to set off the stove and the toilet, and at night Momma hung a blanket in the middle of the room to divide it. Me and Cookie slept on a mattress on the floor on one side and Momma and Mr. Rivers slept in bed on the other.

By the time I was five, I started to get out in the street, hanging around with a bunch of other little boys, playing ball and wandering around the neighborhood. I was pretty adventurous. Once I started first grade, though, a change came over me and I was really scared of the big kids. To me, all big kids were ugly. I was used to either my own people or the kids on my street. I was just terrified of the big, ugly kids who used to run me home from school every day. Momma would whip me because I wouldn't fight back, but I just couldn't do it. I was afraid of getting hit.

By third grade, I started to get bigger, so I wasn't so afraid of the older kids anymore. After school, I collected and sold pop bottles, slopped hogs, shined shoes, swept the barbershop, racked balls in the pool hall, anything. I was always busy, always hustling and always talking a lot of shit. I used to ask people to lend me money on my future. I'd say, "When I'm famous, I'll pay you back." They'd laugh and lay a quarter on me. At one point, I was actually selling stocks in myself. Somebody'd give me a dollar and I'd give him a piece of paper saying he'd bought one share of stock in Thomas Henderson.

At school, I was the starting quarterback on the playground team and was really getting good at football. I could play with the big boys, the upperclassmen, the guys from fourth and fifth grade. In games, I'd go crazy, diving for balls on the pavement, skinning my knees all to hell. I was also crazy into hide-and-go-get-it with the girls.

Between having some money in my pocket, living in the house and playing football, I made it to seventh grade without getting in much trouble. I did hang out at the pool hall a lot, but Momma always came and got me with her metal flyswatter and beat my ass all the way back home.

When I turned 12, though, it seems like everything got bad all at once. First, my mother said she wanted me to go to a white school, so she sent me to University Junior High, which was on the campus of the University of Texas at Austin. I was the only boy in my sixth-grade class who didn't go on to the all-black junior high for seventh grade. My partners called me square and crazy for goin' to a school that was some kind of experimental project—advanced teaching techniques or something. There were blacks and Mexicans and a lot of whites. I felt sorry for the white kids, who were always getting their asses kicked by somebody.

I also felt funny there myself. All the kids dressed better than I did, they had better bicycles, lived in better houses. They'd invite me to spend the night at their place, but I couldn't invite them overnight with me. They would have had to sleep on pissy sheets, and we never had a shower in our house, just a number-three washtub that Momma bathed us in. So it was like my life was in two halves and I couldn't get them together.

It was about that time that my parents started arguing more than usual. Now, they had always argued and fought. Every two weeks or so, one or the other of them would drink too much and then they'd go at it—usually because one of them thought the other was looking at someone else. My father would pin Momma down and hit her right in the face with his fist. I'd try to pull him off or hit him with something, but he always pushed me away. I'd go cry on my bed with my sister until the fight was over.

Finally, one night, Momma just shot him. Daddy had been drinking a lot

(continued on page 290)

"I'm not bringing presents this year . . . I'm bringing insults!"

patricia farinelli is an italian-american main dish not found in any cookbook

ABBONDANZA!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

ORDINARILY, growing up in or near Hollywood leaves its mark on a person. Most folks end up with fantasies of upward mobility. But Patricia Farinelli has managed to avoid most of the glamor and pretension of Tinseltown: She leads a simple life and she likes it that way.

Besides, to Patti, Glitter City is just the old neighborhood—human, funky and livable. She's street smart, that's what you pick up in a metropolis like Los Angeles; but Patti could easily pass for a small-town girl. Not that she wouldn't like a taste of the showbiz world; it's just that it's not that important to her.

"What would I *really* like?" she muses. "I'd like a family—a big one—a house that I could decorate and my own garden. Other than that, material things aren't that important to me. Wait, maybe I'd like a Jacuzzi, too. It doesn't matter. I'm happy doing whatever I'm doing. I could be a supermarket cashier for the rest of my life and be happy." Trouble is, Patti is not just an ordinary girl. Nature has given her a most extraordinary body and that has influenced her life. We're talking about a girl who, until her junior year in high school, was known as Flatty Patti. There was just nothing there. Then, all of a sudden, she blossomed, going from famine to feast. Her new-found attractiveness played havoc with her life. She went from being unpopular to being the toast of her neighborhood. And it was hard for her to tell who her friends were. At one time, she fell in with the proverbial bad crowd—in this case, a band of mobile marauders known as low-riders for their chosen mode of transport: automobiles suspended mere inches above the ground. She didn't hang around long. "So many times it almost came to bullets; that's what convinced me I should leave."

It also convinced her to come to terms with who she was. "I used to be embarrassed about the size of my breasts. People used to make fun of me. But now I'm learning to be proud of the way I look. When I met my current boyfriend, I was the cashier at a local market. I had to wear a smock for the job and you couldn't tell what was under it. He used to come in and we would talk. Then he asked me for a date. Well, when he saw me without my smock for the first time, he was flabbergasted! It was my *eyes* that had attracted him.

"It's all nonsense, anyway; one guy likes legs, another guy likes boobs . . . you have to look at what's inside a person. I've gotten to be a pretty good judge of character. Fortunately. Because here in Hollywood, you meet a lot of weirdos. You have to learn to look inside people."

If you look inside Patti, you'll find a very sensitive first-generation Italian-American girl. As a child, she spent a lot of time in church—in fact, she lived right next door to one—and she remains deeply religious. Her conversation is peppered with casual references to Jesus Christ and God, as though they were her best friends. Patti would tell you they

Patti Farinelli has very definite ideas about what she wants in a man. "I like a guy with a good head on his shoulders. He would also have to be very affectionate. I don't care where I am—even on a crowded street—I like to kiss and hug. So he would have to go along with that." That's a problem? We suspect we could find volunteers.

Patti concentrates on her course in medical-office management (above), then relaxes with a few good books. Her appearance as a Playmate has temporarily halted her studies. "The whole thing about being a Playmate is it says you're a special person—one of the very few to be picked out of the thousands of girls who would like to be. I feel good about it. I think it's an honor."

were. She is also very close to her mother, Clementina (Patti's father died when she was 16), and considers her something of a saint. "My mother is a great woman. She's a real hard worker. I've seen her come home from the factory after working all day and dive right into making dinner. She just does not stand still. She's from the old country. I'm more American."

Since leaving high school, Patti has been a cashier, a waitress, a hostess, a saleslady in a clothing store and, just recently, she started a course in medical-office management. "Just in case nothing else worked out, I think I'd like working in a hospital."

Her spare time is filled by her musician boyfriend, her crocheting projects,

"I've grown up a lot in the past few years," Patti says. "Your experiences do help you mature. For instance, sex a while back was not that great. As a matter of fact, I didn't like it at all. I've come to realize it was probably because I wasn't really in love. When you're in love, both of your bodies become one. Sometimes, too, it's enough for me to just do a little cuddling."

"I guess I've been lucky all my life," Patti allows. "I think God gives you as much as you can handle. He's given me a wonderful family and, I've been told, a wonderful body."

cooking and watching TV, especially the soaps. "TV is like a friend to me," she says. "If I'm feeling down, I just turn on something happy and I snap right out of it."

Sometimes when Patti watches TV, other people benefit, too. "The other night, I flipped the channel and I saw Sally Struthers talking about the Christian Children's Fund. It made me so sad I decided I'd like to sponsor a child, and I called them right up. They asked me whether I'd like a boy or a girl. I told them I wanted a little girl and they promised to send me the information. I think it will be a great experience for me. I can't wait to see what she looks like. I'll really enjoy sending her clothes."

Patti is also fascinated by photography. "I love pictures and I love being in them. Pictures hold memories. My photo album is so important to me I've considered putting it in a safe-deposit box at the bank."

Patti's secret: She has developed a sense of humor about herself and her life and she enjoys both. "I'm a cheerful person," she says. "I'm always happy. I just don't let things get to me." One of the first things a visitor to Lotusland notices is the passion for fitness Southern Californians seem to share. So we asked native Angeleno Patti if she was into sports.

"Sports?" she laughs. "I hate to even watch sports on TV." Then, looking downward, she observed, with a whimsical smile, "and I certainly don't jog!"

"I never even kissed a boy until I was a sophomore in high school," Patti admits. "Then I sort of broke loose. In fact, I used to keep a list with the names of all the boys I had kissed, but I quit when the list went into three figures."

Head spaghetti chef in Patti's household is her mother, Clementina, who gives Patti a few pointers in pasta preparation (top) while (above) her brother Vincent looks on in anticipation. Since her mother remarried, Patti now has an extended family: two brothers, two stepbrothers and a stepsister, all of whom are very close, plus countless cousins on both sides in Italy.

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Patricia Farinelli

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Patricia Farinelli

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 115 SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 3-18-60 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles

AMBITION: I'd like to be an actress on a soap opera like General Hospital.

TURN-ONS: Music, old people, Jesus Christ, love, photographs, U.F.O.s.

TURN-OFFS: Liars, people who make promises and break them, wars & violence.

FAVORITE FOODS: Spaghetti, Chicken Cacciatore, eggplant & watermelon.

PREFERRED PERFORMERS: Martin Sheen, Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, Ed Zappelin, Michael L. Constantine.

FAVORITE PASTIME: Crocheting, swimming, watching soaps.

PERFECT EVENING: When the telephone doesn't ring.

SECRET: I once dated Burt Reynolds.

Urban Cowgirl!

With Blackie, my Chihuahua.

Guess who the "bunny" is.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Dinner, wine, music, pot, a water bed—he used all the moves to try to get me between the sheets," the girl confided to a friend, "and all of them worked!"

It may, in fact, be *too* adult a Western," the movie critic wrote in his review. "At the end, when the good guys have finally won, the tall, lean hero and the beautiful heroine leave the cheers of the grateful townspeople to enter the sleeping car of a train headed still farther West, and he proceeds to ride her off into the sunset."

And then there's the story of the aspiring young comedienne who was promised roles in a TV comic's routines if she would divide her favors between him and the show's producer. It was just a come-on, though, since the poor girl kept being banged by the two men without her talent for comedy ever being utilized on the air. In other words, she was shared skitless.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *arctic bordello* as a frigloo.

Now that you've had it from both me and my daredevil cousin," the conceited country boy demanded of his conquest in bed, "just who performs the bigger and better stunt?"

"I can honestly say," the girl replied, "that you're the lesser of two Knievels."

A famous gay cocksman named Grimm
Was known for his buggering vim.
When a fairy named Bill
Asked the source of his skill,
Grimm replied, "I keep fit in a Jim."

The reason Epsilon Zeta Pi girls are so popular in fraternity circles may be traceable to the shortened form of the sorority's name—E Z Pi.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *soft-pine dildo* as a deadwood dick.

Let's do it alternative doggy style!" panted the youth.

"How's that?" murmured his date.

"With my bone in your mouth!"

How are things working out for you with that cute little nurse you've been dating?" one intern asked another.

"Not too well, I'm afraid," replied his colleague. "I finally bedded her last night and it was fabulous, and I told her she was the best lay in the world!"

"So what's not going too well, man?"

"I can't really put my finger on it. She did ask me, though, if I'd mind if she got a second opinion."

I've enjoyed your comedy for years and it's going to be a real privilege to service you both," the callgirl told Bud and Lou in their hotel suite. "So who's on first?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bad oral sex* as a tongue depressor.

But I was only going maybe a couple of miles over the speed limit," pleaded the big-city tourist from the North, "so couldn't you just give me a warning?"

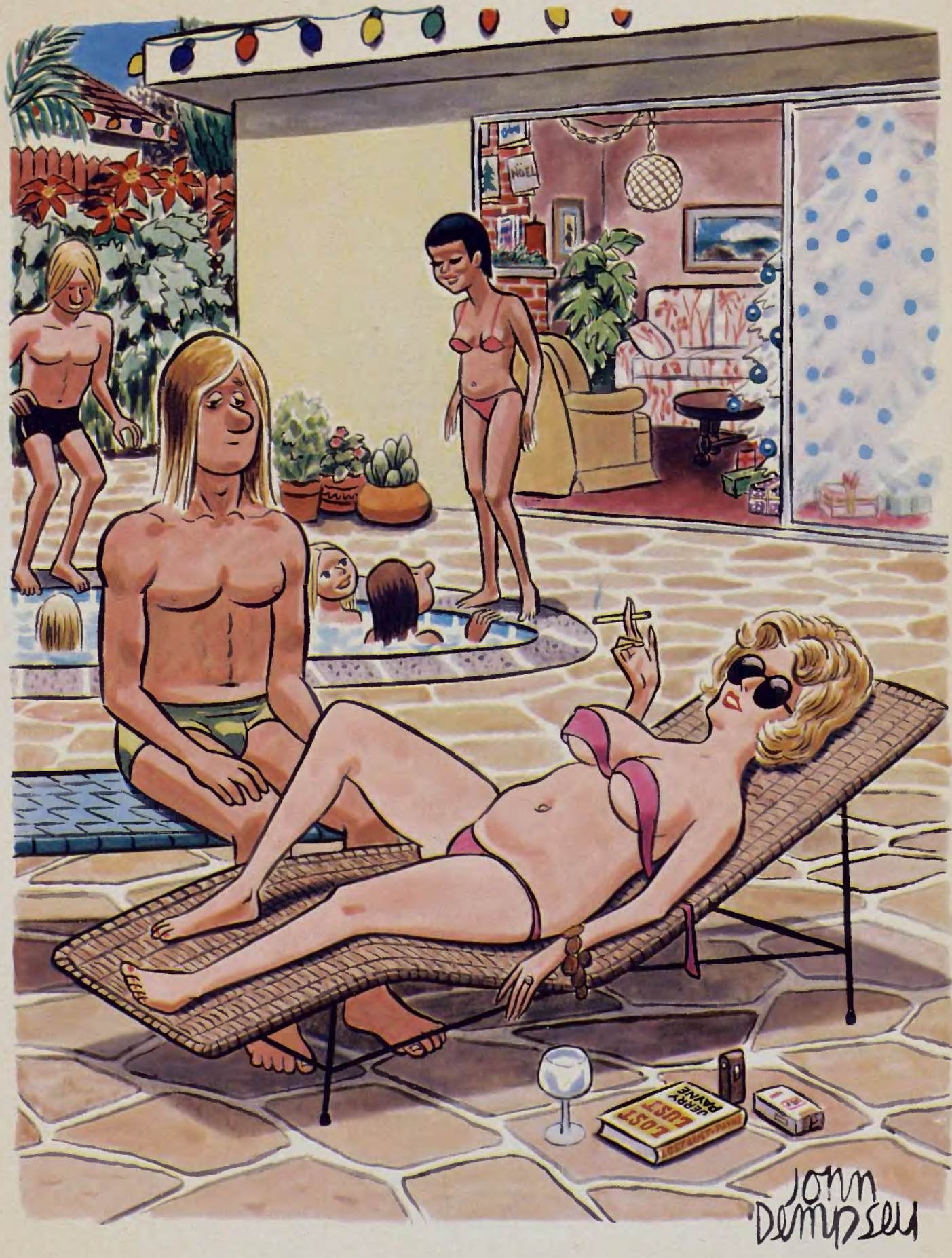
Whereupon the Texas Ranger stepped back and fired two shots over his head.

During the wedding reception in the family mansion, the bride's grandfather slipped her an old $500 bill, which she artfully concealed in her left glove. By established tradition, the couple were spending their wedding night in the historic house, and the bride's mother intercepted the girl stealing downstairs shortly after the last guest had left. "Where are you going, Deborah?" she asked.

"I happen to have carelessly left my gloves in the library, Mom, and it's important that I have them," was Deborah's reply.

"You march right back upstairs, young lady," admonished the formidable female. "You can grab hold of that thing with your bare hands, just as I did your father's!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"I can't really say what Melanie would like for Christmas, Stephan. But I bet I know what you'd like."

THE SUNKEN WOMAN

he watched her that evening as closely as he dared, and he thought that he might fall in love with her

fiction

By JOYCE CAROL OATES

One December day—Constantine remembers it clearly: a bright, cold, metal-sharp afternoon not long before his 37th birthday—Lisel summoned him to her.

He had been expecting—no, he had not dared expect—her to telephone him. Sometime. On a whim. Very late one night. D'you remember me? My name is Lisel. . . . But when the telephone rang that afternoon, he was not prepared for her faint, shy voice. He had to ask her to repeat herself. Who was it? What was wrong? An emergency—?

Her words were nearly inaudible. She sounded out of breath. Yes, she needed help. Yes, she was alone. Someone was hurt—a friend of hers was hurt. No, she hadn't called anyone else. No. Not the police.

Constantine asked where she was. At first she seemed not to have heard and repeated what she had said. She was alone, someone was hurt, it wasn't her fault. She hadn't been the one to open the door. Then she paused and gave Constantine the address. Her voice was dim and muffled, as if undersea. Constantine could imagine her long hair floating about her face.

He ran down the five flights of steps to the street, his pulse racing. His hair in his face, his fingers fumbling with the buttons of his overcoat—the very picture of alarm, distress, exhilaration—for, surely, nothing quite like this had ever happened to Constantine Reinhart before. Lisel drifted into lives—Lisel intruded herself into lives—and nothing was the same again. That morning, Constantine had resigned himself to another day in which very little would be accomplished and much regretted: and already the day was transformed. He had not dared hope—— *(continued overleaf)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEL ODOM

He would never have expected——

Years later, Constantine sees himself running into the street, a tall, self-important man in a camel's-hair coat, shouting for a taxi. He can't know what he is blundering into—he knows only that he must go through with it. And he sees, too, the girl who is awaiting him a mile away (though she is not awaiting him consciously, she has forgotten him—of course: Having dialed his number, having pleaded with him to come, she has forgotten him) in a stranger's apartment, half-dressed, sitting on the floor a few yards from the injured man. *Lisel on the bare floor boards, cross-legged, in her white-cotton underpants and cheap white crocheted sweater, rocking from side to side. The Venetian blind, partly closed against the afternoon sun, has slatted the light and given to the room an undersea look, in which things—the sofa, the man sprawled on the sofa, Lisel herself—have lost their distinctive outlines and have begun to blur, to bleed. Lisel stares at the wounded man, but her face is expressionless. She sees him, but she sees nothing. Her face is small and narrow and angular and not pretty. Her pale red hair falls straight past her thin shoulders. She grips her ankles, hunching her shoulders, rocking from side to side in an attitude of grief. But she does not feel grief: She does not feel anything. Had she an articulate wish, she might wish that the man, her lover—one of her lovers—would not die; but she hasn't an articulate wish; she has no wish at all.*

The coarse white sweater, made of a synthetic fabric; the white-cotton pants, a schoolgirl's pants, with their tight elastic band. Her small pointed breasts loose inside the sweater, the nipples hard with cold. Not fear, not terror: just cold. The man on the sofa (who is also partly undressed—in shorts and black-silk socks that come smartly to mid-calf) is bleeding from a head wound and some of the blood is on the sofa and some of it is on Lisel—on the sweater, even on the pants—but she has not noticed. She does notice that he is still breathing. And breathing noisily, raspily, as if in anger.

Yes, Lisel had told Constantine, yes, she needed help. No, she hadn't called the police. It wasn't her fault—she had told him not to open the door—*he* was so jealous—but then, for a while, they were getting along—they had a few drinks—they had been very friendly—the three of them very friendly—then something went wrong—it happened so fast, she couldn't understand. They were taking off their clothes——

"Is someone badly hurt?" Constantine asked. "Should I call an ambulance?"

She had to hang up, she whispered. Could he come here right away—?

In the taxi, Constantine chattered *(continued on page 223)*

INFORMALLY FORMAL

four looks that don't turn you into a penguin when the option is black tie

attire By DAVID PLATT IF BOREDOM is the mother of fashion invention, then black-tie bashes must have been putting guests to sleep for years. And with the current fashion renaissance in full flower, it's only logical that the classic soup-and-fish look would come under closer scrutiny by designers. Piero Dimitri, for example, went hell-bent for leather and created what surely must be one of the first punk

Above: It's a sure bet thot this classic-looking silk bird's-eye formal jocket with showl collor ond besom pockets, about $390, won't go out of style when it's combined with a multicolor three-button gambler's vest with satin shawl collar and piped besom pockets, obout $75, plus mohair tuxedo trousers with satin stripes, odjustable woist tabs ond top pockets, about $135, and a satin bow tie, $15, oll from Tiger of Sweden by Gil Truedsson. His cotton shirt with pleats, French cuffs and a medium collor, by After Six for Stephen St. Clair, obout $33.

Right: Remember Sloon Wilson's classic novel from the Fifties *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*? Well, groy flonnel goes formal in this outfit featuring a single-breasted wool dinner jacket with black-sotin showl collar, buttons and piped besom pockets, plus formol trousers with a black-satin waistband, satin stripes, side-entry pockets and stroight legs, $350, thot's worn with a cotton/polyester long-sleeved shirt with wing collor, pleated front and French cuffs, $33, oll by Pierre Cardin; plus a spiffy satin bow tie, by Vicky Davis, obout $10.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

tuxedos. While we don't recommend that you wear it to a serious old-line social event or if your black-tie invitation is stamped with the Presidential seal, it is true that the irrepressible spirit of fashion adventure is at work and men are exercising something of the logic that what is good for the goose is good for the gander. (Have you ever seen a ballroom where all the women were dressed alike?) There are many ways to vary the classic look, ranging from using offbeat accessories to combining an unusual sweat shirt with a wing-collar formal shirt. Keep in mind, however, that the key to the continuing success of the black-tie look is that it reflects the idea that the occasion is something special. Just as a business suit at a fancy-dress ball is inappropriately boring, so is failure to make some fashion gesture that reflects the specialness of a black-tie festivity. We applaud adventures in creative dressing as long as they're tastefully done in the spirit of things. That's why we go to parties, anyway.

Above: This napa-leather *blouson* wrap jacket with self-belt, notched lapels, adjustable cuff straps and besom pockets, $700, will rev up any not-too-formal bash, especially when it's combined with wool flannel double-pleated slacks with straight legs, belt loops and top pocket, $250, a cottan shirt with classic spread collar and adjustable cuffs, $95, a pair of antique-white-nylon stretch suspenders, $45, and a napa-leather tie, $40, all from Dimitri Sport by Piero Dimitri. Be sure to arrive on a Harley.

Right: All that's formal doesn't have to be stuffy and uptight—there's still a chance for individualists to assert themselves—as evidenced by this acrylic long-sleeved pullover with a skyline design and knit trim, from Lee Wright by Lanerossi, about $45; that's worn with a polyester/cottan wing-collared tuxedo shirt with tucked front and French cuffs, about $35, and black wool tuxedo trousers with on-seam packets, $65, both by Bill Blass; plus a satin bow tie, by Rob Davis for Vicky Davis, $10.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

verse By TOM KOCH

missives and missiles for the jolly season

TO A DIET FADDIST

Your winter's fare was vegetables,
As many as you please.
By spring, you'd switched to dieting
On herbal tea and cheese.
Your June guru permitted you
To slather jam on crepes,
As long as you'd subsist next day
On only seedless grapes.
Throughout the year, you've bent our ear
With boring diet chats;
But, strange to say, this Christmas Day,
Your friends still call you Fats.

TO AMERICA'S AUTO MAKERS

Your sinking feeling never ends,
But Rolls on, giving you the Benz.
Had we the Fiat to decree
All Rabbits caged, in Triumph we
Would do our patriotic job.
Instead, we join you as you Saab.

TO ALEXANDER HAIG

Your multisubject seminars
Were this year's biggest bargain.
You taught us Basic Brinkmanship,
Then Diplomatic Jargon.
When crisis came,
we loved your course
In Opaque Optimism.
But must you go on teaching us
Your Freshman Narcissism?

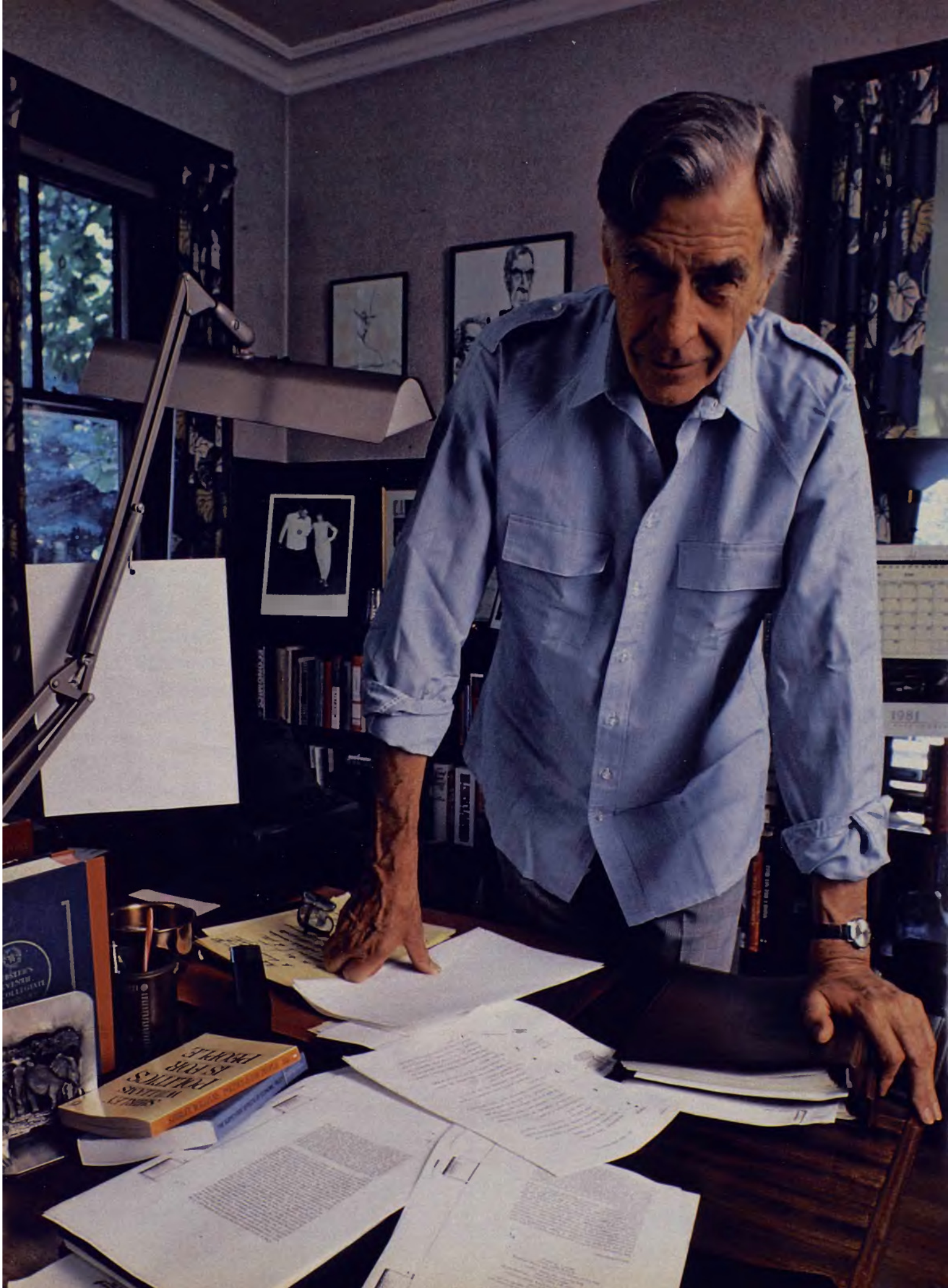
TO PUBLIC TELEVISION

We wish you cheer this gloomy year:
The budget ax is falling.
Pink-slipped, we've heard, will be Big Bird.
The prospect's quite appalling.
We get the blues foreseeing news
With Lehrer sans MacNeil:
And things look bleak for Wall Street Week
Amid such mindless zeal.
But though you'll air a Spartan fare,
We have no plans for fleeing.
It's not big dough that makes a show.
As we've been N-B-C-ing.

TO MAJOR-LEAGUE BASEBALL

Millionaire owners and millionaire jocks,
We greet you alike at this season,
Still smarting from all
of those summertime knocks
We took while you fought for no reason.
Gone Astros! Gone Expos!
Gone Dodgers and A's!
Your new game was Bosses & Pickets.
To pay for it, who knows
what prices you'll raise?
But guess what—
we've stopped buying tickets.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG


1981

20 QUESTIONS: JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

the respected liberal takes stock of our current conservatism, talks about the last time he was propositioned and confesses that one of the benefits of celebrity is that everyone accepts his personal check

John Kenneth Galbraith—author of "The Affluent Society" and "The New Industrial State," novelist and John Kennedy's Ambassador to India—has been associated with liberal economic policies longer than most liberal politicians. Because he isn't shuttling to Washington very often these days, Warren Kalbacker met with him at his mansion on Harvard's faculty row. Kalbacker reports: "This guy knows about the affluent society from primary sources. He possesses an enormous and good-natured self-confidence that is not entirely attributable to his great height. He also serves a good sherry."

1.

PLAYBOY: As a prominent economist, you're often asked for your opinions. Is it easy for you to snow most journalists?

GALBRAITH: There's no question that an economist can do a great snow job on a journalist. This comes from journalists' assuming that economists have knowledge they don't. So they'll accept the forecasts of economists even when there's no reason to believe these predictions bear any relation to what will happen.

Economics is something like religion: Nobody knows what will happen in the hereafter. So people turn to economists as they would to a priestly council. A great many private economists give their estimate of the future simply because they're asked. Forecasts by economists in public office are always what the Administration needs: less inflation, more employment, an expanding economy.

2.

PLAYBOY: Is crystal-ball gazing the biggest pitfall of your profession?

GALBRAITH: The biggest pitfall is responding to establishment applause. Economists are attracted to Washington by the big oak desks and the thoughtfully wasted space. That's not in the best tradition of any subject or science. Similarly, economists who work for banks or corporations are very much under the influence of the people of those enterprises. They tell them what they want to hear.

I read a few months ago of an economist who left the Ford Motor Company because he didn't agree with proposals to restrict imports of automobiles. Everyone was surprised that he would show that measure of integrity. An economist who responds to public applause or who becomes an organization man is not being faithful to his profession.

3.

PLAYBOY: What advice would you give to economists who sit behind those big oak desks or collect their pay checks from business organizations?

GALBRAITH: We all surrender some part of our personality to organization. Even the Harvard professor is in some degree subordinate to the organizational pressures of the university. Of course, the discipline is much greater for a member of a corporation. Still greater for somebody in the State Department.

The important thing is not so much the organizational pressures as the need to be aware of them. What's devastating is the number of people who find organization ideas superior to their own. They surrender and they enjoy it.

When I was appointed Ambassador to India by President Kennedy, John Steinbeck wrote me a letter, urging me not to accept. He argued that although I wouldn't find myself pressed to defend the State Department's line, I might actually enjoy doing so, because it saves one from thinking for oneself. Tolstoy says somewhere that the greatest pleasure of joining a regiment is that it takes over all life from the individual.

4.

PLAYBOY: With a conservative in the White House and "supply-side" economists buying tickets to Washington, isn't this a lonely time to be a liberal?

GALBRAITH: Certainly not. My generally liberal views are the conventional wisdom of the time. That's a phrase that I was responsible for coining and therefore I use with some freedom. I have never doubted that my answers were right. I wouldn't offer them otherwise.

The great misfortune for Arthur Laffer and supply-side economics is that he has an idea that is being tried. If an economist has an idea that won't work, nothing can be worse than having it tried.

5.

PLAYBOY: Voters in many states have moved to limit the taxing powers of government and its public services. Can you offer a better proposition?

GALBRAITH: Yes. It is not possible to run a modern economy without some kind of price and income policy. In the past few years, we have been preventing inflation by the use of monetary and fiscal policy. This creates unemployment during times of recession. I would substitute income and price restraints that allow you to run the economy much closer to full employment.

Most economists are tied to textbooks that emphasize the free market, and therefore a very large part of the profession is unwilling to accept the idea of direct intervention on wages and corporate prices. This has been a powerful influence against a policy I regard as not only necessary but inevitable.

I should add one other thing. I do feel that in the United States, we've probably relied too much on the personal-property tax. I have long felt, in contrast with many of my liberal friends, that we should make much greater use of indirect taxes. We should have much higher taxes on upper-end consumption: expensive automobiles, clothing, meals. No one can complain that this kind of taxation is damaging to incentives. It's hard for someone who has to pay more for a Rolls-Royce to assert hardship.

6.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago, *The Harvard Lampoon* presented you with a pink Cadillac. Did you enjoy that experience of upper-end consumption?

GALBRAITH: I kept it for a year to show gratitude. But it was a bit large and wouldn't fit into my driveway, so I made a present of it to the public-television station here in Boston, which auctioned it off for a very large sum. It was a Cadillac Eldorado convertible and production of them had stopped, so it had become a classic. I think it brought far more at auction than what the students had paid for it.

7.

PLAYBOY: Did you find that self-promotion was crucial in advancing your

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR PLAYBOY BY ARNOLD NEWMAN © 1981

career? And perhaps also a little vanity?
GALBRAITH: Unquestionably. Nobody can overlook my great height. But I've always been tempted to speak well of my own work. I suspect other people may have noticed that. And it's not that you should avoid vanity. That's impossible. The important thing is to be aware of it and laugh at it and on occasion invite other people to laugh at it as well. Then vanity isn't quite so objectionable.

8.

PLAYBOY: Would you have a drink with Milton Friedman? Or isn't it possible for a liberal to drink with a conservative?
GALBRAITH: Milton Friedman and I have been friends all our lives. He occasionally gets annoyed with me, as he did a few months ago. I said how good it was that the British government was suffering all the hardships associated with his economic designs, how much better that the British should be enduring them than the Americans.

Right or wrong, I've always believed in maintaining civil communications with civil people with whom I disagree. William F. Buckley and Milton Friedman come to mind. They're both eminently civil people. If someone were violently hostile, I wouldn't maintain that communication.

9.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to admit mistakes?
GALBRAITH: I've made mistakes. Lots of them. But I've always comforted myself with Winston Churchill's words: "I have often had to eat my words and I have found them a wholesome diet."

There are many things I would have done better. When I was running price control in World War Two, I did that with a kind of stiff-necked obstinancy that aroused the antipathy of the maximum number of people with whom I did business. If I were doing that again, I would be much more mellow. And in my books, there are obvious mistakes that I would correct.

10.

PLAYBOY: Does deficit financing play any role in your personal monetary policy?
GALBRAITH: No. I've never been in debt in my life. I've never been short of money. Whenever I've had a book coming out, I've gone to considerable lengths to make sure that the revenue would not accrue unnecessarily to the publisher.

11.

PLAYBOY: So you pay your credit-card balance in full every month?
GALBRAITH: I don't use credit cards. I pay by check. One of the great advantages of being well known is that people accept your checks. And I think I should usually have about $100 in my pocket.

12.

PLAYBOY: Are you good with figures or do you rely on a calculator?
GALBRAITH: Well, I have a very good sense of magnitude. That's something I learned as a graduate student in California. You've always got to keep the general scale in mind. For example, if you're cutting the income tax, you're not going to make it up by increasing the revenues from Customs duties. The first is large. The second is insignificant.

But although I don't carry one around, I always have a calculator on my desk. I consider the small calculator one of the few modern inventions that I cherish.

13.

PLAYBOY: You've commented on Proposition 13 and Proposition Two and a Half. Have you ever been propositioned?
GALBRAITH: I thought I had a delightful possibility in London a few months ago. I was walking back to my hotel after the theater and this tall, well-dressed, very respectable-looking woman stopped me and said, "Pardon me, are you Australian?" I told her I was not. "How good," she replied. And then she walked away. That's the closest approach I've had at my age. To my regret.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do economists have groupies?
GALBRAITH: That's not a word that's in wide use in the profession. But many of my friends over the years have been women, and when I think of calling somebody for lunch or dinner, on the whole I'm more likely to think of my woman friends than I am of men. I would also have to answer that I've been married to the same woman now for nearly 45 years and she has the reputation of being singularly beautiful.

15.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself one of the best and the brightest?
GALBRAITH: It's an exercise in incredible immodesty for me to answer that. Oh, I suppose I've never written anything without saying to myself, "Well, that's certainly going to be persuasive." But the likelihood is that one will always exaggerate one's influence.

16.

PLAYBOY: Have you figured out who *really* runs America?
GALBRAITH: There's no simple answer. The Constitution divides power among the executive, the legislature and the courts. That's no negligible thing. But the corporate establishment does much to set public opinion. In the United States, public expression is strongly correlated to income. The voice of one New York banker complaining about his oppression at the hands of the Government is the equivalent of hundreds or thousands of welfare mothers in the Bronx. The voices of affluence and the corporate position are much louder and are regularly mistaken for the voice of the masses.

17.

PLAYBOY: Many wealthy foreigners see the United States as capitalism's last great hope. They're investing in American businesses and real estate. Are they putting their money in the right place?
GALBRAITH: I've already made some adverse comments about economists who make predictions and I'm certainly not going to join that community. But I've always taken it for granted that the system survives because it yields to accommodation and to patching up.

18.

PLAYBOY: Economics has been called a science. Are you saying that it's a kind of service profession?
GALBRAITH: One of the great errors in economics is the desire of economists to believe that because Adam Smith said something in the 18th Century it must still be true. Smith was a practical man. He would be the first to recognize that the world and institutions with which he dealt have changed very much.

A science such as physics or chemistry has a subject matter that does not change. Knowledge in those fields changes only as more information is brought to bear. In economics, the subject matter itself constantly changes. In my own lifetime, we've had considerable development of the great corporations, trade unions and services of the state. Anybody who made up his mind about economics 40 years ago is bound to be obsolete now.

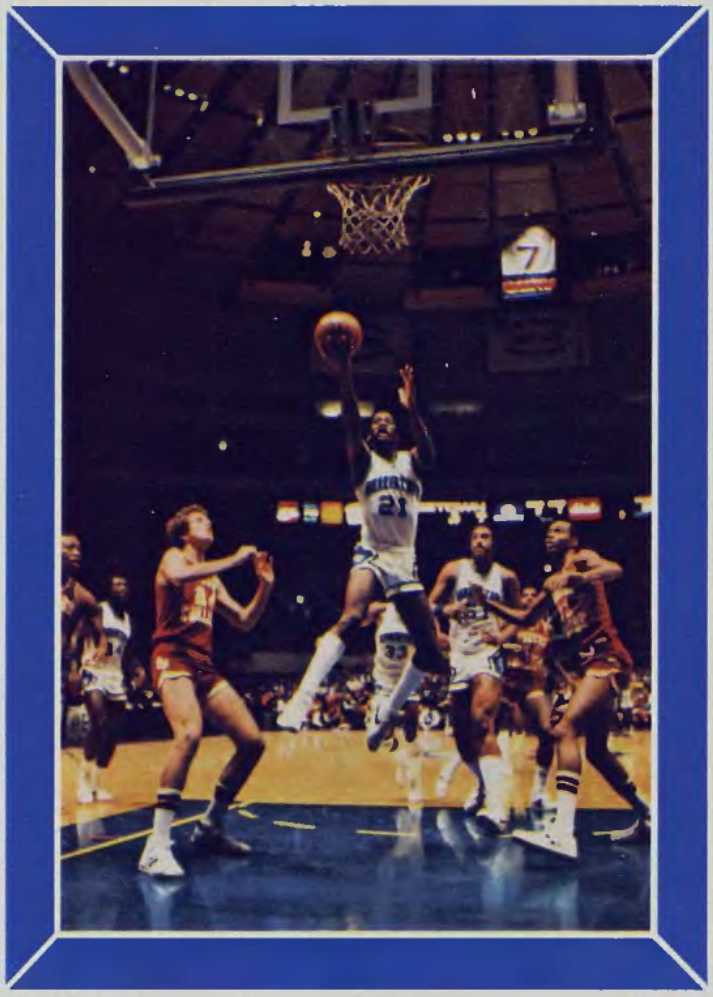
19.

PLAYBOY: You served as an Ambassador during the Kennedy Administration. Do you long for a return to "Camelot"?
GALBRAITH: During that period, the Government of the United States was tinged with a certain excitement. The Government was a force for the good and without wanting to use the term Camelot, I hope that excitement might not be dead.

20.

PLAYBOY: Every man is said to have his price. Can you name yours?
GALBRAITH: About two weeks ago, an automobile company offered me an enormous sum of money, $200,000 or $300,000, if I would endorse its automobile. I declined on the simple ground that I didn't want to have my name and my views for sale. I would still have declined if it had doubled the price.

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW



Playboy All-America guard Eric Floyd of Georgetown skies for a score against Boston College in New York's Madison Square Garden. Georgetown is PLAYBOY's pick to win the national championship this year.

our pre-season picks for the country's top teams and talent

sports

By ANSON MOUNT

RECRUITING is the name of the game. In college basketball, more than in any other sport, the coach who signs the superstud rookie is the coach who wins the laurels at season's end. Surround a truly great player with a few ordinary ones and any coach has a good shot at the national championship. A freshman hotshot can turn a losing team into a big winner instantly. No wonder college basketball recruiting is the scene of more vicious infighting than any conflict since the Peloponnesian War.

Since coaches live or die by the fruits of their recruiting labors, there is a lot of curiosity about the methods and the styles of the most successful mentors. The omnipresent rumors of large under-the-table payoffs are mostly sour-grapes jelly spread by the losers. So how is it done? We decided to ask Georgetown coach John Thompson, who—this year, at least—appears to be to recruiting what Einstein was to physics.

Before we met Thompson, we were told by admiring acquaintances about his managerial style: His players are always neat, polite, prompt and attentive. They hyperventilate at a disapproving glance from him. Each Friday, they report to his office to account for the week's class attendance, quiz scores and term-paper progress. A less-than-acceptable academic performance results in a painful ass chewing.

When we met Thompson, much of the basis of his recruiting persuasiveness was immediately apparent. He is a 6'10" giant, handsome, articulate, obviously intelligent, with a pleasant but no-nonsense personality—the perfect father figure for an uncertain teenager.

We asked him about his reputation as a strict disciplinarian, and he was visibly offended by the question.

"What do you mean?" he huffed. "I'm not a disciplinarian. I don't have to be. I don't recruit the kind of players that have to be disciplined. They know when they come to Georgetown what is expected of them. A few minutes late for a practice or a meeting and they're

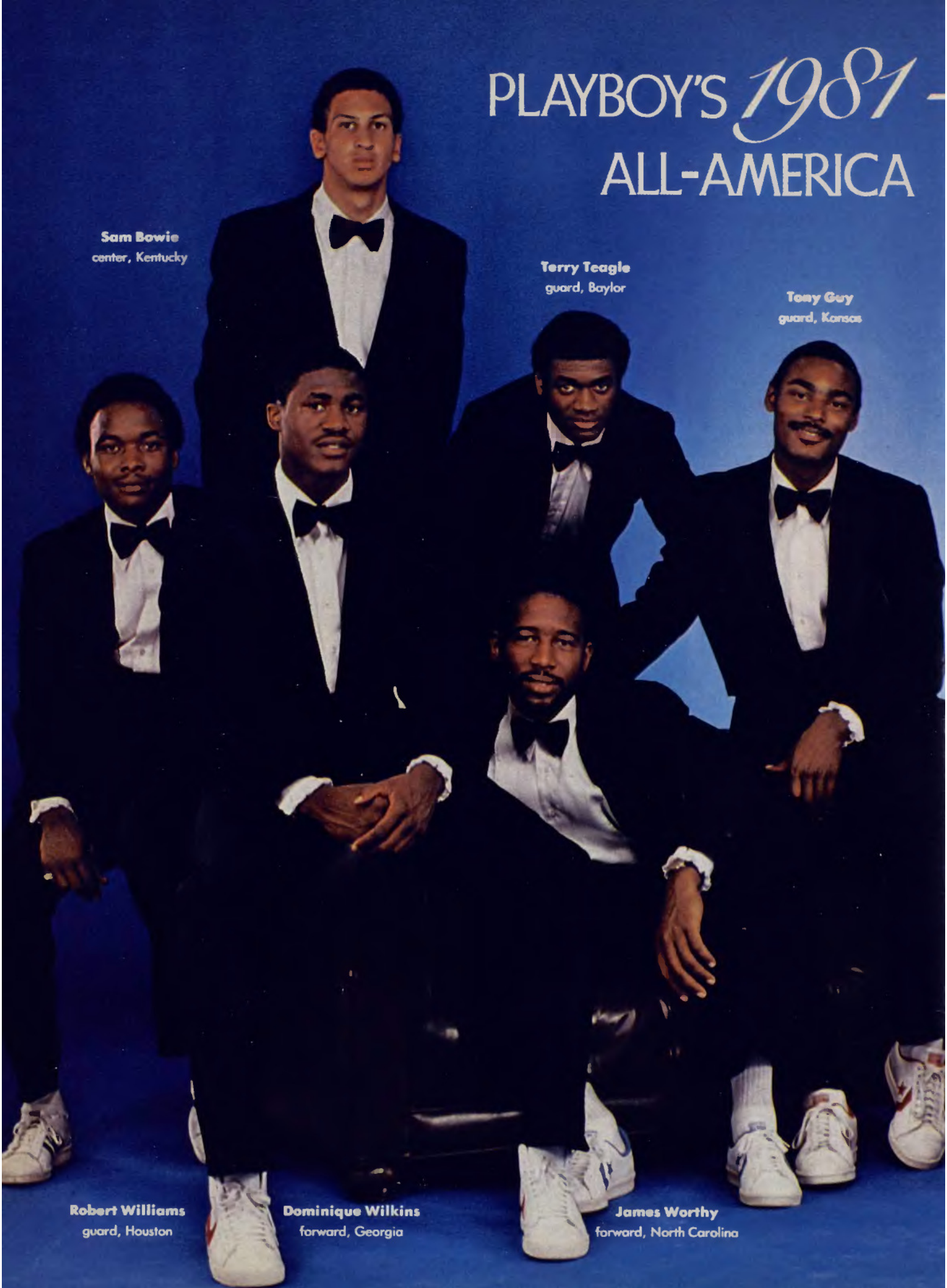
OUR TOP 20

1. Georgetown
2. North Carolina
3. UCLA
4. Louisville
5. Kentucky
6. Wichita State
7. Alabama-Birmingham
8. Iowa
9. USC
10. DePaul
11. Alabama
12. Virginia
13. Tulsa
14. Minnesota
15. Brigham Young
16. Missouri
17. Marquette
18. Houston
19. San Francisco
20. Purdue

Possible Breakthroughs

Indiana, Fresno State, Notre Dame, Evansville, Georgia, LSU, Iona, St. John's, Clemson, Tennessee, Villanova, Wake Forest, Arizona St., Arkansas, Bradley.

PLAYBOY'S *1981* ALL-AMERICA



1982 PREVIEW TEAM

Mitchell Anderson
forward, Bradley

Cliff Levingston
forward, Wichita State

Eric Floyd
guard, Georgetown

John Thompson
Coach of the Year, Georgetown

Ralph Sampson
center, Virginia

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

out. One display of arrogance or misconduct and they're gone.

"When I go on a recruiting visit to a kid's home, I watch very carefully how he relates to his parents—how he respects them. There's no way I'm ever going to be able to love him as much as his parents love him, and if he doesn't respect and honor *them*, he sure isn't going to listen to me. If he makes just one smart or disrespectful comment to his folks, I just pick up my hat and say, 'It's been nice meeting you, but I don't think we would get along.' And I walk out."

It obviously works. Thompson seems to have his choice of most of the top prospects in the nation. Many of them are so eager to play for him they'd walk to Washington and pay their own tuition—if they could. The reward? A single earned approbation from Father John seems to be enough. But a national-championship trophy would help, too.

THE EAST

Thompson's Georgetown to Dominate

Last year, Georgetown won 20 games, despite shortages of height, rebounding and inside scoring. Thompson has filled those needs with the best recruiting crop in the nation, garnering three of the country's most avidly sought-after prepsters. Seven-foot center Pat Ewing and forwards Bill Martin and Anthony Jones should be immediate starters, even though six solid players return. Add all this tall talent to Playboy All-America guard Eric Floyd and a deep veteran bench and you have the makings of a national championship. For his obvious expertise as both coach and recruiter, we've named John Thompson Playboy Coach of the Year.

Villanova is traditionally a sharpshooting team and will remain so with the arrival of two prime front-court recruits, Ed Pinckney and rhyming rebounder Dwayne McClain. Those two ought to solve last season's big problem, a severe lack of depth that threatened to make the program look like intramurals (five walk-ons made the team).

Four scorers and seven years ago, St. John's last had a really successful season. There are two reasons for the drought: no big center and inept outside shooting. New arrivals have eradicated both problems. Seven-foot center Bill Wennington and 6'9" forward Jeff Allen bring the needed altitude. Prep hot-shot Chris Mullin and transfer Bob Kelly add offensive punch to the backcourt.

Connecticut started the 1980–1981 season like a house afire, but the youngsters on the team were worn down by a tough conference schedule and the year ended in ashes. The loss of only one veteran and accrued experience should make the Huskies more formidable this winter. Look for them to repeat as the best free-throw-shooting team in the nation. First among the recruits is guard Brian Buckelew, who could be a starter by midseason.

Boston College enjoyed last year immensely, winning the regular-season Big East championship. Only one player who contributed significantly to that success is gone. Top gun among the returnees is guard John Bagley, who's going to grab a heavy load of post-season honors. Top newcomer—and a probable starter—is transfer John Garris.

After a major rebuilding project, the Syracuse Orangemen should be much more consistent and stable than last winter, when they finally jelled (no, not into Orange marmalade) into an efficient unit at season's end. The Orangemen's major need is a quality big man in the middle. Either of two incoming freshmen, Andre Hawkins or Peter Wynne, could be the solution.

Seton Hall's success will depend on how quickly newcomers can solve rebounding and depth problems. Freshman guard Kevin Boyle, who will handle the playmaking chores, is a candidate for the Seton Hall of Fame.

Coach Joe Mullaney returns for his second tenure at Providence. He will find the prospects a bit grimmer than when he left in 1969. Gone are the two stars of a team that won only three conference games last winter. Providence

THE BEST OF THE REST

(All of these are likely to be someone's All-Americans by season's end, though they barely missed our team)

FORWARDS: Antoine Carr (Wichita State), Kevin Magee (Irvine), Terry Cummings (DePaul), Fred Roberts (Brigham Young), Derek Smith (Louisville), Clark Kellogg (Ohio State), Cornelius Thompson (Connecticut), Ronnie Williams (Florida), Bill Garnett (Wyoming), Eddie Phillips (Alabama), Gary Springer (Iona), Dale Ellis (Tennessee), Sidney Green (Nevada–Las Vegas)

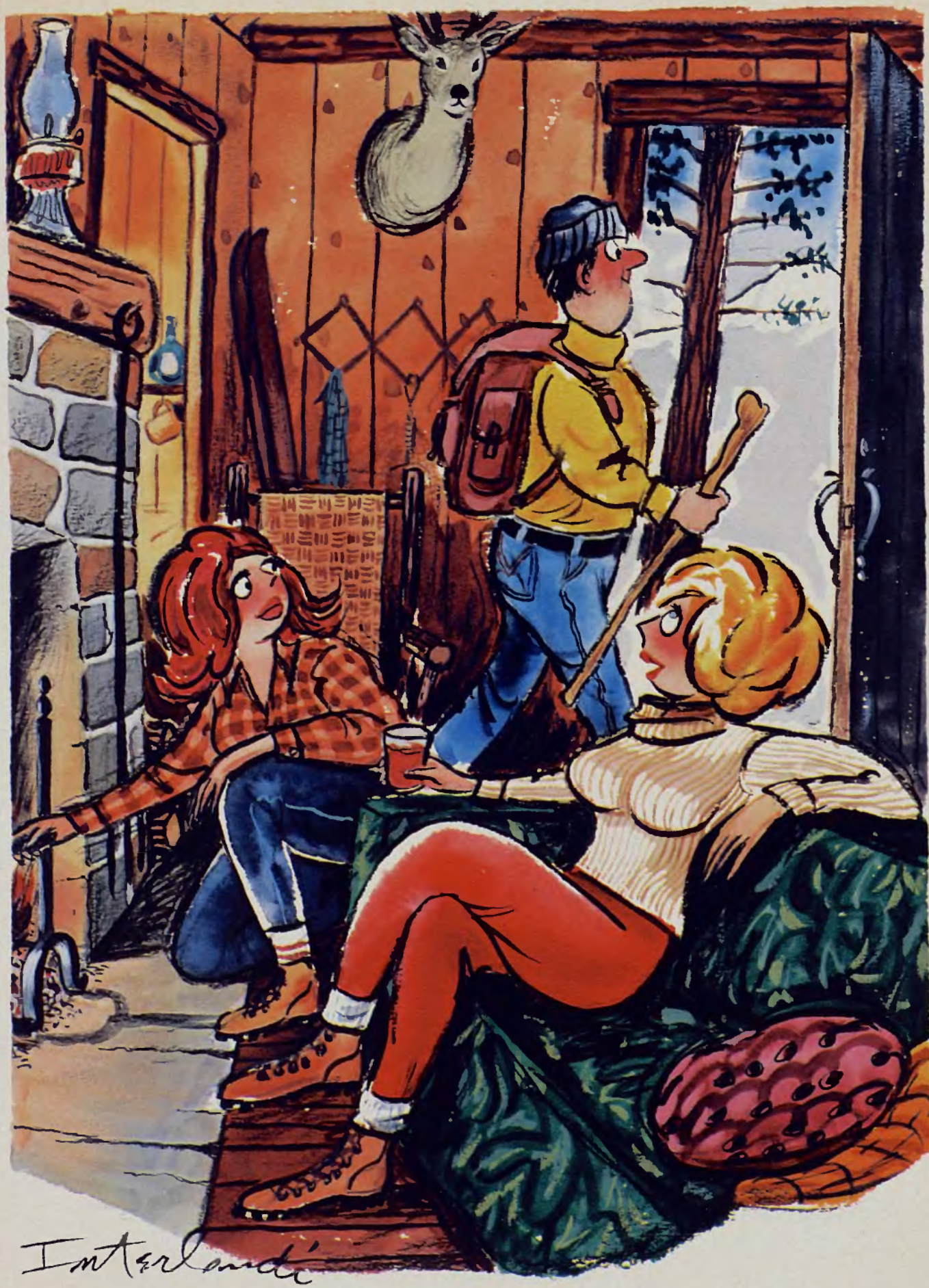
CENTERS: Scott Hastings (Arkansas), Jim Johnstone (Wake Forest), Mark McNamara (California), Randy Breuer (Minnesota), Russell Cross (Purdue), Sam Perkins (North Carolina)

GUARDS: Oliver Robinson (Alabama-Birmingham), Quintin Dailey (San Francisco), Darius Clemons (Loyola of Chicago), Paul Pressey (Tulsa), Rod Foster (UCLA), Howard Carter (Louisiana State), John Paxson (Notre Dame), Dirk Minniefield (Kentucky), Gary Carter (Tennessee), Vince Taylor (Duke), Jose Slaughter (Portland)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who'll make big contributions to their respective squads)

Pat Ewing, center	Georgetown
Eric Turner, guard	Michigan
Stuart Gray, center	UCLA
Walter Downing, center	DePaul
Greg Dreiling, center	Wichita State
Anthony Jones, forward	Georgetown
John Flowers, center	Indiana
Ennis Whatley, guard	Alabama
Bill Martin, forward	Georgetown
Manuel Forrest, forward	Louisville
Adrian Branch, forward	Maryland
Sam Vincent, guard	Michigan State
Larry Davis, forward	Southern Methodist
Greg Wiltjer, center	Oregon State
Ron Jackson, guard	Providence
Elton Webster, forward	Tulane
Bobby Lee Hurt, forward	Alabama
Mike Jordan, forward	North Carolina
Milt Wagner, guard	Louisville
Nigel Miguel, guard	UCLA
Aubrey Sherrod, guard	Wichita State
Guy Williams, forward	Washington State
Charles Johnson, forward	Texas Tech



"He's always going off on his own—and I mean always."

is one of the youngest teams in the East, and much responsibility will be shouldered by two recruits, Keith Lomax and Ron Jackson. Prayer might be the answer for the Friars.

The West Virginia Mountaineers will continue to be a collection of disciplined and unselfish players, with no star hogging the limelight. If a cure can be found for last winter's inexplicable shooting cold spells, they should climb to the Eastern Eight championship. Transfer Tony Washam and freshman Lester Rowe will give the veterans a dogfight for starting jobs.

The key to Duquesne's hopes is the return of 7'1" center Ricky Tunstall. He and blue-chip forward Bruce Atkins will give the Dukes a fearsome front court.

Rhode Island won the Eastern regular-season title in its first year in the league. That will be a hard act to follow—the recruiting campaign failed to produce a big man to replace Jimmy Wright. Sophomore Wendell Walters will try to fill the job. The bench will still be weak, and the players on it won't be so hot, either.

It took the Pittsburgh Panthers half of last season to adjust to new coach Roy Chipman, but when they finally roared, they were awesome. The continuance of that momentum depends on whether or not three new starters can master the pressure defense that confused many opponents last winter. Keep an eye on junior college transfer Roosevelt Kirby—he'll make a lot of waves.

Rutgers was a better team last year than its record showed because a lot of games went the wrong way at the buzzer. That could be reversed this season. Most of the top players return and are joined by four freshmen who are capable of being midseason stars.

St. Bonaventure's rebounding woes will be cheered by junior college transfer Rob Garbade. He and Canadian import Rob Samuels will combine with matured center Eric Stover to give the Bonnies a promising front court to go with an already excellent guard corps. The Bonnies should be a threat by tournament time.

New coach Gerry Gimelstob (who, we think, has a brilliant future) will try to resurrect a George Washington team that last year had a worse winter than George himself had at Valley Forge. Gimelstob signed high school nugget Mike Brown, who will save the Colonials from severe smallness. Seven new players are on the roster, so there could be much improvement by season's end.

Last year Massachusetts was so young that five freshmen were often starters. The same situation will occur this season. Four rookies are expected to win starting jobs. When all those youngsters grow up, new coach Tom McLaughlin should have a winner.

American University will again be the team to beat in the East Coast Conference. The Eagles were able to overcome a lack of height last season with relentless and fast-breaking basketball. They'll have the same style this year and the size problem will be reduced by the arrival of two 6'8" rookies, Andre Adams and J. D. Springer.

THE EAST

BIG EAST CONFERENCE

1. Georgetown
2. Villanova
3. St. John's
4. Connecticut
5. Boston College
6. Syracuse
7. Seton Hall
8. Providence

EASTERN EIGHT

1. West Virginia
2. Duquesne
3. Rhode Island
4. Pittsburgh
5. Rutgers
6. St. Bonaventure
7. George Washington
8. Massachusetts

EAST COAST CONFERENCE

1. American
2. St. Joseph's
3. Temple
4. Rider
5. Drexel
6. Lafayette
7. Hofstra
8. Lehigh
9. La Salle
10. Bucknell
11. West Chester State
12. Delaware

IVY LEAGUE

1. Pennsylvania
2. Harvard
3. Princeton
4. Columbia
5. Brown
6. Yale
7. Cornell
8. Dartmouth

INDEPENDENTS

1. Iona
2. Holy Cross
3. Fordham
4. Old Dominion
5. James Madison
6. Niagara
7. Penn State
8. William & Mary
9. Navy
10. Canisius
11. Manhattan
12. George Mason
13. Army

FAR EASTERN MYSTICS: Floyd, Ewing, Martin, Jones (Georgetown); Pinone, Granger (Villanova); Russell (St. John's); Thompson (Connecticut); Bagley (Boston College); Rautins (Syracuse); Callandrillo (Seton Hall); Fields (Providence); Jones (West Virginia); Atkins (Duquesne); Upshaw (Rhode Island); Wallace (Pittsburgh); Hinson (Rutgers); Jones (St. Bonaventure); Wilmington (George Washington); Green (Massachusetts); Nickens (American); Warrick (St. Joseph's); McCullough (Temple); Lee (Rider); Burkert (Drexel); Whitman (Lafayette); Blue (Lehigh); Piotrowski (La Salle); Okorodudu (Bucknell); Givens (West Chester State); Luck (Delaware); Reynolds (Pennsylvania); Fleming (Harvard); Robinson (Princeton); Burnett (Columbia); James (Brown); Graves (Yale); Lucas (Cornell); Anderson (Dartmouth); Springer, Burtt (Iona); Thurman (Holy Cross); Bona (Fordham); McAdoo, West (Old Dominion); Townes (James Madison); Siegel (Niagara); Lang (Penn State); Strayhorn (William & Mary); Brooks (Navy); Seymore (Canisius); Leonard (Manhattan); Bolden (George Mason); Spencer (Army).

St. Joseph's lacked perimeter shooting last year but still won 25, with great team play and inside scoring. Graduation took two of the Hawks' top scorers and rebounders. Most of that void will be filled by new starter Lonnie McFarlan and freshman Bob Lojewski. They should fire often and accurately, perking up St. Joe's dismal perimeter shooting.

Temple's top four players of 1980–1981 are gone, but the remaining troops might be good enough to take up the slack. Newcomer Pete Aguilar will also help. This season's success depends on how quickly the new starters blend into a unit. Maybe it's a religious problem—not many great players go to Temple anymore.

This will be the third year that Rider's top four scorers have played together. The resulting maturity and skilled interplay should make the Broncs a much-improved team.

Drexel's chances for a big season rose with the best recruiting year in school history. Even so, there is no true center on the squad, so the Dragons will have to go with three forwards.

Freshmen Karl Klinger and Kit Tramm will furnish the height so sorely needed in the Lafayette front court. The Leopards will again be very young.

Six promising new players have chosen Hofstra, giving the Flying Dutchmen much more manpower than a year ago. Forward Charles Minor is the best of the recruits.

It's time for a rebuilding year at Lehigh. Six of last campaign's nine best have graduated. An impressive junior-varsity team will have to fill the holes.

Graduation also decimated La Salle, untimely ripping away four starters. The schedule is rugged, so rookies Albert Butts and Steve Black will have to contribute right away.

Freshman Mark Janaskie could be the point guard Bucknell needs so badly. Although only two starters return, the Bisons will be much deeper and speedier than a year ago. They're not extinct just yet.

West Chester State will have to fix its defense and cut down on turnovers if last season's poor record is to be improved.

The good news at Delaware is the return from injury of celebrated last-minute shooter Tim Tompkins. He will team with high-scoring forward Ken "Stroke Of" Luck to keep the Blue Hens from laying an egg.

Pennsylvania has suffered from youthful inexperience the past two seasons, but this will be a veteran group with unaccustomed expertise. Although lacking a skyscraper at center, the Quakers look like the best bet to win the Ivy League championship. Nothing is better for them than that.

Harvard also has a shot at the league title, mostly because explosive scorer Don Fleming returns. Monroe Trout will be the best center in the league before he

(continued on page 320)

PRAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR FAR-RIGHTEOUS MEN

DECEMBER 1984 A.D.

TAX-DEDUCTIBLE CONTRIBUTION $2.50

Girls of the Moral Majority

A Sensational Fully Clothed Pictorial

To Heck and Back—24 Hours in New York City

Christ Played Hurt: A Reverent Interview with Tom Landry

Are Catholics White?

Should Women Play Tennis?

The Prayboy Philosophy: Tablets I and II

PRAYBOY

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Gun Fun P. 330

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PUBLIC LIBRARIES: MUST THEY CONTAIN BOOKS? **313**
Promiscuous reading leads to sin. The answer—empty shelves.

PRAYBOY LOOKS AT THE 1984 HANDGUN MODELS **330**
Unlicensed pleasures! The newest in Saturday-night specials.

THE PRAYBOY ADVISOR

We are born-again Christians and we have just had a baby. What we don't understand is this: Was our baby born born again or does he have to be born again?—L. P., Fredonia, New Hampshire.

Yes.

We are a God-fearing couple anxious to rid our local library of the taint of filthy, godless books. Our problem is, how can we tell which books to burn without having to read them ourselves and become filthy and tainted?—P. L., Omaha, Nebraska.

Simple—you can tell a book by its cover. There is no need whatsoever to read books with obviously filthy and godless titles. Some examples: "Black Beauty" clearly is a celebration of godless Negro radicalism. "The Red Pony" is a glorification of Communist livestock. "A Farewell to Arms" is yet another fuzzy-minded one-worlder attempt to render the U.S. a pitiful, helpless giant. "She Stoops to Conquer" speaks for itself, and of "The African Queen," the less said, the better.

ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN SATTLER

My wife and I regularly read the Bible and enjoy it very much. But one thing puzzles us. What are loins? Do we have any, or is it just people in the Bible? Bible folks always seem to be girding them up or springing from them and we would like to, too. But we don't know where they are. Can you help?—J. R., Dubuque, Iowa.

A common question. All we can say is—you do have loins. One set each. But, unfortunately, we can't tell you where they are.

I am a good, holy Christian person who has always opposed Satan, welfare mothers, the seven deadly sins, foreign aid, rum, Romanism and New York pointyheads. I feel pretty certain that the Lord has chosen me to dwell with him in everlasting bliss, but how can I be *sure*?—J. C. H., Tupelo, Mississippi.

This is a common problem even for first-rate good, holy, devout Christian nonsinners like yourself. Now, however, thanks to an exclusive arrangement available only to the publishers of PRAYBOY, *you can actually own a little piece of heaven! That's right—for only $19.99 a month,* you can actually hold in your hand clear title to a choice lot** in one of the most desirable subdivisions of Paradise. If you act now, you will receive a deed establishing your sole ownership of a specific lot, the lot number and its location—a document legally binding in every state, including heaven! And, of course, every penny you spend is tax-deductible! We're sure you'll be so pleased with this deal you'll almost wish you were dead. Just write to Prayboy Acres, Box 6969, Green Pastures, Golgotha 00010, enclosing down payment, or call toll-free, 800-555-1212, to stake your claim.****

*This is not an offer.
**One square inch.
***Prospectus on request.

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN OLSON PRODUCTIONS

WRITTEN BY TONY HENDRA / DESIGNED BY DAVID KAESTLE

THE WORLD OF PRAYBOY

in which we offer a pious look at what's doing and who's doing it

EAT, DON'T DRINK AND BE MERRY

Yet another Prayboy Club has opened its pearly gates, in Toledo, Ohio, offering a cornucopia of Christian pleasures until ten P.M. each night. So if you're in Toledo with the kids, looking for the right kind of company, a good ham supper and a clean show. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BARRETT

FROM THE CENTERFOLD TO THE FOLD

After 30 successful years of sinning, secular humanist Hugh Hefner was born again this month! Renouncing worldly goods, he donated the two famous houses to the Church and renamed them Prayboy Monastery East and West. Said Hefner: "In my Father's house are two more Mansions."

PRAYBOY INTERVIEW: GOD

a candid conversation with the convivial but conservative creator

PRAYBOY: Are You an ultraconservative?

GOD: Is Jerusalem a city? Of course. Try Me.

PRAYBOY: Let's see . . . which countries do You like?

GOD: Only America. God's country.

PRAYBOY: And what do You do for her?

GOD: I bless her. I also stand beside her and guide her, through the night with a light from above.

PRAYBOY: But what about Israel?

GOD: Brave little Israel is freedom's staunchest ally in the Middle East, a stalwart bastion against Me-less communism.

PRAYBOY: Then You support the Jewish nation?

GOD: I would like to. But, as you know, I can't hear their prayers, because they are of the Hebrew persuasion. I don't know why they won't become Baptists . . . and *I'm* omniscient! But seriously. . . .

PRAYBOY: Well, for the tiny majority of us whose prayers You *do* hear . . . how can we cleave to the path of righteousness these perilous days?

GOD: By struggling against the wicked wiles of Satan, by following My commandments and by getting back the Panama Canal. When I think of Carter giving away *Our* canal, I wax exceeding wroth! I don't know what this world is coming to, and *I* created it just 6012 years ago in seven days! As I was saying to Duke *(continued on page 182)*

"Proudest creation? The firmament. . . ."

"The beasts of the field. . . ."

"Supply-side economics. . . ."

No Porn Again

mrs. december used to bare more than her arms for satan, but now she covers up for the lord

BROADWAY used to be the address of this month's Praymate, deep in the heart of New York City's red-light Soho district. And it was Broadway that almost led to her destruction. Norma-Beth Ewan (Mrs.) spent three of her 25 years posing in the [redacted] and semi[redacted] for such godless filth as *Penthouse* and PXAYBOY. In between, she worked as an "actress," flaunting her [redacted] in [redacted]-hose and [redacted]ssiere commercials.

"The wages of sin were pretty good," regrets our now clean, neat and untempting Praymate. "I had what they call 'it all'—fast men, fast cars, designer jeans, surf 'n' turf. Heck, I even used to drink high[redacted] for breakfast." And, as if her soul weren't blighted enough, Norma-Beth spent her spare time consorting with liberals and supporting such works of Satan as women's rights ("women's *wrongs* they ought to call them") and Jimmy Carter's giveaway of the Panama Canal. And once, admits our unprovocative Mrs. December, she even fell so low as to spend a night with a man who was neither her husband, her father nor her son.

Then it happened. On a visit to relatives in Ohio, Norma-Beth's tiny imported car was totaled by that of local preacher David Picker Ewan. Every bone in Norma-Beth's [redacted] was broken, while the reverend walked away with only a nasty shock and a dented fender.

"The Reverend Ewan came to visit me many times in the hospital," remembers our Praymate. "It was he who showed me that if you were full of sin, God would punish you, but that if you were free of it, He would protect you and your car from all harm."

The tall blond evangelist was, of course, to become Norma-Beth's first and only husband, and to this day she refers to him as Reverend Ewan. "Even in the privacy of our [redacted]room," giggles Norma-Beth.

Now, instead of "making out" and having "dates," she is happy baking pies and having kids. Does she worry about being tempted to go back to her old life and not to make the dishes sparkle?

"I'm too busy to worry," says our Mrs. December. "There's always something in the oven."

CATEFOLO PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BARRETT

COMMANDMENTS
THE BIBLE
BIBLE STORIES
STILL MORE BIBLE STORIES

PRAYBOY'S PRAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MRS. DECEMBER

PRAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: _____

BUST: _____ WAIST: Heaven forbid!! HIPS: _____

HEIGHT: _____ WEIGHT: _____ SIGN: _____

BIRTH DATE: _____ BIRTHPLACE: _____

TURN-ONS: Not turning on.

TURN-OFFS: People who call me Ms., the UN, prepared cake mixes, godless communism, unsightly wax build-up, redwood forests, ring around the collar, Calvin jeans.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Deuteronomy, Kings, Revelations, Ecclesiastes, The Joy of Cooking.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Lawrence Welk, The Gospeleers, Bob Zimmerman.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Baking, broiling, sautéing.

PRAYBOY'S PURITY JOKES

Seems these two liberals went back to her place and indulged in fornication. Just as the two sinners reached that moment of sexual union which is only permitted in holy matrimony, a truck crashed into her house and killed them dead and they both went to hell.

Why do all angels fly in circles? Because in heaven there's no left wing.

A wealthy television evangelist was dying in his mansion, and his flock gathered round to ask him for his last wish. "Before I die," he said, "I would like to take a ride." And they asked the rich pastor what he required for that final ride before entering the kingdom of heaven. And he said, "I would like a *very small* camel and a *very large* needle."

Teacher: "Johnny, use the word damnation in a sentence."

Johnny: "The worst damnation is the Soviet Union."

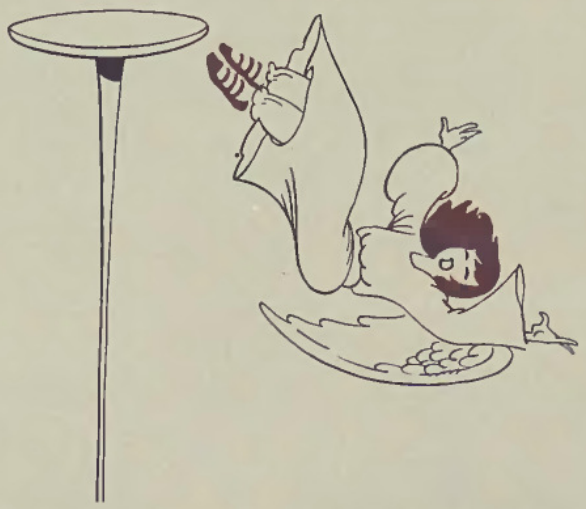
Teacher: "That's right, but wash out your mouth."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *the new math* as a religious service conducted by homosexual priests.

Misconception—a dear whose time has come.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *aftershock* as finding liberals in heaven.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Democratic Convention* as an immoral sexual congress.



Chastitique—the Ultimate in High Fidelity

Domestic defense is probably the major item in any PRAYBOY reader's family budget. Expensive surveillance and defense systems protect your house, car and other worldly goods. But what about your most prized possession—your wife? Is *she* protected against breaking and entering? More importantly—can her lusts be trusted?

Recent research by Christian doctors, many with degrees, have established that changes in heat, size, color and moisture of certain female zones indicate the presence of sin—even when the head of the household is away from home.

Chastitique, a sin-surveillance system using the same materials and electronics that guarantee our national security, takes the worry out of being far. Chastitique's space-age technology ensures that the Eve in your life is securely defended round the clock against both external foreign aggression and internal disloyalty.

Give her the gift that keeps on *not* giving. A humble $29.95, from the Grumman Girdle Division of Connecticut.

Chastitique's portable earth station lets you monitor, unnoticed, your better half's arousal level by remote control. If your beeper signals trouble, flick the lust-mode adjuster and you'll automatically release enough coolant to douse the crackling flames of Satan up to 263,000 miles away!

GARMENT FABRICATION BY MARIKAESTLE AND ANN TENENBAUM / PHOTOGRAPHY BY DICK FRANK

SUNKEN WOMAN

(continued from page 199)

"He touched her small, cold, limp hand. 'Will you let me see you sometime, Lisel?' "

nervously with the driver. He was making a mistake, one of the serious mistakes of his life, yet he had to obey her—he was immensely flattered that she had called him, that she had even remembered him. Beautiful "Lisel," who had been so absurdly famous, locally, for a few months. Lisel the underground film star, Lisel the model, the party girl, the victim. . . . She had been the most prominent member of Myron Falk's entourage at a time when Falk's fame was at its height. And although Constantine certainly scorned these people, he could not help but be impressed by them.

Constantine had seen her at one of Falk's notorious parties, but he had not met her at that time; he hadn't met her until some time later, when the circumstances of her life were much changed. She had been ill, she was recovering slowly, staying with a friend of his—Rachel Schiller—who vowed that she would "save" Lisel from the people who were destroying her. They gave her amphetamines, they gave her barbiturates. They filmed her in the most outrageous—the most pathetic—activities. Pornography with style, Falk stated, was no longer pornography but art.

Lisel had gone to stay with Rachel when very weak from an abortion forced on her (so it was said) by a wealthy Peruvian, some time after Falk had dropped her. Constantine had seen them together one evening at a party in a midtown gallery. *Then* she had looked simply intimidating: tall and bony and arrogant in her posture (shoulders slumped, pelvis lifted) as a fashion model, dressed in something sleekly plain and obviously very expensive. Constantine had watched her for a long time, threading his way through the crowd. The Peruvian was dark-skinned and quite handsome; easily 30 years her senior; he had a habit, which did not fail to exite Constantine, of gripping Lisel's upper arm and squeezing it as he spoke, as if for emphasis. (Lisel, light-boned as a bird, the coloring of her face all bled into her pale red hair, simply stood beside him in her very high heels, mute as always. Her face might have registered something—might even have registered pain—but the emotion did no more than ripple across the surface of her flawless skin, as if rippling across water.)

The Peruvian owned millions of acres of forest in South America. So people said. He was married—naturally—and had children Lisel's age; he certainly would *not* marry her: So people said, with both anger and gratification. Constantine had not known her then, not even to say hello and shake her hand. Not even to thrust himself upon her. (For he was a "collector" of oddities—a playwright, he liked to say, and therefore an acquisitive man—eager to hear and to appropriate any voice. Lisel's intimidating silence had made a more profound impression on him than the voices—even the unrehearsed, unself-conscious voices—of his most intimate friends.) He had watched her that evening as closely as he dared, and he had thought quite calmly that he *might* fall in love with her: She was more than beautiful; she was soulless. It had always been women's souls that had interfered with Constantine's virility—even when the "virility" was prodigiously challenged.

Lisel with her downcast gray gaze, listening to no one and yet clearly hearing everything. Hearing his name—hearing something in his voice. While Rachel and Kirk and Meredith and the others chattered importantly (they were trying to get Lisel a job as an art-school model when she felt stronger—it would be less demanding than fashion modeling—and Kirk had a close friend at the Lexington School of Fine Arts, a friend who owed him a favor), Constantine had spoken gently to her, as one might speak to a frightened child. He learned from her that she was from Nebraska—but she hadn't any family there now. Was she lonely in New York? She had been introduced to so many hundreds of people, at so many parties, how could she fail to be lonely . . . ? Constantine knew what those people were like. He knew what those parties were like.

He touched her small, cold, limp hand. In a low voice, he said impulsively, "Will you let me see you sometime, Lisel? When you're well, when you've moved out of Rachel's apartment? I promise I won't—— I promise. . . ." But his voice trailed off, to his extreme embarrassment.

Lisel stared at him for a long moment. She said nothing. But very faintly, almost imperceptibly, she smiled.

•

Now the taxi pulled up to the curb. Constantine paid the driver with a five-dollar bill—he was that wildly nervous, that rushed.

He hurried into the foyer of the brownstone and pushed the inner door open and, of course, it was not locked. The lock had been broken. Inside, the stairwell smelled of urine. No one was around. He heard nothing. She had told him the second floor—they were on the second floor—he paused to listen, but there was no sound——

Lisel?

Why on earth had he come here——

He was nearly sick with apprehension. He ascended the stairs, gripping the railing; he knew he was making a mistake. If there had been a murder—— If the police——

He tried the doorknob; the door wasn't locked. His heart was hammering fiercely. It *was* a mistake, and yet he couldn't turn back—this must be what he had wanted.

"Hello—? Is anyone—?"

He shoved the door roughly open and stepped inside and saw a man lying on a sofa, half-dressed, evidently unconscious; and a girl seated cross-legged on the floor in front of him. No one moved. There was no sound except the man's labored breath. The slatted light—the light of a December afternoon when the sun begins to swerve away at three o'clock—gave to the scene an extraordinary dreamlike quality. Constantine saw shapes but not their precise outlines. He felt presences but could not, in his alarm, identify them.

He would not have identified Lisel, in fact. He would not have known her at all.

The unconscious man was bleeding from a head wound. He looked deathly pale: His skin was leaden and bluish. The girl on the floor in front of him sat in a half-lotus position, cupping her bare feet in her hands. She did not look at Constantine directly. But he saw how her eyes slanted toward him. She *almost* acknowledged him. . . .

Oh, God, Constantine thought. His heartbeat was overwhelming.

•

He slammed the door behind him. So that no one could look in.

The scene will always replay itself. Fluid, gone wild, indecipherable. A lifetime of images—hurried scenes—faces—words—with what meaning? One moment he was hurrying from a taxi (paying with a five-dollar bill—clearly an act of bravado he would cherish all his life), the next saw him pushing open a door to a stranger's apartment.

A man who might be dead, or dying. A blood-soaked sofa.

Lisel rocking dreamily from side to side on the floor in front of the sofa.

Constantine stared, too astonished to speak. He saw odd, distracting details: the pale red-blonde hairs on the girl's legs, the almost invisible silky down; an overturned ashtray on the floor beside

(continued on page 340)

so long, scott and zelda—hello, peter and cheryl

article

By LAURENCE SHAMES

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, the American Dream:

The scene is Montauk, a fabled and historic spot on the extreme eastern verge of Long Island, one of those magic places whose very name suggests lobster bibs, yachting caps, the swelling splendor of the sea. The time is late afternoon on a perfect summer's day, the sun going slightly hazy, the breeze beginning to wheel offshore. We are on a little-traveled road, a gravelly affair that smells of salt and honeysuckle. The road has no name and leads nowhere except to the handful of estates that occupy The Cliffs—those privileged perches facing south across the Atlantic, with nothing this side of Bermuda to impede the view. The road is silent except for the occasional chatter of locusts.

Suddenly, though, the afternoon stillness is shattered by the revving of an engine being pumped and primed with splendid indifference to the latest EPA mileage figures. The vehicle comes screaming around a curve, and we see that it is the inevitable car for a road like that—a Mercedes convertible, topless and sleek—and, moreover, that its inhabitants are the classic fantasy-fulfilling complements to that sort of machine. The driver is a woman. Her face is not only killer-diller but famous, recognizable even in the shade of a vast straw hat and a pair of sunglasses large enough to cast entire Western counties into shadow. She is so tall as to suggest a new phase of evolution, and she is barelegged; muscles twitch above her knee as she rocks her foot back onto the accelerator. In the passenger seat is an ageless man with a suntan the color of rosewood. His even-featured face is right out of the *Preppy Handbook*, but sun, surf and decadence have weathered it to a more durable handsomeness. He is wearing a Hawaiian shirt with none of the buttons done; he's sitting with his bare feet on the dashboard, as assured and imperturbable as a pampered cat.

One glance at this pair is enough to let you know they have just dined on oysters and champagne and, further, that this has been their breakfast.

In a moment, the vision has departed. The car has whizzed by and disappeared beyond another curve. The road is now wreathed in a fine and sandy dust, but somehow one knows that the dirt will not dare settle on the golden pair who have just passed by, nor even on their gorgeous car; no, there are certain apparitions, certain species of confidence and loveliness, that the very grit of the earth respects and will not violate.

Through the sandy haze, though, one begins to doubt the reality of what has just occurred. It was a little too perfect, jibed a little too thoroughly with our wildest daydreams of luxury and escape. Did it actually happen?

Yes, indeed, it did.

The woman behind the wheel was Cheryl Tiegs—mannequin, pinup girl, erstwhile TV personality, cultural icon and mainstream madonna. Her passenger, and husband, was Peter Beard—photographer, conservationist, inheritor of giddy wealth, grand-scale eccentric. They were driving down that road because they live at the end of it, in the easternmost house on all of Long Island, as close as you can get to Europe without a passport.

Yes, it all sounds like fantasy, that's true; but it happens to be the way they live. And if the American Dream may be said to take place against a background of that sort of weather in those sorts of places, and to consist of a heady blend of excitement and illusion, accomplishment and hype, flaming successes and the secret disappointments that lend pathos even to the most glittering of lives, then Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beard are it.

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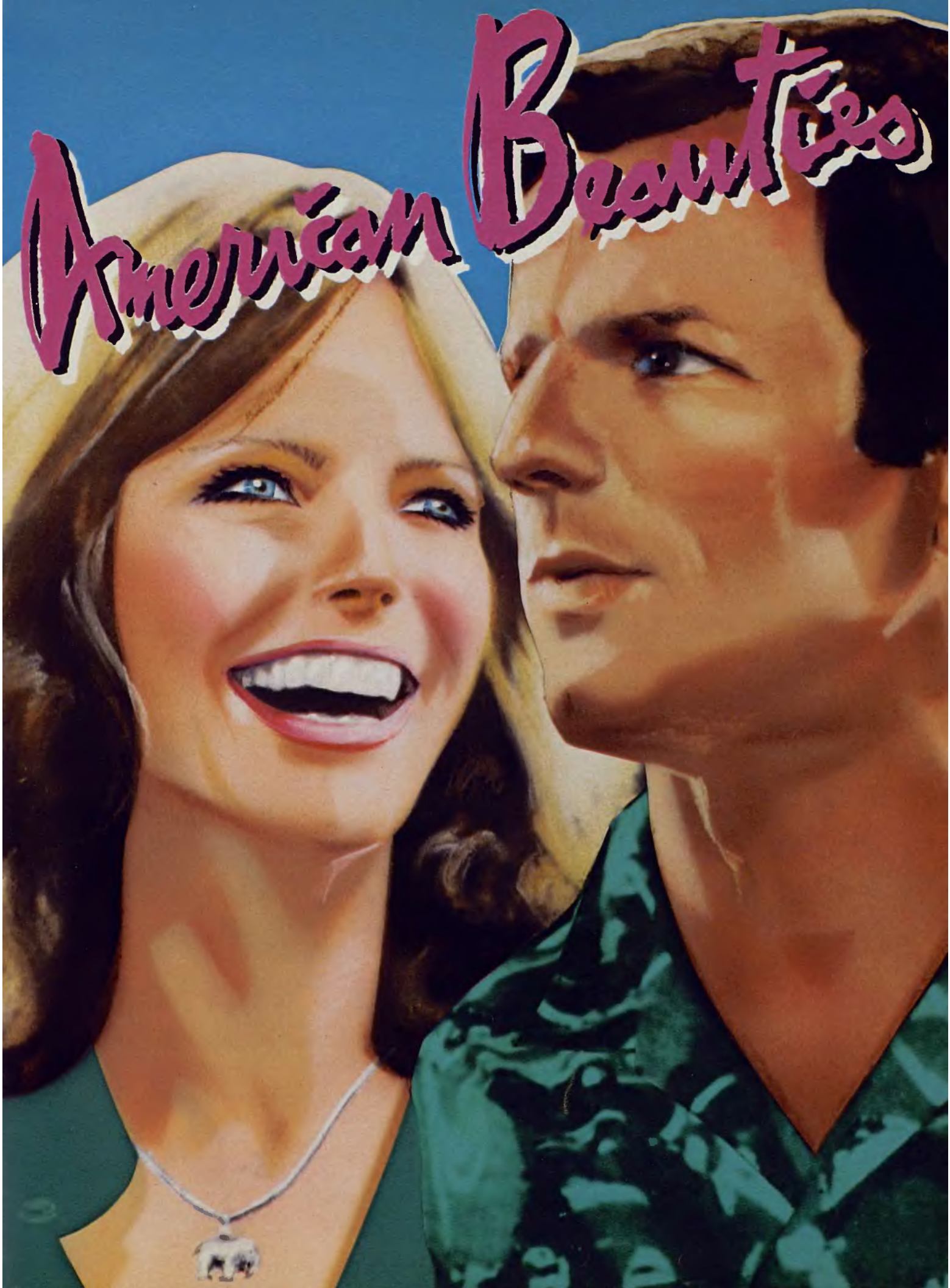
Fittingly enough—since we are dealing with a tale that is spangled with the trappings of wish fulfillment and wrapped in tendrils of the Dream—Cheryl Tiegs and Peter Beard met on television.

Well, not exactly *on* television, but in the course of making a television show, back in 1978. Tiegs, who up till then had been a highly successful print model and had recently hit it huge with the famous bikini poster, was in the process of trying to become 3-D in the eyes of the world, and ABC had obliged her with a multiyear contract. As the sweet fates decreed, all this happened at a time when the network had decided to produce a *(continued on page 230)*

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD BERNSTEIN


American Beauties

AND THE PLAYMATES SING

our captivating centerfold carolers make their national television debut on a george burns christmas special

EVERYBODY KNOWS that Santa doesn't smoke cigars. So the puffer in the picture above must be our old friend George Burns. You can be sure it's George because his taste in reindeer is much better than Santa's. The ten-pointers he has selected are none other than The Playmates, a troupe of five PLAYBOY centerfold stars (from left above, Kelly Tough, Heidi Sorenson, Michele Drake, Anne Randall and Sondra Theodore). The ensemble will land on your rooftops (via your TV antennas) on Monday, November 16, on the NBC-TV *George Burns' Early, Early, Early Christmas Special*.

The lively octogenarian and his antlered entourage will be sharing the spotlight that night with a couple of heavies: Bob Hope, in fine comedic form despite his youth, and Ann-Margret, the ageless actress-entertainer who holds the patent on sizzle. If that's not enough to command your attendance, we can tell you that George says to watch it. *(text concluded on page 280)*

All that beauty and talent, too: The roster for The Playmates on the NBC-TV George *Burns' Early, Early, Early Christmas Special* is (clockwise from immediately above) Heidi Sorenson (Miss July 1981), Sondra Theodore (Miss July 1977), Michele Drake (Miss May 1979), Kelly Tough (Miss October 1981) and Anne Randall (Miss May 1967). In rehearsal for the Burns special (left), our ladies join George in one of his engaging specialties, an old vaudeville sand dance—to the unlikely tune *I Ain't Got Nobody.*

You won't see Heidi Sorenson (above left) or Kelly Tough (below) like this on television. But then, that's TV's problem. When fellow guest Bob Hope (top center) was introduced to The Playmates backstage, he od-libbed, "George has all the luck." Later, the host let Sondra and Kelly (above center) have a hit off one of his trademark cigars—the legendary El Producto Queen. "They cost 30 cents apiece," George said with a wink. "Three of the country's smartest doctors told me to stop smoking. Two of them are dead and the third one isn't feeling so good."

The Playmates began as a bit of spontaneous harmonizing between Sondra (far right) and Nicki Thomas (Miss March 1977). Kelly (above) joined a year ago, while Anne (right) dropped in for the TV special. The group has evolved into a professional act with a repertoire from country to jazz, from old standards to New Wave. Keep your ears open.

Burns was so impressed with the girls (above, left to right, Sondra, Michele, Anne, Kelly and Heidi) that he added a number to the show, *My Body Keeps Changing My Mind;* it's a sentiment to which we can all relate. "He showed such confidence in us, we were never nervous," said Michele (above right). "We rehearsed for five days straight. He drilled us constantly. He was very concerned about timing. Finally, he said, 'It's great. I love it. Let's do it.' He was so terrific, we wanted to do it right." By all accounts, they did. Make sure your VCR is warmed up.

 (continued from page 224)

"Those who probed a centimeter beneath the skin found that Beard and Tiegs made an unlikely pair."

show called *Africa: The End of the Game*, loosely based on Beard's book, which had been based on his two-decade obsession with the tragic mismanagement of African wildlife, particularly elephants. Tiegs got the nod as the pretty face that would make palatable the rather gruesome truths contained in Beard's vision, and the crew took off for the Dark Continent.

Now, we will here resist the temptation to limn scenes of tent hopping in the savanna, of passion among the wildebeests and dik-diks; suffice it to say that, as a setting for dream romance, the wilds of Africa outscore even the Montauk cliffs. And by the time the returning ABC jet touched down in New York, Tiegs was wearing an elephant pendant around her neck and the golden pair were an item.

This was a tad awkward, as Tiegs was married at the time—to adman-turned-director-turned–cocaine arrestee Stan Dragoti. But love conquers all, including marriage; offering the world the laconic explanation "One never knows in life" and demonstrating a downright Mozartean ease of transition, Tiegs moved from California to Manhattan, where she bivouacked at the stately Hotel Carlyle, and where she and Beard were what the more polite papers refer to as constant companions. Thus it remained until the splendiferous couple were wed this past May. (Beard, by the way, had also been previously married, to Newport socialite Minnie Cushing, but had been his own man again for more than a decade.)

From the very beginning, Tiegs and Beard had been darlings of the gossip columnists and *paparazzi*, who stalked them at Studio 54 and similar haunts, and who agreed that the glowing duo classed up any gathering to which they lent their presence. Those who probed even a centimeter beneath the skin, however, could not help acknowledging that, in some ways, at least, the photographer and the model made a rather unlikely pair. Oh, they looked smashing together, they seemed to get along—but there were some rather striking discrepancies in their, ahem, socioeconomic backgrounds. As the old song says, two different worlds, they came from two different worlds.

The world that Beard had come from was the one in which old money talks and nobody walks. Beard's great-grandfather, James J. Hill, was one of the 19th Century's great railroad magnates, known out of their relatives' earshot as robber barons. Another member of Beard's far-flung clan—Pierre Lorillard IV, the tobacco maven—built and for many years presided over Tuxedo Park, the posh New York State village that has been called "the nonpareil of the secluded enclaves of the rich." (Tuxedo Park, by the way, was not named in honor of the tuxedo. It was the other way around, and, in fact, it was *another* of Beard's relations, a fashion plate known as Uncle Griswold, who, back in 1886, first sported the set of abbreviated tails that have since come to be synonymous with opening nights and upscale *bar mitzvahs* everywhere. Tuxedo itself—the word, that is—has a quaint but unglamorous origin, being an esoteric term for wolf.) Anyway, by the time Peter came along, the rugged business of dynasty building had long been completed and the basic family traditions—Yale and prudent investing, for example—had long been set. The bright young man had absorbed culture through his pores. He had entree anywhere. He had the resources to do anything; motivation is another story, but we'll get to that.

Cheryl Tiegs, on the other hand, was a child of the suburbs, a product of the world of mortgage payments, Chevrolets and little squares of lawn, and she was imbued by her upwardly aiming context with motivation to burn. She *knew* there was more gusto to be grabbed than Alhambra, California, afforded her; she ached to know what dazzling treasure had been stashed behind door number three. Not that little Cheryl lacked for much as a child—her family, in fact, was thoroughly comfortable. It's just that the rather blah realities of suburban life fell somehow short of the excitement and glamor of a young girl's dreams. Tiegs's father was a mortician. Her mother helped pretty up the corpses by working in a florist shop. Nothing ever seemed to *move* around the Tiegs household, and maybe that's why modeling—*still* photography, holding a pose—came so naturally to Cheryl, why she chose it as her escape route to a livelier life.

And God knows she went after it with a passion. While still in high school, she strutted for free in fashion shows at local department stores. She took charm lessons. She took *commercial* lessons, practicing for hours to master the knack of a sincere expression. At 17, she registered as an English major at California State College in Los Angeles, but this seems to have been purely a holding action; as soon as the modeling offers started getting serious—which they did in her freshman year—it was bye-bye, higher ed: The real world was beckoning, success was looming large and no way was the suburban lovely about to waste the best years of her life discussing onomatopoeia. She dropped out of school and into the jet set.

Thus, the union of Peter Beard and Cheryl Tiegs may be seen as a slightly wacky intertwining of blue-blooded and red-blooded versions of the Dream, a collision of literary forms. Beard, gentleman polemicist and somewhat disaffected aristocrat out of a gated village and the Ivy League, could easily pass for a character from Fitzgerald; Tiegs, working girl par excellence out of Alhambra High and a fly-by-night modeling school in Pasadena, is a natural as the heroine of a bourgeois fantasy dreamed up by a staff writer at *Seventeen*. How, then, did it happen that these two disparate characters ended up as prince and princess of the same romantic tale? What force was powerful enough to bond them into a single story?

Money alone couldn't do it, as any *nouveau riche* who has tried to leap into the *haut monde* could surely tell you. It's safe to conclude that it wasn't a burning communion of intellectual pursuits. No, there is only one force basic, mighty and sweepingly democratic enough to have brought these two together. Helen of Troy knew what it was; Grace Kelly also knew what it was; and as things turned out, the *paparazzi* knew, too.

It's called beauty.

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Still, we are all victims of our upbringing, and if we take a closer look at what each member of our golden couple does, and how, it's clear that they've both been stamped by the circumstances in which they came of age.

Peter Beard, 43, is a perennial amateur and dilettante. If those words sound deprecating, it's only because their original meaning is wasted on us slobs who work for a living. An amateur, after all, is just a guy who isn't scrambling for a buck; a dilettante is someone who pursues what delights him. What delights Beard is taking pictures, keeping diaries, writing about ecology and piecing together weirdly beautiful books that don't make best-seller lists and that probably lose money for all concerned. What seems to delight him even more—and is perhaps where his real gift and true

(continued on page 268)

Kliban's

DANCERS

remember when loving couples held each other and danced? now dancing couples hold each other and love

SEX STARS OF 1981

here you are: a bit of brooke, a dash of derek and an order of miles to go, plus other faces and figures worth a long look this year

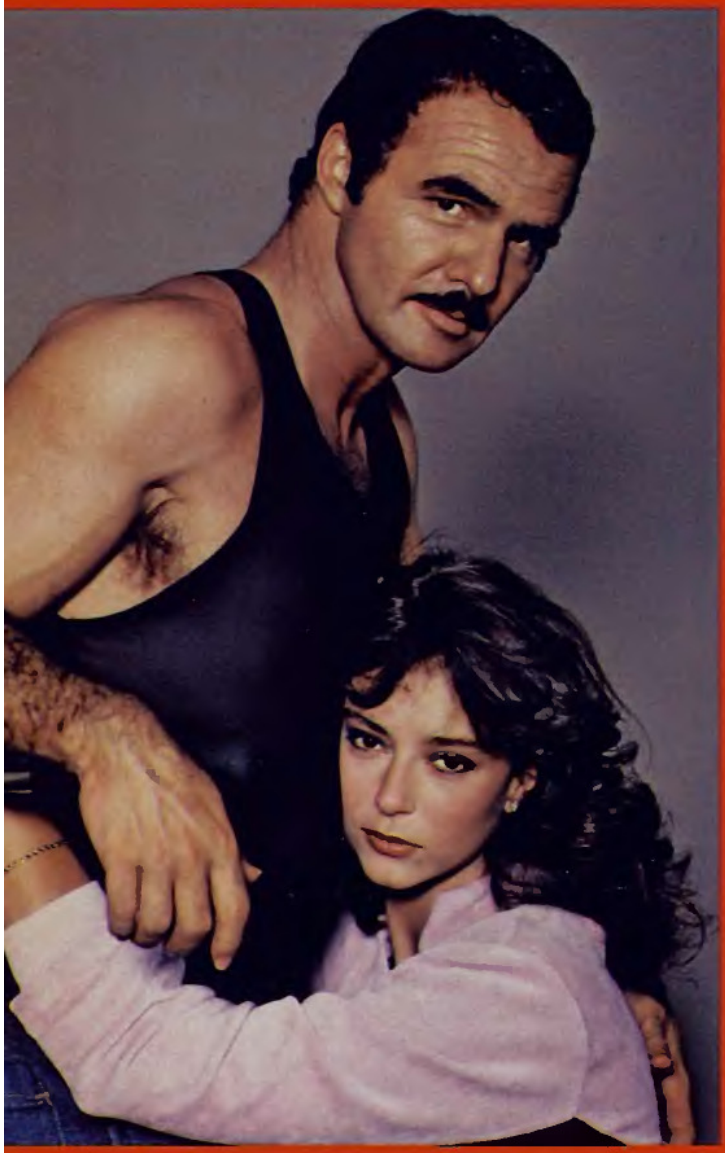
pictorial essay By JIM HARWOOD

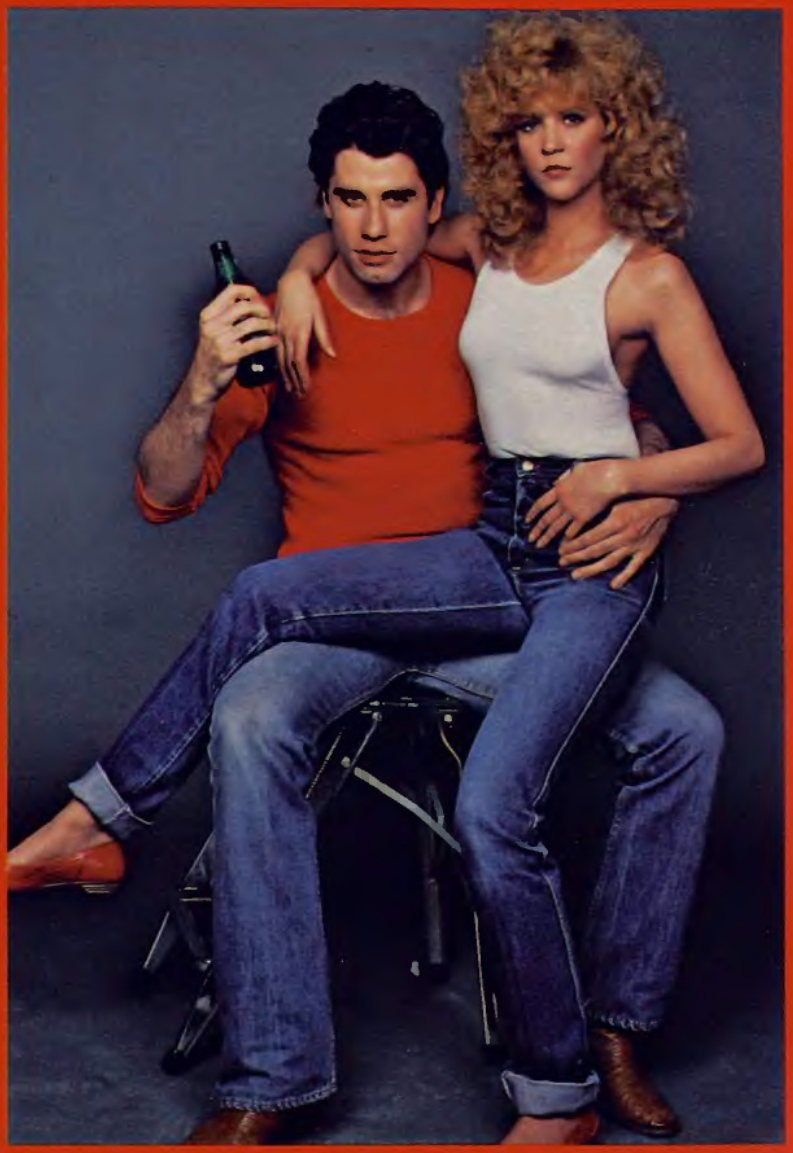
YEAR AFTER YEAR, ever since she was a small child, **Brooke Shields** has ranked in the big leagues of sex stardom, all the while insisting she has barely had a date in real life and would be content to remain a virgin until she marries—sometime in her 20s. Yet here she is again in 1981, writhing through *Endless Love* with a look of sheer abandon on her beautiful little face. Director **Franco Zeffirelli** finally explained why—offcamera, he was pinching Brooke's beautiful big toe until it hurt enough to get the look he wanted. And that, dear fans, is how sex stars are created, if not made.

On the other hand, this year's other repeat goddess, **Bo Derek**, looked as if somebody should have pinched her toe, or something, in *Tarzan, the Ape Man*, a remake that swung far above critical arrows to prove again that Bo's body in sufficient proportions is a solid box-office attraction. *Tarzan*, in fact, earned more bucks in its opening week than any other film in MGM history. A PLAYBOY pictorial, we modestly suggest, probably helped.

Thanks to the obvious attributes of Bo, Brooke and some of the other sex stars of 1981, we were not limited this year to the question, Is Schizo Sexy?—a provocative puzzler posed by such other big hits as *Superman II*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Blake* *(text continued on page 274)*

DYNAMIC TRIO: And here they are, folks, the stars whose sex appeal lured you past the turnstiles and into movie theaters in 1981. Christopher Reeve (left), he of manly chest, curly lock, dimples and irresistible smile, reprised his dual role as Man of Steel and Clark Kent in *Superman II*; Bo Derek (above right) rendered Miles O'Keeffe (and half the men in the audience) speechless in *Tarzan, the Ape Man*; and Brooke Shields (right) kept on exuding her blend of Lolita and Lorelei to overcome everything critics could say of *Endless Love*.



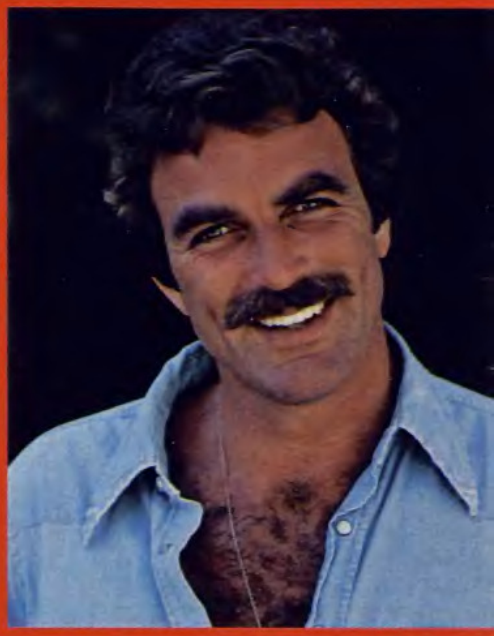


CHEMISTRY 101: Something definitely clicks when these couples get together onscreen (and sometimes off). Above left, Burt Reynolds with his new reel- (not real-) life lady, Rachel Ward, here as they appear in *Sharky's Machine*; above right, John Travolta and Nancy Allen, his co-star in the political thriller *Blow Out*—directed by her husband, Brian De Palma, who first teamed them in *Carrie* back in 1976. Left, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*'s derring-duo, Harrison Ford and Karen Allen; and right, the screen's steamiest man-and-wife combination, Jayne and Leon Isaac Kennedy, who star together in his remake of the classic *Body and Soul*.

SEXY AS EVER: Brooke Shields and her fellow nymphets notwithstanding, moviegoers are not about to put these more durable attractions out to pasture. Bruce Dern (above left) singed the screen with his ardor for Maud Adams in *Tattoo*; Angie Dickinson (above right), who still has men breathing heavily from 1980's *Dressed to Kill*, starred this year in a California avocado ad campaign ("Would this body lie to you?"); James Caan (below right) played a loner turned family man in *Thief* and both father and son in Claude Lelouch's film *Ins and Outs*, in which he stars opposite Geraldine Chaplin. Valerie Perrine (below left), glimpsed all too briefly in *Superman II*, is seen to better advantage in *The Border* (not to mention a provocative pictorial in PLAYBOY's August issue).

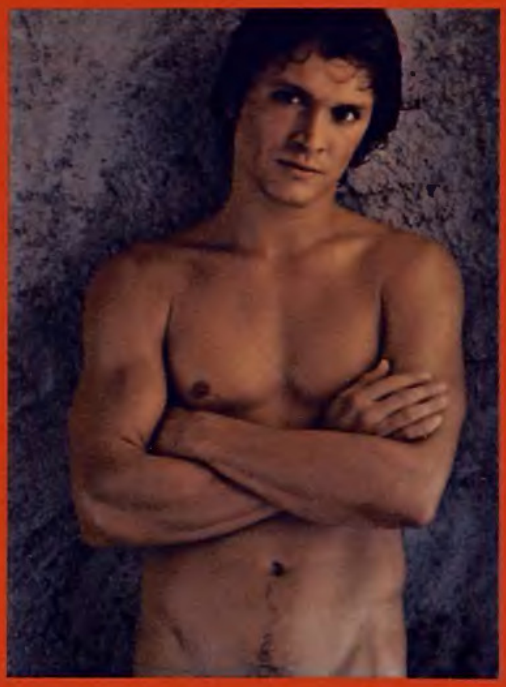
DAMSELS IN DISTRESS: Endangered females inspire scenarists just as much today as they did in the era of *The Perils of Pauline*. Examples: Maud Adams (above left), Bruce Dern's human canvas in *Tattoo*; Margot Kidder (above), the plucky but constantly imperiled Lois Lane of *Superman II*; Nastassia Kinski, hapless heroine of *Tess* (above right, in a shot from *Stay as You Are*); Jamie Lee Curtis, who has based a whole film career on surviving attacks (but is less lucky in NBC-TV's *Portrait of a Centerfold: The Dorothy Stratten Story*, below right); Barbara Bach (cooling off below), who was pulled around by her hair in *Caveman* by Ringo Starr but tied the knot with him anyway; and Elisabeth Brooks (below left), who proved worthy of note (and lycanthropic attention) in her first movie, *The Howling*.

DANGEROUS DAMES: On the other hand, the tough broad is also an enduring species. Kathleen Turner (above) seduces William Hurt into offing her spouse in *Body Heat*; Barbara Carrera (right) plays a Mickey Spillane moll in *I, the Jury*; and Sandahl Bergman (below) portrays Valeria, the queen of thieves, in *Conan*.



ALL THIS AND LAUGHTER, TOO: What's sex (or, for that matter, cinema) without a sense of humor to lighten things up? Bernadette Peters (above), PLAYBOY's cover girl this month, is one of America's most enchanting comediennes; her latest role, in *Pennies from Heaven*, calls, however, for a darker mood. Julie Andrews (below right) grins and bares it in hubby Blake Edwards' *S.O.B.*, blackest Hollywood satire ever; and Dudley Moore (below left) is a lovable dipso in *Arthur*.

THE TV SET: Fastest route to fame these days is often via the tube. *Magnum, P.I.*'s Tom Selleck (left) is soon to star (opposite Jane Curtin) in the teleflick *Divorce Wars*; Andrew Stevens and Morgan (*Flamingo Road*) Fairchild (near and far right) are paired in the forthcoming theatrical release *The Seduction*. (We like to think of Andrew, star of *The Bastard* miniseries, as part of the family; his mom, Stella, was Miss January 1960.) Linda Evans (below right, looking remarkably like her successor as Mrs. John Derek), enlivens the cast of *Dynasty*, while the prime-time princesses of *Dallas* are Victoria Principal (below center), who's reputed to pull down $25,000 an episode, and Charlene Tilton (bottom left). Jane Seymour (left center) was the incarnation of erotic evil in television's lavish re-creation of *East of Eden*; she also appeared in *Amadeus* on Broadway.

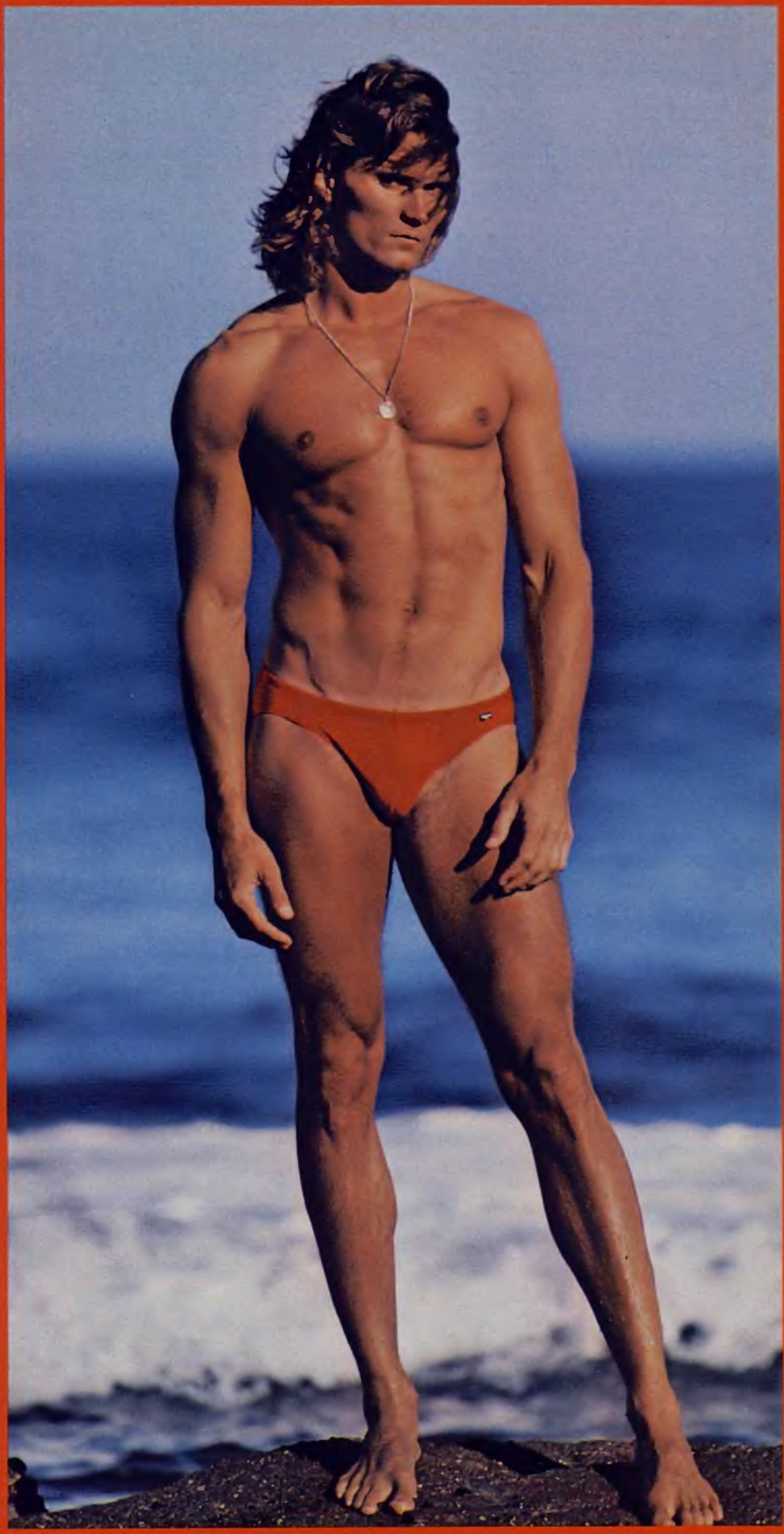


BREAKING OUT: This was a banner year for these three stars. Susan Sarandon (left), who has always been something special in our book, scored as a spunky waitress and would-be casino dealer in *Atlantic City*. William Hurt (above) was on view in three films: *Altered States*, *Eyewitness* and (as he appears here) *Body Heat*. And ex-model Jessica Lange shed, once and for all, the vapid image she had gained in Dino De Laurentiis' lavish *King Kong* rehash with her portrayal of Cora in a far spicier remake, *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (below).

COMING ACROSS: What the transcontinental traffic will bare is still a good deal, judging from these shots of Jack Thompson (above), who, unfortunately for his female fans, revealed far less as the lawyer in Australia's much-lauded *Breaker Morant*; France's Isabelle Huppert (above right), seen in *Heaven's Gate*, *Every Man for Himself* and *Loulou*; Brazil's Sonia Braga (right), tagged by *Newsweek* "the most life-enhancing movie star in the world"; France's Isabelle Adjani (below, in a scene from *Quartet*, for her work in which, along with that in *Possession*, she won Best Actress laurels at Cannes); Yank Sydne Rome (below left), who stars in such foreign fare as *Looping*; and Sylvia Kristel (above left), who's currently in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS: Things are looking up for Kim (*Hard Country*) Basinger (left); Robbin Young (above left), winner, in the PLAYBOY–United Artists' James Bond contest, of a role in *For Your Eyes Only*; Playmate Missy Cleveland (above right), seen in *Blow Out*, *True Confessions* and *Cheech & Chong's Next Movie*; Playmate of the Year Terri

Welles (below), who's in the movie *Looker* (now, *that's* typecasting for you); and the strong and oh-so-silent Miles O'Keeffe (right), who uttered nary a word in *Tarzan, the Ape Man* but inflamed dames all the same.



"Let's go home and I'll let you unwrap me."

the better tail

from *Latyšskie Nardodnye Skazki: Skazki O Zivotnyx*, Riga, 1965

ONE DAY a rabbit decided to get married, so that his life would be easier. For some time, his eye had been on a peasant's daughter. He had observed her carrying buckets of water from the river on a yoke, the water sloshing on her homespun blouse, making the material transparent and exposing her rigid little nipples.

"Oh, for a nibble," he mused longingly, "for one little nibble!"

He asked a bear to act as matchmaker and sent him to the peasant's cottage to ask for the girl's hand in marriage.

After hearing the rabbit's generous proposal, the girl said disdainfully, "No, I won't marry the rabbit."

"Why won't you?" asked the bear.

"Well, to be perfectly frank," she answered, "his tail is too short."

"But, my dear, the length doesn't matter. It is quality rather than quantity that counts. Believe me, I myself have seen the rabbit twitch young ladies into ecstasies."

"No, it won't do. In my dreams, I've seen the tail I desire. It is long and quite unlike the rabbit's poor little wisp of fuzz. Let's not talk about it anymore. Good day, Mr. Bear."

The gossip soon circulated among the animals that the peasant's daughter had refused to marry the rabbit because his tail was too short. This rumor reached the ears of the wolf.

"If the peasant's daughter won't marry the rabbit because his tail is too short," mused the wolf, "then she will surely marry me. I have a long, strong tail. There isn't a girl in the province who would refuse a ride on it."

He, too, asked the bear to act as matchmaker. The bear agreed and set out for the peasant's home.

"You are right," he said, broaching the subject of marriage once more. "The rabbit is not a proper husband for you because of his short tail. I know of another suitor whose tail is much longer and stronger."

"Who might that be?" asked the curious girl.

"The wolf. He is an important personage among us, and his tail is very long and very strong. Will you marry him?"

"Well," the girl demurred, "seeing is believing."

"All right," the bear replied. "Stay by the window and I will have the wolf walk across your yard with his wonderful tail standing erect."

The bear went off and soon returned with the news that the wolf was on his way. "Turn around, my dear, and look out the window," he coaxed.

The girl did as she was told, a weak feeling oozing into the pit of her stomach and waves of anticipatory warmth jetting between her legs.

As soon as her back was turned, the bear pushed his stiff dun-colored tail forward. "Bend over, my beauty," he commanded gruffly, "so that you can get a closer view."

The distracted girl raised her derrière to target level. The bear, assuring his success as matchmaker this time, plunged into her bristly little muff just as the wolf came strutting into view with his tail looking longer and stronger than ever.

"Ah-h-h!" moaned the peasant's daughter, swiveling her hips compliantly.

"Notice the dimensions, my dear. The wolf can stick his tail deep into any nook or cranny. Nothing is inaccessible to those stiff, ticklish hairs." He flexed his own tail and thrust it deeper into her.

The wolf began to whip his tail proudly back and forth, back and forth. The bear's fat body surged up and down in perfect rhythmical accompaniment. The derrière rotated frenziedly, while the glassy-eyed girl stared in fascination at the wolf's purplish-gray tail.

Resting her full breasts upon the window sill, she gyrated helplessly. One plump breast escaped from the confining blouse to loll temptingly with its nipple over the sill. The wolf approached, snapping the head of his tail in the breeze, while the bear rocked as fast as his cumbersome body permitted.

Just as the wolf grabbed the vulnerable nipple between his teeth and took a delectable bite, a bloodcurdling cry rent the air, followed by a brutal, primitive growl.

Beads of perspiration wreathed the brow of the peasant's daughter. The wolf and the bear exchanged satisfied grins. They would have their way now.

"Yes, yes, I will marry you," the helpless girl agreed.

The wolf declared, "Let the wedding begin as soon as possible. We will have a sumptuous banquet at your house to which we'll invite the whole world."

On the day of the wedding, the wolf triumphantly called on the defeated rabbit to invite him to the marriage feast. The rabbit was lying abed.

"Come to my wedding," the wolf demanded.

"I can't," answered the rabbit. "Yesterday I ate too many carrots, and today I am too sick to walk, as you can see."

Hearing this, the wolf proposed, "I'll tell you what we can do. I will wear a saddle and bridle. You mount me, and I'll take you to the wedding."

The rabbit agreed.

As they neared the peasant's cottage, the wolf said, "I can't take you any farther. People will see us and make fun of me."

"Very well," answered the rabbit. "If you won't take me of your own free will, I will force you!" He lashed the wolf mercilessly with a whip. The wolf was forced to run on.

The rabbit halted in front of the peasant's home, flung the reins at a wedding guest and said, "Tether my horse well, so that he won't run away." Then he went up to the eager bride and said, "You wouldn't marry me because of my short tail. It appears that you like the wolf better, but he is fit only to be my saddle horse."

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished bride.

"If you don't believe it, go to the stable yourself and have a look."

The girl ran to the stable and saw the saddled wolf tethered there, his handsome tail quite bedraggled and sullied. She felt betrayed and degraded. Clutching her head in confusion, she returned to the cottage. The rabbit generously saved her honor by marrying her on the spot.

Never again did the wolf's proud plume wave so jauntily in the breeze as it had previously.

The rabbit's tail, on the other hand, grew longer and stronger, perkier and jerkier, thicker and slicker. Night after night, the good people of the village heard wild screams of delight coming from the rabbit's home. The bear was right, after all—it's quality rather than quantity that counts.—*Adapted and retold by Cynthia Carey*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

Benson & 100

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. Write the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the official entry blank, or on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper.
2. Handprint your name, address and zip code on your entry. Include with it the bottom panels from two packs of Benson & Hedges 100's or Benson & Hedges Lights, Regular or Menthol, or the words "Benson & Hedges 100's" handprinted on a plain piece of paper.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per envelope. Each envelope must be mailed separately to: Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2777, Westbury, NY 11591. Entries must be received by February 19, 1982.
4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. One prize to a family. Tax liability is responsibility of individual winners. In lieu of prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of $200.**
6. Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris, Inc., its advertising agency, and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. Subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Michigan, Wisconsin and wherever else prohibited, restricted or taxed.
7. **For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Benson & Hedges Winners' List, P.O. Box 2899, Westbury, NY 11591. Winners' List will be available by June 1, 1982.**

*Plus travel and accommodations for two.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '81.

Hedges 100's Sweepstakes

With 100 prizes to choose from, the pleasure lasts longer.

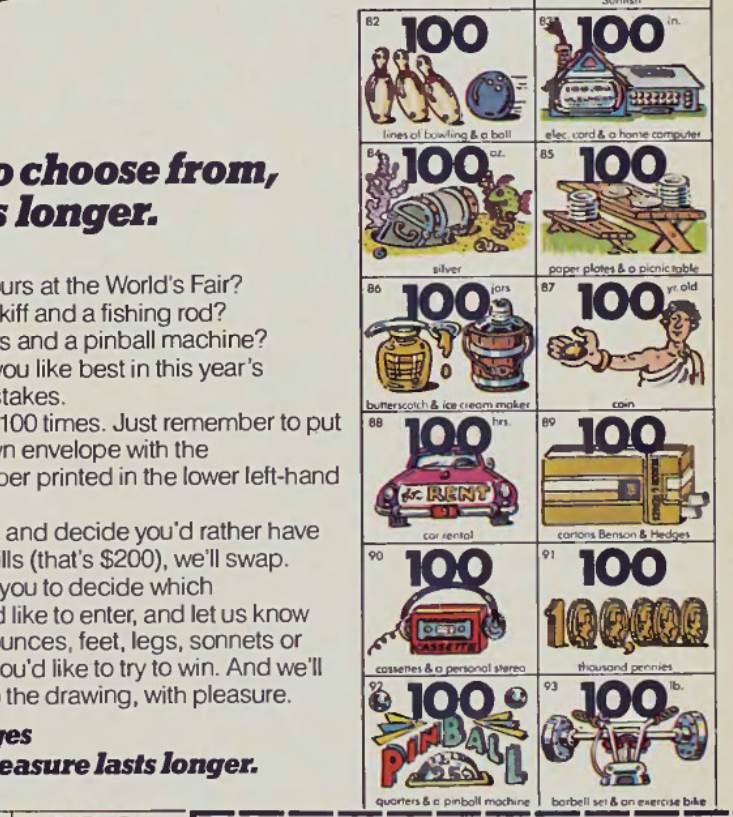
What's your pleasure?
100 hours of mostly Mozart or 100 hours at the World's Fair?
100 inches of new car or a 100 inch skiff and a fishing rod?
100 croissants in Paris or 100 quarters and a pinball machine?
Here's your chance to win the prize you like best in this year's Benson & Hedges 100's 100 Sweepstakes.

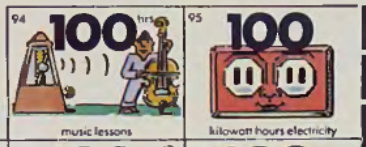
Enter once or 100 times. Just remember to put each entry in its own envelope with the sweepstakes number printed in the lower left-hand corner.

And if you win and decide you'd rather have 100 feet of dollar bills (that's $200), we'll swap.

Now it's up to you to decide which sweepstakes you'd like to enter, and let us know which 100 hours, ounces, feet, legs, sonnets or macadamia nuts you'd like to try to win. And we'll put your name into the drawing, with pleasure.

Benson & Hedges
Because the pleasure lasts longer.





Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2777
Westbury, New York 11591

I've chosen the following Sweepstakes and I've read the rules carefully
The Sweepstakes number is _____
and the prize
is _____

Name _____
(Please Print)

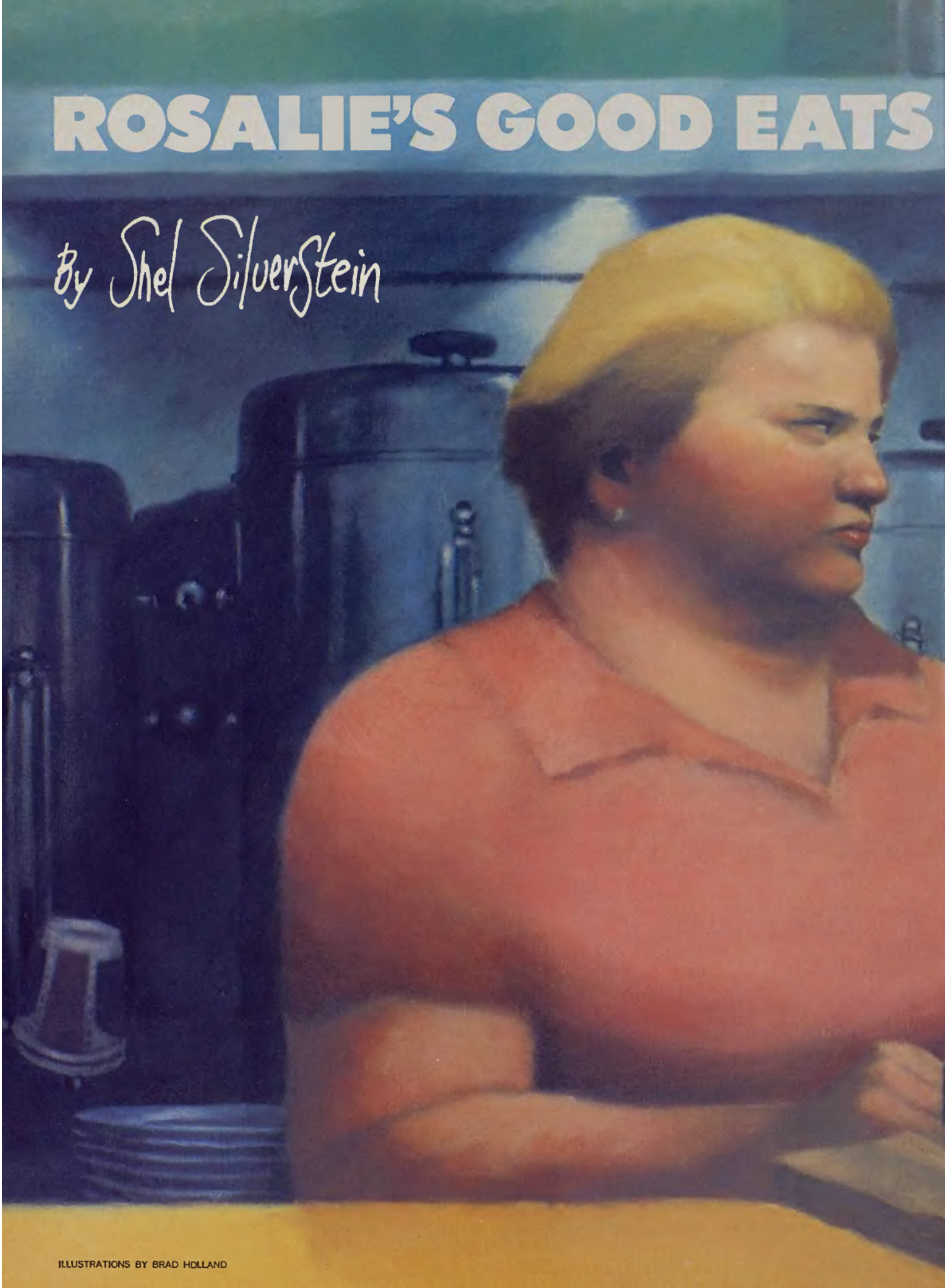
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IMPORTANT: You must write the number of the Sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope in the lower left-hand corner.

ROSALIE'S GOOD EATS

By Shel Silverstein



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

It's two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.
The onions are fryin', the neon is bright
And the jukebox is startin' to play.
And the sign on the wall says, IN GOD WE TRUST,
ALL OTHERS HAVE TO PAY.
And it's two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

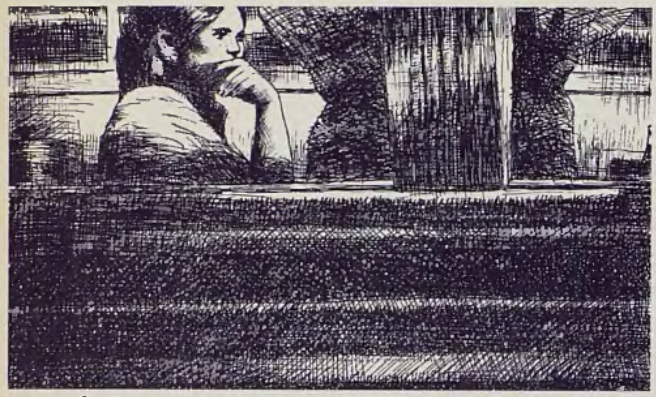
The short-order cook with the MOMMA tattoo,
He's turnin' them hamburgers slow,
Eggs over easy, whole wheat down.
"D' y'all want that coffee to go?"
He never once dreamed as a rodeo star
That he'd wind up here today
At two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's a tall, skinny girl in the very back booth
Wearin' jeans and a secondhand fur.
She's been to the doctor, then called up a man
And now wonders just where she can turn.
She stares at her coffee, then looks toward the ceiling,
And, Lord, it's a strange place to pray
At two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's a guy in a tux and he stands in the corner,
Feedin' the jukebox his dimes.
He just had a woman and thought that he'd bought her
But found he'd just rented some time.
And he just couldn't sleep, so he come back to see
If anyone else wants to play
At two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's an old dollar bill in a frame on the wall,
The first one that Rose ever made.
It was once worth a dollar a long time ago,
But, like Rose, it's beginnin' to fade.
She's back of the register, dreamin' of someone,
And how things'd be if he'd stayed,
But it's two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The stoop-shouldered man and his frizzy-haired woman,
It's strange how their eyes never meet.
He's playin' the pinball, she's fixin' the blanket
Of the baby asleep on the seat.
But he's out of work and she's puttin' on weight
And they never had too much to say,
And it's two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.



The waitress Darlene, she sits at the counter,
Paintin' her fingernails blue,
And the short-order cook, he yells, "Move it or lose it
And pick up an order of stew."
But someday a rich, handsome man will walk in
And carry her far, far away
From two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

Eddie the cop, he sits at the counter,
Tryin' to look dapper and cool,
His beer-belly gut overlappin' his belt
And his blue shiny ass overlappin' the stool.
He gulps down a handful of doughnuts, and belches,
And never once offers to pay
And no one says nothin' at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's the weight lifter there in his black skintight T-shirt,
He's pickin' his teeth with the check.
He coughs now and then until somebody looks,
Then he casually flexes his pecs.
He smiles at the curly-haired, apple-cheeked sailor
And the sailor, he quick turns away.
We take our best shot here at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The hollow-eyed trucker, in a well-practiced gesture,
He swallows another white pill.
If he drove as fast as his insides are speedin',
He'd leave all the world standin' still.
And if he can make 300 miles by eleven,
They won't take his wheels away,
But it's two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

Ol' Slim, the dishwasher's takin' his break
In the alley, away from the light.
He smuggles the ham to his buddy who's waitin'
And his buddy fades into the night.
He looks 'cross the alley to the blonde hooker's window,
But the damn bitch, she's pulled down the shade,
Another dream shattered at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

Old man McKenzie, he's thumpin' his Bible,
Rantin' 'bout hell's burnin' fires.
"You're all eatin' your chicken and drinkin' your wine,
Indulgin' your carnal desires."
He kicks at the jukebox, then pinches Darlene.
She screams and damn near drops her tray,
Rejectin' salvation at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The junkie, he's standin' outside of the glass,
Shakin' so hard he can't stand.
There's a Saturday-night special deep in his pocket
And the pearl handle sweats in his hand.
But there's too much light and too damn many people
And relief is still twelve bucks away
And he won't find the answer at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The tall rangy shortstop of the semipro team
Sticks a wad of tobac in his jaw.
He went two for four in the win over Danville
And didn't he get standin' applause?
But he's 32 and still clings to the dream
That he'll play for the White Sox someday,
And he'll sign an autograph if you just ask him,
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The shaggy-haired hippie, he's finished his meal
And he's countin' the change in his jeans.
Burger and coffee are 85 cents
And he's only got 23.
He smiles at Rose and she winks back at him,
But Lord, that's a high price to pay
At two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The wino, he's pushin' the broom and he's thinkin',
Tomorrow his welfare comes in.
And Rosalie hands him a slug for the jukebox
'N' says, "Play number seven again."
'Cause she loves those sad songs, those he-done-her-bad songs
To while the long hours away
And mem'ries hang heavy at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's ol' crazy Annie, she's 74,
Wearin' short skirts and white-vinyl boots.
She's luggin' three shoppin' bags stuffed full of trash,
Lookin' for leftover food.
They say that somewhere in her garbage-filled house
There's a million bucks hidden away,
But she just grabbed your half-eaten egg-salad sandwich
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The kitchen-supply salesman, he's tellin' Rosie
Her ol' steel deep fryer is shot
And everyone laughs as she mimics Mae West
'N' says, "Big boy, my fryer is still plenty hot."
Then the salesman says, "Rosie, that's pretty damn good,
But ain't you lots older than Mae?"
A laugh a damn minute, at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's a homecomin' party for Billy Costanza,
Just back from the Vietnam hills.
Hey, is it true 'bout the slant of them women?
And how many gooks did you kill?
He raises his glass with a stainless-steel hand.
Ain't science doin' wonders these days?
And it's hail to the hero at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The *prima ballerina* of Eau Claire, Wisconsin,
She's askin' if there's any work.
The rope round her suitcase is comin' apart
And her feet and her pride sure do hurt.
And the cook's sayin', "Yeah," and Darlene's sayin', "No,"
And Rosie says, "Sit down and wait,"
Nothin' comes easy at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's an old wooden sign hidden under the counter,
It's been there for 17 years.
It says, JIM AND ROSALIE'S HOME COUNTRY COOKIN'
And the paint's dried and peeled like her tears.
And Rosalie's plannin' on heavin' it out
In the alley some one of these days,
But it ain't hurtin' nothin' this Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

Old Louie, he's limpin' from table to table,
Askin', "Hey, what can you use?
I got wrist watches, diamond rings, fur coats and stag films,
No reasonable offer refused.
I got two kids in college, a wife in the hospital,
Also one foot in the grave.
How 'bout a transistor or a watch for your sister?"
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The guy in the tux's cuttin' into his steak,
Smilin' like Cary Grant would.
And Darlene keeps runnin' and fillin' his cup.
He looks like he tips pretty good.
He pockets the three dollar bills of his change
And just leaves the 14 cents lay.
And Cary Grant's now just another cheap bastard
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's a dude in the john and he's pukin' his guts out,
Swearin' he won't drink again,
And she's just a tramp, and life's just a hustle
And that bastard was never a friend.
He rinses his mouth out and wets down his hair
And heads for the bar 'cross the way.
A promise don't last long at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's an ex-con just fresh from a 14-year stretch
And he's rapidly losin' his poise.
There's pork chops and lamb chops and chili to choose from
And he ain't used to makin' a choice.
And there's dogs and there's kids and that damn waitress' tits
Are just 'bout to blow him away,
He's tremblin' and sweatin', enjoyin' his freedom
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

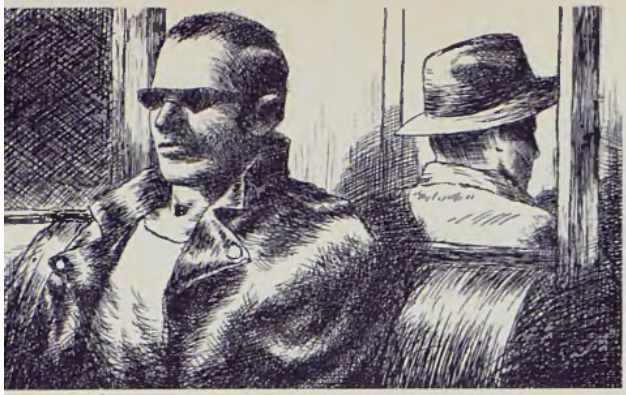
There's a bus driver cussin' his ol' burned-out Greyhound,
Workin' on his second beer.
He's got a daughter lives here in this town,
But hell, it's been almost ten years,
And she's probably married, with kids of her own,
And then, what the hell would he say?
"Come down meet your daddy at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café?"

Now old crazy Annie, she's readin' the palm
Of the tall, skinny girl in the fur.
There's a man and a home and three beautiful children
In her future just waitin' for her.
The girl starts to laugh—now she's startin' to scream
And they might have to haul her away
From two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's Rosalie's kid and he's just up from college,
He's brought his girlfriend along.
She shakes hands with Rosie and sniffs at the grease
And says she's not hungry at all.
Then Rose feels ashamed that her apron ain't clean
And what would the girl's parents say
At two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café?

Milton, the cabdriver's standin' there, squirmin',
Tellin' his woes to the con.
His hemorrhoids are burnin' and his bladder is bustin'
And somebody's usin' the john.
And the streets are all bare and if he found a fare,
He'd prob'ly get mugged on the way.
And it's two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The kid with the acne, he crumples the program
He got at the Tri-Hi-Y dance.
He's usin' Colgate and Arrid and Brut
And he still can't get laid worth a damn.
So maybe tomorrow he'll buy some Lavoris
And the pussy will all come his way.
Settin' and dreamin' at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

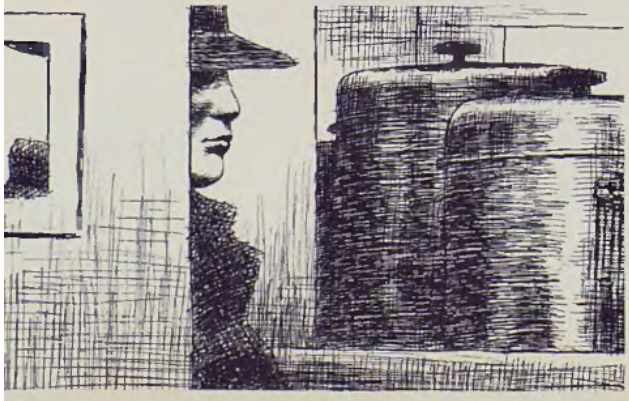


The black-jacket biker, he looks out the window,
Watchin' his Harley outside.
Freeways and highways and 20-lane skyways,
Not many dirt roads left to ride.
And this mornin' he looked in the mirror and noticed
His hair was takin' some gray,
And it's two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's a young dusty cowboy, he's workin' the fair,
Cursin' the bitch he just rode.
And the short-order cook, he hears the kid braggin'
And sees himself—ages ago.
He could tell the punk how he rode in the big ones,
But hell, let them sleepin' dogs lay,
The young ones, they ride, and the old ones fry onions
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The bald-headed writer of unsavory songs,
He's brushin' the crumbs from his beard.
He's filled up his notebook with other folks' sorrow
And his belly with other folks' beer.
Now he's rhymin' a tune 'bout this dingy ol' diner,
Just one more the d.j.s won't play,
But life is a song and ain't we all singin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The blonde-haired pretender, she's fixin' her eyelash,
And the mirror, it laughs in her hand.
She'll glance round the room with the smile of a woman,
Then she'll curse in the voice of a man.
From young football hero to old midnight queen,
He's sure come a long lonesome way
To two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.



There's a sad-eyed inspector from the 'Partment of Health
Examinin' the kitchen too close.
He's writin' citations and quotin' vi'lations
And shakin' his head as he goes.
Then Rosie walks back there and closes the door
And when they come out, it's OK.
And he's smilin' and tearin' up all the citations
On Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

There's a big zigzag crack in the front plate-glass window,
Where last night the cowboy went through.
Somebody said he said somethin' to someone
'Bout a lady that somebody knew.
And somebody reached for a bottle of ketchup
And blood spattered every which way
To blend with the grease stains that cover the walls here
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

Eddie the cop, he fingers his holster
And stares at the hippie's long hair.
He's probably carryin' five pounds of dope,
But he's too damn tired to care.
Twelve years on the force and eight commendations
And he just might make sergeant someday.
So fuck the whole city and all the damn weirdos
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The jogger, he's finished his long midnight mile
And he stops for a quench of his thirst.
He's heavy of breath, and he's smellin' of sweat,
And he sure could of showered up first.
And ol' crazy Annie yells, "Where are you runnin'?
Don't you know you just can't escape?
We're all damned forever to Saturday nights here
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café."

The toothless ol' wino, he starts in to shoutin',
"You don't know how lucky you are.
That damned VA hospital pretty near killed me.
Hey, who wants to look at my scar?"
He stares round the room, and then picks up the old broom
And starts sweepin' the weekend away
At two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The TV set's flickerin' up there on the shelf
And nobody's watchin' but Slim.
James Cagney is climbin' the ladder of crime,
That woman ain't no good for him.
Hey, did you see him push that grapefruit in her face?
Hell, they really could act in them days.
But who's got a grapefruit at two in the mornin'
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café?

The short-order cook, he just stares out the window,
'Waitin' the breakin' of dawn.
He'll pick up his pay, and then he'll tell ol' Rosie
He's gonna be travelin' on.
And she'll say it's short notice and, well, what the hell,
He might give her just one more day.
'Cause it's two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

The baby-faced sailor, he leans on the phone
And dials the number again,
While the guy in the tux tells the girl in the jeans
'Bout the wonderful places he's been.
Then the wino, he puts down his broom and starts shoutin'
'Bout the fortunes that he threw away.
And the black-jacket biker, he gets on his Harley,
'Cause Monday's a nine-to-five day.
And the blonde-haired pretender, she's askin' the con
If he thinks she should take off some weight.
And the songwriter's promisin' Miss Ballerina
That he's gonna write her a play.
And the sweet college girl's askin' Rosalie's kid
If he knows where to score some cocaine.
And the speedin' truck driver tells the sleepy cabdriver
They ought to trade jobs for a day.
And Eddie the cop keeps his eye on the hippie,
While the junkie just shuffles away.
And ol' crazy Annie, she's askin' 'em all,
Have you called your momma today?
And the weight lifter's tellin' the baby-faced sailor
That he's got a beautiful face.
And the short-order cook tells the rodeo cowboy
He'll outride his ass any day.
And Eddie the cop, he's lookin' round, yellin',
Hey, who owns the blue Chevrolet?
And the bus driver's tellin' the young ballerina
That she can ride free to L.A.
And Rosalie's askin' the shaggy-haired hippie
If he's got a warm place to stay.
And the short-order cook takes a five from the till
While Rosalie's lookin' away.
And the onions are fryin', the neon is bright
And the jukebox continues to play.
And it's two in the mornin' on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Café.

BUDDY SYSTEM *(continued from page 160)*

"Love is one of the stresses we live with. Work is another. And a man needs some relief."

between you and your lover—that is a good time for a friend.

•

There used to be a long, polished bar in New York's Saint Regis Hotel—one of those structures that reminded you of just how great New York once was. Of course, the bar was torn down to make way for something more modern, but before that, it was a fine place to meet in the afternoon for drinks. A photographer I knew went there every Thursday afternoon to meet a friend, a man he'd known for years who had made a success of himself in the market. They drank martinis at a time when everyone in Manhattan was drinking white wine or bottled water with a twist. (If you wandered into a midtown bar fresh from a John O'Hara story, you would have wondered what in the hell had happened. Had the juniper-berry crop failed?)

The photographer and the broker were both going through the kind of divorce where nothing but good fortune and perhaps the mercy of God keeps someone from getting killed. There were moving vans in the night, signatures forged on securities and bank accounts, private detectives and even some physical stuff. Mental cruelty doesn't begin to describe it.

Both men were living in hotels and looking for apartments. There were plenty of women to help them through the transition. Still, they met every Thursday, regularly, through it all.

"Well," the broker would say, "how goes it?"

"Not bad. Working hard."

"Oh?"

"I have to. My lawyer has four kids. Two in college and two in prep school. You know what that costs these days?"

"Don't feel bad. My lawyer has a fifty-foot ketch. Keeps it at a yacht club in South Hampton."

They did not talk any more about the divorces than that. What would have been the point? The situation was like a painful cyst, and picking at it did not help. So they drank cold gin and talked about going out to Meadowlands to watch the sorry-ass Giants or maybe trying to get up North in January to ski the powder. They talked about things that pleased them and they enjoyed each other's company, which is one of the oldest and most reliable comforts of all.

Of course, in the world according to Donahue, they were doing it wrong. They were behaving in the old, worn-out, insensitive fashion. It would have been better for them if they had met someplace with a group of other men who were going through the same thing and talked and cried and hugged. And paid, at the end of the session, for the privilege.

That is the crude faith of the day, and it is preached forthrightly and by suggestion everywhere we turn. If we are to find happiness, then it will be through our "relationships" and our careers—Dr. Freud's old prescription of love and work—which sounds fine if you occupy the kind of rarefied heights that he did. But for most of us, love and work is a two-legged stool. Love is one of the stresses we live with. Work is another. And a man needs some relief. Not everybody does meaningful work. Most of us, in fact, have just plain jobs and don't find the meaning of our lives in our work.

But, for the moment, concede the point: Say that you do work that really *is* meaningful. You practice law, edit the *Times* or manage IBM. Which also means that you work in one of those closed systems where one man's profit is another's loss. The promotion you get is the one that someone else doesn't. It makes for more efficiency, but it doesn't

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make anyone feel less alone. There is a line of Joseph Heller's that describes it perfectly: "In the office in which I work, there are five people of whom I am afraid."

Most of us work in offices like that. It is part of having a career. Anyone who can find all he needs from life in a career will surely do it. The rest of us need more. And the truth is that you are not nearly as important to your work as it is to you. The indispensable man is usually replaced by the time they have covered him up and remarked on how it always seems to be the young ones who have the coronaries. It is something that we knew as long ago as *Ecclesiastes* ("Vanity of vanities . . .") and as recently as the Sixties, when young men with Harvard degrees refused to get on the corporate escalator and decided to be carpenters instead. These days, there is a scramble to get back on the escalator and find oil, market computer games, file lawsuits.

The current worship of work, with its legions of grim-faced men and women armored in worsted and armed with *The Wall Street Journal*, recalls the Romans working so hard to build empires and raise eternal cities, and learning, in the meantime, to treat one another like beasts, and worse. Better the Greeks, with their sense of play and companionship, their delight in the material of nature and a fine day. The Greeks knew how to work and how to fight wars; they also knew that you did those things as well as you could in order to survive but that the point of surviving was not doing those things—or one might as well be an Egyptian.

So we work because it cannot be avoided, and what we cannot avoid we should optimize (to use the vernacular). But we cannot let work stand for the whole thing. Make a mistress of your work and you will find out about unrequited love. Let the stresses of work keep you from having companions and you will be missing the best antidote to stress that there is.

It is in the most stressful situations that a man needs companions. I talked about this once to a former pro-football player—a defensive lineman who played seven years with the Oakland Raiders and who has a Super Bowl ring and a bad knee to prove it. Now he coaches football at the high school where he was a star some 15 years ago. The school was all black when he was a student there; now it is about half black and half white.

"Your friends are real important to you when you play up there," he said as he eased himself into a chair. He is big enough that he has to be careful with furniture. "You don't see many loners, especially not on a club that's winning. You depend on each other and that makes you close, even if you come from different backgrounds or you're painted different colors. You become close to the guys who play next to you and behind you, especially. It's not the same on a losing team."

How close does it get? I asked. Does it go beyond training camp and going out together after practice?

"You get real close. If guys have families, then maybe their wives and kids will start doing things together. Otis Sistrunk was a good friend of mine. He was the best man at my wedding. Art Thomas was probably my best friend up there. He still brings his family to visit and we go out to see him."

I asked him just how important all that was when you played ball.

"It's important for two reasons," he said. "First, it's important for the individual because that's a very high-pressure situation and you need to relax. Your buddies help you relax and get your mind off things. It's also important for the team. Any time you've got a lot of guys working together for a common goal, they're going to start being friends if they're doing it right. If they're not, then you're going to see guys going off alone after practice—you know, everyone going his own way. When you see that, you don't usually see a winner. I like to see my guys buddying up. It's a good sign. We've got a lot to overcome here—the black and white thing, the feeling a lot of these kids have that maybe hard work just isn't worth it. I never felt that way, but I didn't have what these kids have. We're getting ready to start spring practice today and it's going to be hot. Most of these kids have cars and they'd rather just get in them and go to the beach. When they start working hard together and leaving the cars in the parking lot and letting the other kids go to the beach, that's a good sign. Maybe they'll do that so they won't let a friend down."

Not far from where the coach was sitting in a chair that looked too small, thinking about making his boys feel that thing for one another that you feel when you are on one of the good teams, another man I know was working on his sailboat, enjoying his retirement. He had also told me some things about companions and what they can mean when what you feel is pressure and what you have to do to survive is prevail. He had been a POW for some six years, more than a year of it in solitary confinement. The loneliness had become so acute that he was hallucinating, talking to people he remembered from home. That was the worst part, he told me, worse than any of the beatings or the other physical abuse.

And even when he was not isolated from the other prisoners, he could only talk to the man in the next cell by tapping out messages on the wall between them. They tapped out orders and intelligence and other information, like weather conditions, for instance. It was part of a military network by which the prisoners were able to resist their captors and keep up their own morale. The tap code was crucial to them.

You could also tap just to pass time. My friend and his neighbor in the next cell played thousands of hands of cards by tapping. They did math problems and gave each other tours of the places they had grown up. It was amazing, my friend told me, how close you could come to somebody you had never seen. The only evidence you had that he even existed was a tapping noise on a wall, but that was enough to establish that he was real. Sooner or later, if you shared a wall long enough, you would ask a man what he looked like. That was a hard thing to tap out, a description of yourself. There were prisoners who risked punishment to get a look at the man next door when he was escorted down the corridor for a shower or interrogation. They just had to know.

He couldn't speak for everyone else, my friend said, but he believed that it was the support of his companions that had brought him through. He suspected that most of the others would say the same thing. One important function of the tap network was to keep in touch with those men who were weakening and beginning to despair. Send them messages of encouragement, try to bring them back, let them know they were not alone. Tap. Tap. Tap.

After it was all over and he had been home a couple of years, he ran into one of his fellow prisoners at a bar one night. They talked about other things for a while. There had been a world of adjustments to make, divorces to go through, a kind of short and painful celebrity. Then it was back to living in the ordinary world of checkbooks and insurance premiums. After a few drinks, the other man looked off for a moment and then said, "You know, I can't help myself, but sometimes I miss it."

•

Paul recommended faith, hope and charity to the early Christians, but it was insufficient for modern man, who has been trying to get along on love and work. Perhaps he should add companionship, and maybe, eventually, he will. There are signs, like the first blooms on a field of flowers, that things only recently too ordinary for words are once again becoming too good to be missed. Women are leading the way. (Remember when most of them said they were never going to have children?) As all sorts of old-fashioned and obsolescent virtues are coming back into fashion, perhaps we will rediscover buddies, too. We will all be alone soon enough.

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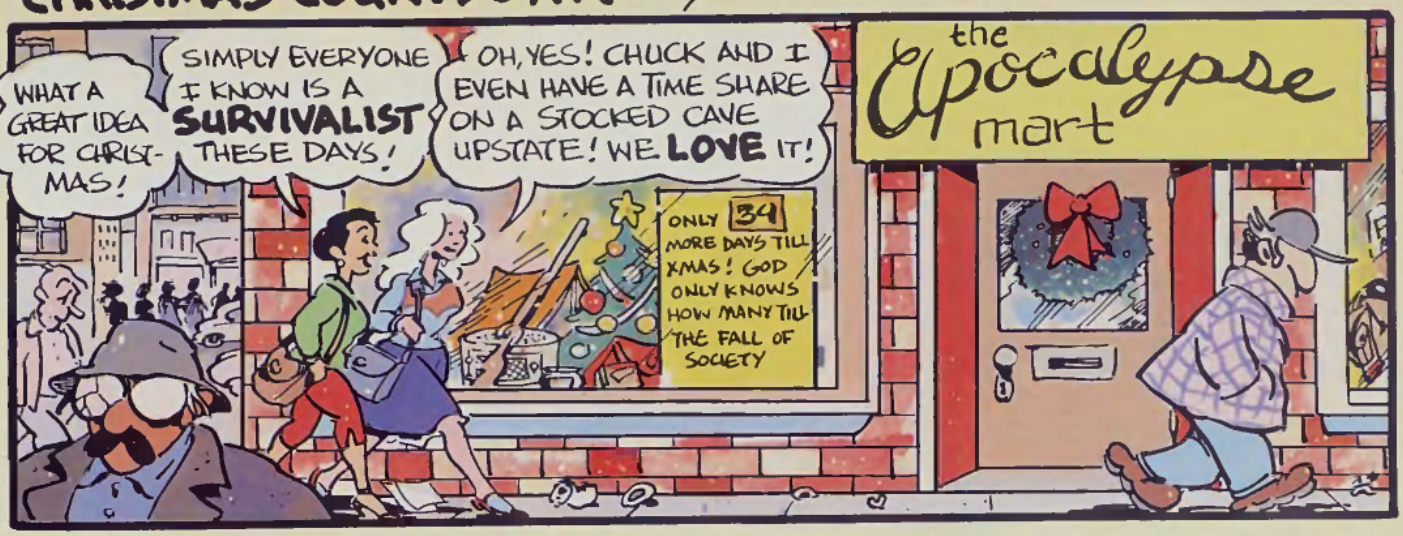

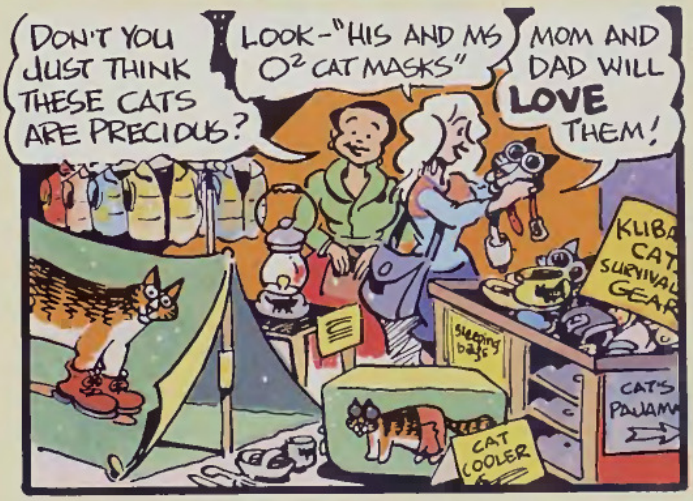

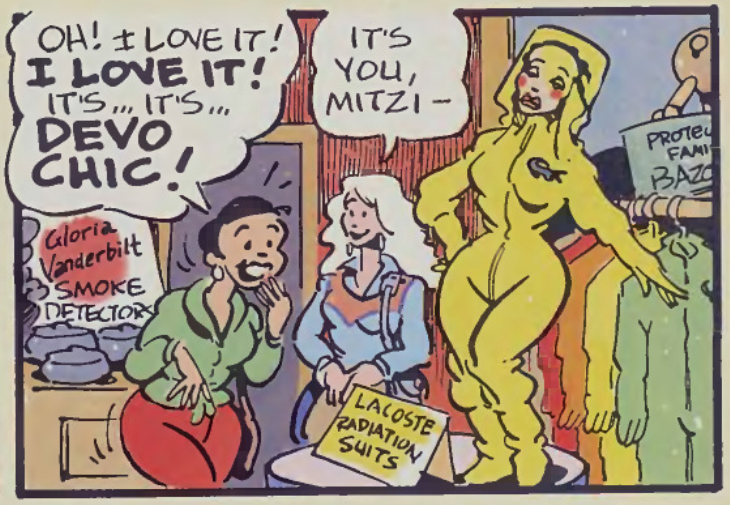

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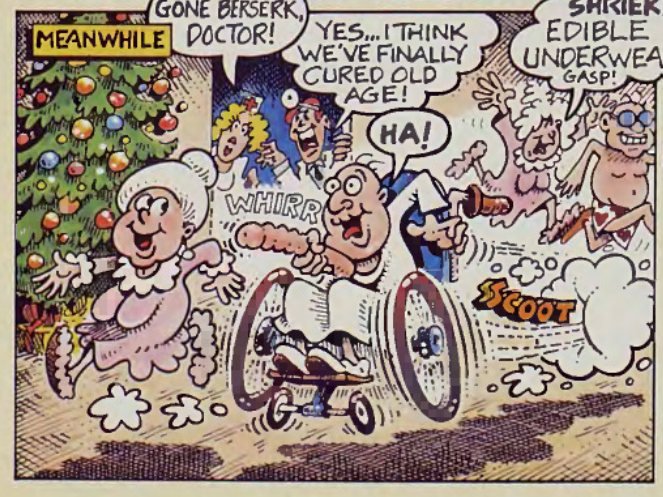
LET'S SEE... ONE STOP AT A REST HOME AND THE OTHER IS AT... WHA! MADAM FIFI'S FLESH FARM!
MELF
YOW!
WE DELIVER!

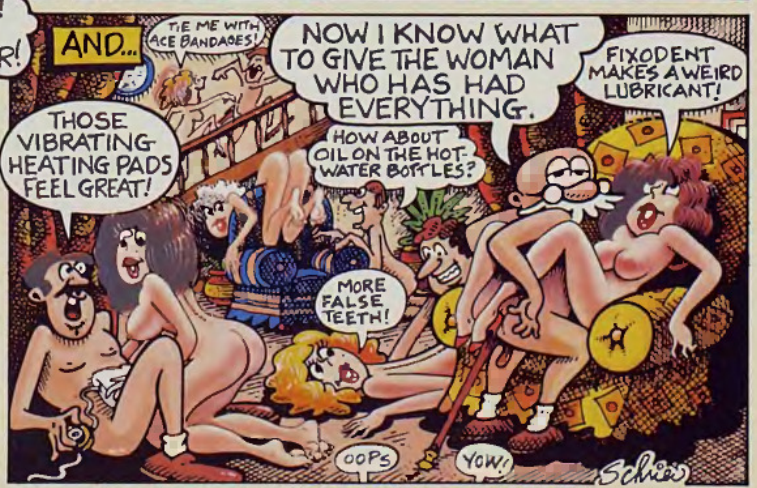
SENILE SUNSET
RETIREMENT HOME
KICK
HEAVE
DUNT
PUFF PUFF
DELIVERY
GASP...
HEY

GANG WAY!

OH, GOODY! THE GIRLS' PRESENTS ARE HERE!
MADAM FIFI?

PRESENTS?
AN ALUMINUM WALKER?
UH-OH... WRONG PACKAGES.
LUMBAR SUPPORTS?


MEANWHILE
THEY'VE GONE BERSERK, DOCTOR!
YES... I THINK WE'VE FINALLY CURED OLD AGE!
HA!
SHRIEK! EDIBLE UNDERWEAR! GASP!
WHIRR
SCOOT


AND...
TIE ME WITH ACE BANDAGES!
NOW I KNOW WHAT TO GIVE THE WOMAN WHO HAS HAD EVERYTHING.
FIXODENT MAKES A WEIRD LUBRICANT!
THOSE VIBRATING HEATING PADS FEEL GREAT!
HOW ABOUT OIL ON THE HOT-WATER BOTTLES?
MORE FALSE TEETH!
OOPS
YOW!
Schrier

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American Beauties

(continued from page 230)

vocation lie—is offending people. Beard is in the rare and enviable position of having nothing to gain by being tactful, by feigning good behavior. His is the difficult freedom to rant the truth—his version of the truth, that is, which more often than not is at stunning variance with almost everybody else's.

Beard's career—as photographer, curmudgeon and prophet—has centered almost wholly on the spectacle of emerging Africa. He went there, in 1961, full of the stirring mythology of Teddy Roosevelt and Hemingway, and it would not be facetious to speak of him as the last of the great white hunters. Settling in to a 50-acre campsite on the outskirts of Nairobi, he donned a pair of native sandals and prepared to live a life of high adventure. But then something happened: The 20th Century caught up with Africa, and with Beard. Tribes were coalescing into nations; roads were being built, fences were cropping up. The old Africa was vanishing forever, and it was Beard's either very good or very bad fortune to be present at its passing. He became obsessed with the costs of modernity, with the ugliness and desolation that were the price of the Dark Continent's enlightenment.

The fate of African wildlife became Beard's special province. By the early Sixties, much of Africa's fabled game had been herded into massive preserves intended to attract millions of tourists with their Nikons, Instamatics and dizzying assortment of foreign currencies; the entire continent was being pawned off as a giant zoo. According to Beard, however, there was one small problem with those game preserves: They were totally artificial constructs, set up with an utter disregard of the principles of population dynamics, and the animals inside them were reproducing like crazy, ravaging the environment, then slowly starving to death.

This was an unattractive process—bad for business—and African authorities chose to believe that it wasn't really happening. Beard took his camera into Kenya's Tsavo National Park—a preserve the size of Massachusetts—and started photographing dead elephants and rhinos. When he had pictures of several thousand corpses to support his case, he showed them to the Kenyan government, which thanked him for his trouble by banning him from the park. No longer permitted to enter Tsavo through the gates, Beard did what any self-respecting Fitzgeraldian hero would have done: He got hold of a plane and continued documenting the die-off from the air, taking the hauntingly detached and weirdly abstract pictures—hieroglyphs of doom—that would later become *The*

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End of the Game.

Beard also managed to run afoul of the authorities while doing another book, *Eyelids of Morning*, based on a study of crocodiles made in the surreal isolation of Kenya's Lake Rudolf. While ostensibly dealing with reptiles, Beard's book also managed to address itself to the ecological and sociological consequences of certain policies of the Kenyan government—for example, foisting the concept of "poaching" on tribesmen who'd been hunters for thousands of years, thereby making them all criminals. The government responded by accusing Beard of illegally selling hides—an unlikely charge, considering his aristocratic disdain of commerce—and yanking him off the project.

If Beard offended *only* governments, though, he'd be no different from any number of photo journalists of the watchdog school. But no, Beard goes much further. He pisses everybody off. A rabid ecologist, he has earned the eternal loathing of many conservationists by advocating the thinning of herds, which would be accomplished by the systematic shooting of animals. He's made himself something of a pariah among serious lensmen by letting it be known that he "was actually more interested in drawing, but photography was just too easy to ignore." High-culture figure that he is, you might expect that he'd be allied with the New York gallery establishment, but he tends to dismiss that clique with a single pejorative word descriptive of their sexual preferences; ditto the critics, whom, for convenience' sake, Beard lumps together as a bloc of coreligionists. He often talks about suing his publisher and he exchanges vitriolic letters with Moral Majority types who object to sexy pictures of his wife.

For all his choler, however, Beard hasn't been able to scare off everyone. He still has his niche, his following among certain segments of the avant-garde and certain confirmed adherents of the tragic view of art and life. He's something of a gourmet cult figure, foretelling apocalypse over Dom Pérignon, discussing doom in better restaurants—a pessimist who smiles. These days, though, there's one small problem with Beard's career: He's chosen not to have one. You can't say he's retired, because that's a bourgeois concept; he's simply chosen not to work. Why bother, when the earth is going down the tubes, anyway . . . and when it's so much more pleasant to stay abed and have shellfish and champagne for breakfast?

Now, as to his companion in all of this, it will be noted that her fresh-scrubbed career-girl approach to things is dramatically different from her husband's. First of all, Cheryl Tiegs rarely offends anyone. Having learned her manners in the decorous solemnity of suburban living rooms (to say nothing of the corridors of mortuaries), she is relentlessly nice, invariably diplomatic: the Walter Cronkite of the modeling world. In further contrast to her spouse, she is—despite her laid-back, mellowed-out California image—one of the most determined and quietly ambition-crazed ladies on the planet.

Consider her persona: The Cheryl Tiegs who smiles back at us from photographs is incredibly unself-conscious, so generous with her looks as to seem either a blatant exhibitionist or a saint, so confident of her unstudied grace that she can effortlessly open herself to the hungry gaze of an admiring world. That's the image; here's the history: As a child, Tiegs was an abject failure as a seller of Girl Scout Cookies; she was so debilitatingly shy that she'd ring people's doorbells, then run away before they answered. As for that native athletic grace, suffice it to say that Tiegs's high school nickname was Behemoth. No, Cheryl Tiegs—though her eyes are captivating and her long shanks are the stuff of dreams—is not some mythical Venus sprung whole from the sea; she has *worked* on herself, pieced herself together, molded her very flesh into a commercially viable package. She's her own Pygmalion, and she has done her sculpting with an incredible instinct for psyching out what mainstream America wants to look at.

It must be said, though, that she hasn't done this quite by herself; history has been her constant ally in the process. Part of being successful as a model has simply to do with having the right look at the right time, and the Seventies played right into Cheryl's hot little hands. In the Sixties, models—take Veruschka as an example—tended to be exotic, extreme, vaguely terrifying; they were the visible projection of a mind-set that held that beauty was dangerous, high fashion was inherently S/M and sex really was as nasty as your mother had told you. In the Seventies, for better or worse, all that changed. The sense of sin was sweated out in Adidases and washed away in Jacuzzis; drug culture yielded to yogurt culture; sex came to be regarded as just another form of exercise, good for everything from weight loss to lower-back pain. The stage was thus set for the emergence of a *healthy* mannequin, and Tiegs was ready. She was the California sunshine girl, the one with the let's-go-jogging smile and the unanemic breasts, the wholesome honey with the uncluttered features suggestive of an uncluttered psyche.

She took off. Typically, it was the women who discovered her first, clamoring to see her face on the covers of *Glamour*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and other such august barometers of taste. By mid-decade, the Tiegs countenance was well enough known so that advertisers sought her out to shill for everything from make-up to cigarettes to Scotch. At that point, she had arrived at an "Oh, yeah, there's whosiwhatsis" sort of celebrity; 1978 was the year America learned her name.

In making the leap from mannequin

"The others will be wondering where we are."

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to phenom, Tiegs adopted a wise and time-honored strategy: She got sexy. It started with a picture in *Sports Illustrated*'s annual bathing-suit issue—she was displayed in a spiffy little fishnet number, and through the mesh, her breasts were clearly visible, looking rather like a pair of bemused puppies nuzzling at a screen door. Following this profitable exposure, Tiegs donned a bikini, gave a belly-dance tilt to her hips and produced the poster that was destined to replace Farrah's as the right-hand companion of choice in college dormitories across the land. And now a full-scale media blitz got rolling. In the same week, *Newsweek* featured her in "Life/Style" and *Time* put her on the cover, going so far (a shade *too* far, as usual) as to anoint her "the nation's muse." *People* started keeping tabs on her, informing a breathless public of fast-breaking developments in her private life. Simon & Schuster anteed up 75 thou for a Cheryl Tiegs beauty book, but that figure seemed suddenly meager when stacked up against the $2,500,000 served up by ABC for a suitably vague five-year commitment. The mortician's daughter from Alhambra, who had scratched the violin in the school orchestra and waved pom-poms at the football games, had hit a staggering peak.

Depressing thing about peaks, though: There tends to be a downward slope just beyond them. It's not that Tiegs's popularity as a model suddenly slipped, not at all; in fact, at the unlikely age of 33, she's still at the very top of a profession that is notorious for going through talent the way McDonald's goes through chopped meat. But the Great Tiegs Diversification Plan, the woman-for-all-seasons number, just hasn't panned out.

There is a rather unkind paradox that pertains in our society, and that applies in spades to Tiegs: We place a terrifically high value on beauty, yet we tend to snicker at people who are *merely* beautiful; we seem to goad them into being versatile, into proving to us and to themselves that they can shine in *lots* of ways—which they seldom can. Providence, after all, just isn't that generous. In any case, to put it gently, Tiegs has not shined in her side careers. On television—she's done health-and-beauty spots on *Good Morning, America* and some sports color, as well as the Africa show—she's been grim, combining the dulcet tones of Minnie Mouse with the spontaneity and verve of an unwatered house plant. Tiegs fans who wanted to keep their fantasies from going limp were wise to turn the channel. Her beauty book, while no sillier than others in the genre, is no less so, either, and hyping in women's magazines has not sufficed to bring it past its first printing. In 1979, Tiegs was quoted as saying, "This is the year for my movie," but said movie has yet to be made, a fact that is almost certainly merciful.

Her Mercedes, her millions and her swashbuckling husband notwithstanding, Tiegs has come back to earth. In fact, in a rather droll and exalted way, she's come back to the self-same *part* of earth whence she began. Born and raised in station-wagon country, she veered off into the rarefied realms of international glamor but has now returned as the figurehead of that bastion of burgher values, that sober haven of durable clothes, rational shoes and well-made tools for home and garden: the Sears catalog. *The Sears catalog?!* Marketing makes strange bedfellows, apparently, and Sears, a highly remunerative if unglittering employer, not only has bought Tiegs's face, but has licensed an exclusive line of Cheryl Tiegs sportswear—sportswear that is no doubt coveted by millions of little girls who pore over the catalog in the warmth of snug suburban houses, who scratch the violin in the school orchestra and hope to grow up pretty enough to wave pom-poms at the football games. . . .

•

Back at Montauk, now, on a sultry summer's evening:

Outside, the waves are crashing, their sound diminishing along the height of the cliff, reaching the Beard homestead as a soft and lulling rumble. Mikey, the Beards' pet goat, is tethered in the moonlight, keeping himself amused by a random succession of hops, humps and whinnies. The Mercedes is parked in the gravel driveway, as low slung and expectant in its stillness as a hunting spaniel; someone—probably Peter, with his perverse delight in *kitsch*, his odd affection for the symbols of mainstream culture—has taped a plastic bride and groom to the top-grain leather dash.

Inside, Mr. and Mrs. Beard are having a quiet evening at home. Peter, unbridled in a *kikoy*, or African wrap-around skirt, is sumptuously sprawled on the living-room sofa, sipping a gin and tonic and perusing television by remote control. Cheryl, in the kitchen, in track shorts, a T-shirt and no make-up, is writing belated thank-you notes for wedding presents. A fellow named Tony, a friend and caretaker, is sipping Chablis and shooting mosquitoes off the wall with a small plastic gun that nails the little bastards every time—but not always soon enough: Everyone is spritzing bug spray on his ankles and trying not to scratch.

When Cheryl finishes a note, she dutifully takes it into the living room, to Peter. She reads it aloud in that reedy little voice of hers, which grated so on television but which at home sounds cozy and endearing. With a touching and, it must be said, characteristically female insecurity, she reads back her own words in a tentative tone, deferring to her husband's judgment in matters of grammar and sentiment alike. But Peter is paying her only half attention. His wife may be one of the world's most lauded beauties, but Beard is still an American husband, and he only grudgingly lifts his eyes from the TV screen to look at her; even when he *does* look at her, you can tell he's sneaking glances around her famous torso so as not to lose the thread of what's happening onscreen.

And suddenly, with the mosquitoes buzzing and the decidedly unromantic smell of 6-12 in the air, with *60 minutes* drowning out the surf and the gazes of husband and wife not quite linking up, with not a hell of a lot happening and with a midevening sleepiness already setting in, the patina of specialness, the hoaxy coating of glamor, seems stripped away from our golden couple. They stand before us life-sized, regular, sympathetic, waiting out the night like the rest of the species, holed up in a house not so different from others. . . .

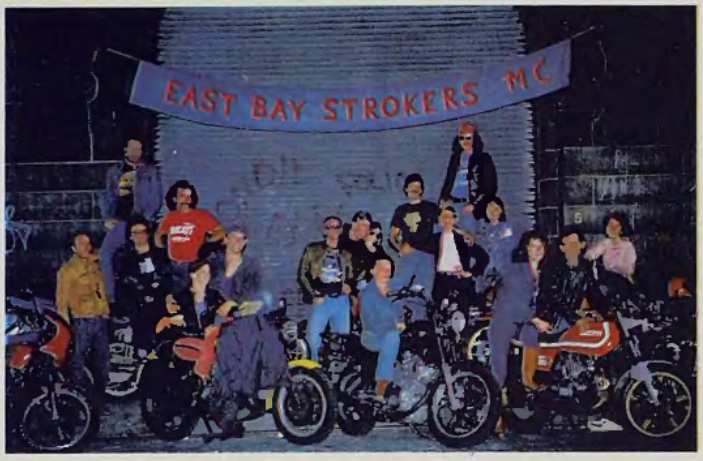
But maybe it would be better to leave that last unsaid, not to allow the ordinary to intrude on our vision of the handsome pair; better to let them drift off in a moonlit mist, draped in fantasy, wrapped in the Dream. Not for *their* sake—it hardly matters to them—but for the sake of the rest of us, us Joes who look on and admire, who keep the Dream stoked with our own ambitions, our own fiercely cherished yearnings, and who gladly and even gratefully foot the bill so that beauty can be royally rewarded, so that those we elect to fame can live on cliffs. Why do we do it? We do it because, in spite of ourselves, we are all philosophers, hungry for a whiff of the sublime. Oh, we can tell ourselves our passion is for that sweet Mercedes, our lust is for that famous flesh; but no, it's more than that: Our craving is to fly above the everyday, to inhabit a realm where bellies never bulge and breasts never sag, where ideas crackle and conversation never mires, where time races and men are comradely, women bold. . . . And when we choose our idols, those to whom we entrust the heavy task of representing us, of standing in as our prize specimens, we do so because there is something in their manner and their bearing that reassures us that those possibilities might, in fact, be lived, that the Dream—however hyped, however slippery—still exists.

Do Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beard—she with her devastating eyes, comely form and endlessly beckoning smile; he with his Gatsbyish dash, his cranky flamboyance, his intriguingly odd blend of passion and detachment—do they fill that difficult prescription? The reader will finally decide for himself. One thing, though, is certain: To a degree not easily matched by another twosome on the planet, our couple look the part.

Cellini. The first really new men's fragrance since Brut.

An exciting fragrance experience created in Italy by Fabergé.
For lovers of life everywhere.
Cologne, After Shave & other giftables.

We think everyone in the picture, should really be in the picture.



Sunpak 422 D

Vivitar 3500

They don't seem to agree.

Seen here are two pictures taken with the same camera and same lens on consecutive frames of the same roll of film. The time between shots, only the few seconds it took to change from the new Sunpak Auto 422 D dedicated flash to the Vivitar 3500.

Both were taken from 45 feet away, which is two feet *less* than Vivitar's recommended maximum auto distance.

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SEX STARS

(continued from page 235)

Edwards' S.O.B. Each picture promises in its own way that what you get can be more than what you see, since even the gentle and the sweet—the dull, if you will—may be hiding hot passions. As Lois Lane, fetching **Margot Kidder** still had to put up with klutzy Clark Kent while hankering for Superman, both, of course, again played superbly by **Christopher Reeve.** When she finally bedded both in one package, to her delightful surprise, it was easy to suspect the hearts of young girls in movie theaters everywhere hoped the mild-mannered fellow seated next to them also hid secrets of steel.

Similarly, there's no question that **Harrison Ford** was dashing as the daring archaeologist surmounting the dangers in *Raiders*, but he, too, led a double life as a meek professor. Still, even as the schoolteacher, he was more attractive than poor Clark. Ford received one of this year's sexier comic compliments when an adoring student closed her eyes to reveal I LOVE YOU painted on the lids. Ford's own eyes, though, were only for spunky **Karen Allen.**

Then we have previously sugary **Julie Andrews,** who let it all hang out in *S.O.B.*, surely inspiring the most jaded, red-blooded males. After all, if Julie would show her tits, couldn't one expect the same from an equally angelic date?

Even James Bond seemed to undergo a complete change of character in *For Your Eyes Only*, staying chaste while chased through much of the film. Although **Roger Moore** remains as charming as ever, there's simply no explaining 007's sudden lack of interest in girls. PLAYBOY readers last June had a better deal: They were treated to close looks at a lot of girls barely glimpsed in the final cut of **Albert R. Broccoli's** 12th Bond epic. Those included lovely **Robbin Young,** who had been picked for a small part in a contest sponsored by PLAYBOY and United Artists.

Far more interesting than the picture itself, in fact, was the flap over its advertising campaign, which featured a photo of Bond visible in the distance through the shapely legs of a feminine adversary. In the ad's original form, the legs were nicely joined at a rear end fetchingly covered by a drawn-up bathing suit (actually, the front crotch of the suit worn backward for flash), but many newspapers cropped the ass out altogether or painted in tacky hotpants. At least three photo models, **Nancy Stafford, Jane Sumner** and **Joyce Bartle,** emerged to claim credit for the sexy legs and there was some truth to the story of each, with Bartle the winner. At any rate, there were six great legs involved, none deserving the addition of hotpants.

And when it comes to hotpants, there

JOHN BELUSHI DAN AYKROYD

Photograph by Maureen Lambray

Lock the doors...here come the

Neighbors

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JOHN BELUSHI DAN AYKROYD in "NEIGHBORS" Co-starring CATHY MORIARTY
KATHRYN WALKER Executive Producers IRVING PAUL LAZAR and BERNIE BRILLSTEIN
Music by TOM SCOTT Screenplay by LARRY GELBART Based Upon the Novel by THOMAS BERGER
Produced by RICHARD D. ZANUCK and DAVID BROWN Directed by JOHN G. AVILDSEN

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Columbia Pictures

Coming this Christmas

was plenty of heat over the ones worn in those television commercials by the aforementioned Miss Shields, who can't seem to stay out of trouble. Squeezing her size-seven frame into a pair of size-five jeans (nothing about Brooke is quite as it appears oncamera), she uttered the now-infamous line: "You know what comes between me and my Calvins? Nothing."

Although other 16-year-old girls probably didn't take her literally, parents took considerable umbrage at the *double-entendre* and a number of TV stations were forced to dump the commercial in the wash.

Even trying to do good, Shields suffered. She volunteered to do an anti-smoking TV spot, sticking cigarettes in both ears to show other teens how silly the habit is. Under tobacco-industry pressure, the Department of Health and Human Services killed the commercial, setting off a Congressional investigation that brought Brooke up to testify.

Beyond that, Shields's sexy love scenes were enough to get *Endless Love* a threatened X from the rating board, fearful of showing explicit teen sex. As usual, Brooke's nudity was doubled (this time by 27-year-old **Christine Jacobsen**), but newcomer **Martin Hewitt** had to do his own stripping. At one point in the shooting, Shields's mother, **Teri**, saw that the double had a blemish on her butt, which would obviously never be true of Brooke. So a good deal of trouble was taken to cover the unsightly mark, which ended up on the cutting-room floor, anyway, as the picture was trimmed from a potential X to an R.

When *Love* was released, its press agent was also handling another opening, **John Travolta**'s *Blow Out*, and that somehow developed into a much-publicized summer romance between the 16-year-old girl and the 27-year-old actor, with both understandably insisting the whole attraction was Platonic.

Obviously, Brooke is growing older, if not fast enough for John; as she progresses into her dotage, there's a search on for a replacement. Favorite of the moment is 13-year-old model **Cusi Cram**, already making $1000 a day posing for fashion mags and appearing regularly on the *One Life to Live* soap. Indeed, daytime TV these days is a veritable spawning ground of Lolitas, with **Kelli Maroney**, **Kristen Vigard** and **Genie Francis** among the sexiest of the teen queens.

For those who like their women a bit older, there's still **Nastassia Kinski**, now turned 20 and a star to count on after the success of *Tess*. To many fantasies, Kinski has always been what Shields should have been. After all, if you're going to trade on teenage sex, you might as well go all the way and have an affair at 15 with a director such as *Tess*'s **Roman Polanski**, who's still a fugitive from U. S. justice because of an earlier affection for an underage lady.

To Kinski, however, Roman is a fling of the past ("As a director, he was ten times more wonderful than as a lover," she has been ungraciously quoted).

But enough about those nubile newcomers. Let's move on to something substantial, maybe a married woman of some maturity, a woman whose name has been linked with that of a somewhat less famous director. Like Bo Derek.

After having taken off her clothes in the wildly successful *"10"*, 24-year-old Bo took off just as many clothes and flopped in her next picture, *A Change of Seasons*. But husband-of-lovelies **John Derek** (**Ursula Andress** and **Linda Evans** preceded Bo) is a persistent believer in his wife's allure, especially if she's unclothed and if he's directing. So, since cartoons are in fashion, the lovely couple chose to remake *Tarzan, the Ape Man*.

By actual count, there have been 21 Tarzans in screen history, all hunks and each doubtless leading female fans to speculate that all those muscles must look pretty spiffy in the raw. But for some odd reason, John did not plan to remake Tarzan with his doodaws dangling from a tree. Instead, he offered us Bo as Jane while Tarzan (**Miles O'Keeffe**) grunts in the background. The estate of author Edgar Rice Burroughs, who granted remake rights in 1931 before Jane's boobs had become hot box office, protested and persuaded a Federal court to cut the picture. The judge took out some shots of a naked orangutan, which made no more sense than anything else in this strange dispute. As a matter of fact, if animals were eligible as sex stars, the orangutan—**Clyde Junior**, or C.J. to friends—would certainly have to qualify, having now swung one way with Bo after swinging the other twice with **Clint Eastwood** in *Every Which Way but Loose* and *Any Which Way You Can*.

Never a mild fellow, John Derek carried his protest over the film's scissoring to the press, contending the picture "stinks."

But Derek was not the only director-husband of a star to get upset. **Blake Edwards**, who discovered Bo for *"10"*, in which she upstaged wife Julie Andrews (isn't Hollywood incestuous?), followed with a bitter salute to the film industry based on the miserable years he spent after Andrews turned box-office sour because she was so maddeningly sweet.

Edwards, conceding it was all a bit biographical, dreamed up a movie about a family-musical star who bares her breasts to revive a sagging career and help her director-husband. By a strange and complex coincidence, *S.O.B.* wound up in the hands of Paramount Pictures, the studio at which it was aimed, setting off a public publicity war between Edwards and Paramount.

Of all the participants involved in *"10"*, only one conducted himself this year with true style and grace. **Dudley Moore** surpassed his terrific performance in *"10"* with an even better job as a lovable, rich drunk in *Arthur*. There are, of course, lots of girls these days who insist the one thing they cannot abide is a man who drinks to excess. But, as **Liza Minnelli** demonstrates in the movie, excess is not so wretched when it's backed by $750,000,000.

In real life, Moore stands as an inspiration not to tipplers but to short fellows. At 5'2", he climbed to romance with statuesque **Susan Anton** (5'11"); that, in fact, was her most notable show-business accomplishment of the year, after many opportunities that didn't pan out (including a previous romance with **Sylvester Stallone**).

But Moore wasn't the only slight suitor to find real love in the heights. At 3'11", *Fantasy Island*'s **Herve Villechaize** married 5'8" **Camille Hagan**, who has worked as **Kate Jackson**'s stand-in, but not at the altar.

Speaking of television, after lo, these many years of inspiration to *Sex Stars*, it is time to bid a fond farewell to *Charlie's Angels*, as its stars sink in the West. The series' final recruit, sexy **Tanya Roberts**, was no help to its sagging ratings and ABC at last gave up. Thus, Tanya joined Jackson, **Farrah Fawcett**, **Jaclyn Smith**, **Cheryl Ladd** and **Shelley Hack** in Charlie's discard heap.

At least they went quietly. Not so **Suzanne Somers**, who launched a full-fledged publicity assault in an effort to save her job on *Three's Company*, where she had been relegated to one-minute solo segments after previously miscalculating how much the producers needed her. This time, however, the publicity counterattack didn't help: The producers easily found another pretty blonde, **Jenilee Harrison**, to play the part.

On the other hand, that covey of cuties on *Dallas*, **Victoria Principal**, **Linda Gray** and **Charlene Tilton**, held firm, though the show itself may be in a ratings let-down after the frenzy set off by the shooting of good old J.R., **Larry Hagman**. Success may have cost Principal a husband, but she soon replaced him with singer **Andy Gibb**, eight years her junior. On another front, Victoria went to court against a nudie magazine that published revealing photos taken when she was 17, contending she was drugged at the time the pix were shot. (Without drugs, Victoria had fortunately posed for PLAYBOY in 1972, prior to *Dallas*.)

Although her onscreen marriage to handsome newcomer **Leigh McCloskey** was a ratings coup for the prime-time soap, Tilton had a familiar complaint about her private life: Anxious to do well in her first acting job, she's too busy for romance. So manager-boyfriend **Jon Mercedes**, who discovered Charlene in a T-shirt shop, has moved out of the house.

Another victim is **Loni Anderson** of

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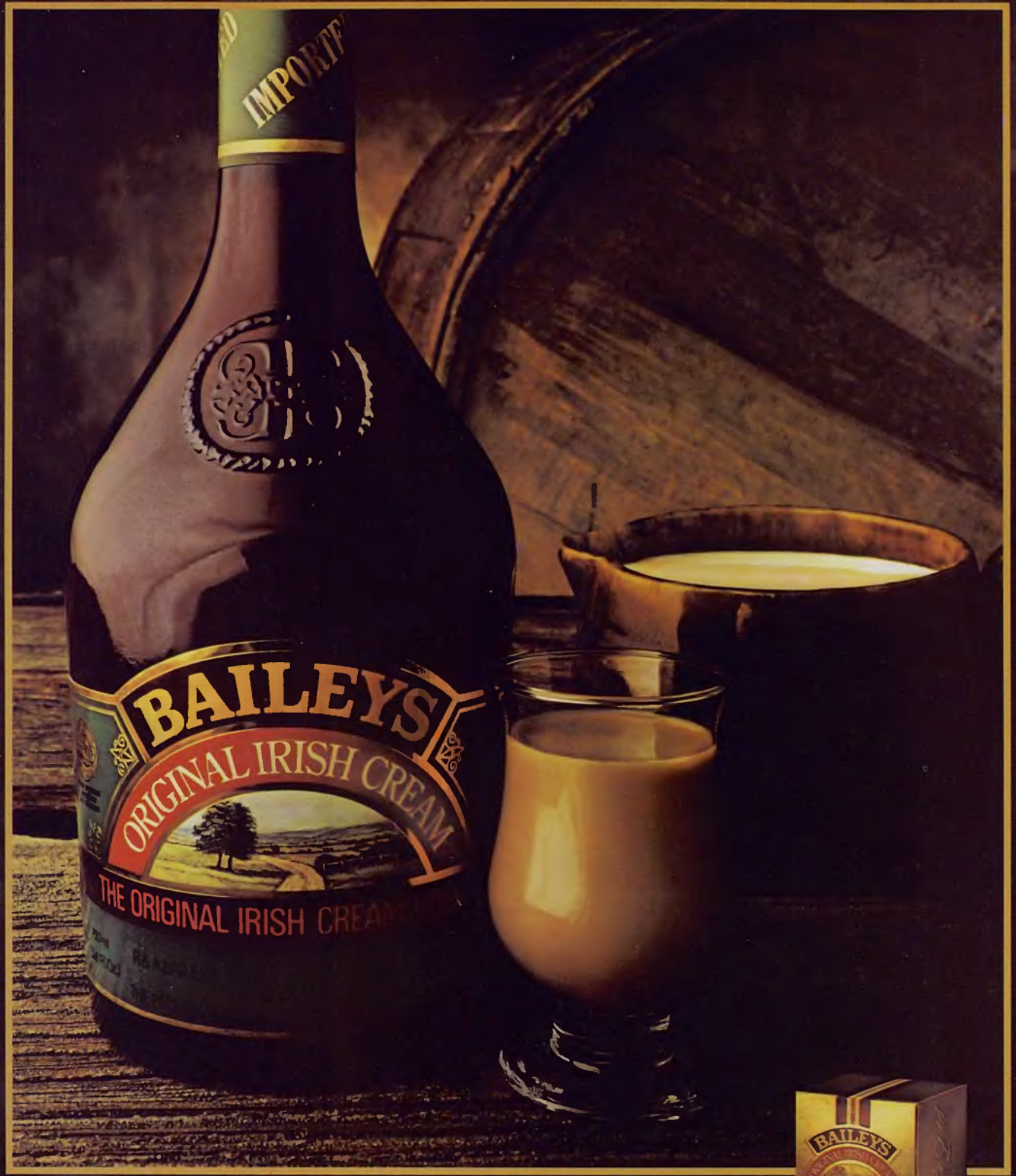

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WKRP in Cincinnati, who said her actor husband, **Ross Bickell**, took flight when her career outpaced his and he could no longer stand being called Mr. Anderson.

For all the pitfalls and problems, however, actresses still rush toward stardom. A couple of this year's big winners were **Morgan Fairchild**, a hit in a *Dallas* duplicate, *Flamingo Road*, and **Catherine Hicks**, who made a splash in a Marilyn Monroe bio on TV and next stars with **David Niven, Maggie Smith** and **Art Carney** in *Whose Little Girl Are You?* on the big screen.

Another lady to watch closely is sultry **Kim Basinger**, an ex-model and TV actress who garnered terrific reviews for her film debut in *Hard Country* with **Jan-Michael Vincent**. **Susan Sarandon** also hung in there in *Atlantic City* with **Burt Lancaster**, who proved he can still do a sexy turn himself.

While **Angie Dickinson** rested a bit after *Dressed to Kill*, being seen principally in an ad campaign for California avocados, another mature sexpot, **Maud Adams** (35), got her first big break in *Tattoo*. Maud vigorously denied co-star **Bruce Dern**'s quoted braggadocio that they really had made love while filming. (Later Dern said he didn't mean he'd gotten to know her in the Biblical sense.)

But the year's biggest break went to Martin Hewitt, Shields's co-star in *Endless Love*. A year ago, he was tending bar and parking cars in Pasadena when he read about an open casting call on the picture and answered the ad on a whim. His luck almost matches that of **Cathy Moriarty**, who went from a receptionist's job to an Oscar nomination for *Raging Bull*. As Tarzan, Miles O'Keeffe certainly got good exposure, but it will take bigger roles to establish him as a star. He's unquestionably better off than that other newcomer, **Klinton Spilsbury**, who bombed so completely as the masked man in *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* that his voice had to be overdubbed by that of **James Keach**, a man of far greater dramatic abilities if somewhat less conventional good looks.

Meanwhile, back off the ranch, **Debra Winger**, who got her start in *Urban Cowboy*, landed another plum role costarring with **Nick Nolte** in *Cannery Row*. Unfortunately, it was at the expense of senior sex star **Raquel Welch**, fired from the film shortly after it began.

Among the funnymen, **Richard Pryor** bounced back from personal tragedy to score two gigantic hits, *Stir Crazy* and *Bustin' Loose*. **Bill Murray** chalked up another hit with *Stripes*, but **Chevy Chase** came up short with 150 little people in *Under the Rainbow*.

After years of glory, **Robert Redford** topped even himself by winning a best-direction Oscar for *Ordinary People* but remained out of view, while that other super superstar, **Burt Reynolds**, again proved he can wheel in the cash with a crash in *The Cannonball Run*. Burt now says he's had it with autos and will join **Dolly Parton** in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*.

Aside from Dolly, who made a smashing start in *Nine to Five*, it was another rough year for music stars trying to cross over. **Neil Diamond** was a dud in *The Jazz Singer*; **Ringo Starr** and bride **Barbara Bach** were buried in *Caveman*; and **Paul Simon** slipped off his *One-Trick Pony*. Blondie's **Deborah Harry** did OK in *Union City*, but it was a small film; her big test is yet ahead. Although he's had plenty of successful parts in the past, **Kris Kristofferson** this year had the distinction of starring in one of Hollywood's most monumental financial disasters, *Heaven's Gate*. Also on the down side, **Barbra Streisand** took a nonsinging role in *All Night Long* with **Gene Hackman**; it barely lasted until morning.

What was supposed to be this year's hottest pairing—that of **Jack Nicholson** and **Jessica Lange** in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*—failed to answer the door after it was cut and recut to avoid an X rating. Hollywood insiders are enjoying watching the original, steamy version at home, even if the public can't. A much less ballyhooed film, *Body Heat*, starring **William Hurt** and **Kathleen Turner**, turned out to be the picture *Postman* should have been.

As the year drew to a close, Harrison Ford's *Raiders* was pulling ahead of Christopher Reeve's *Superman II* in the box-office wars. Ironically, although Ford had been the handsome hero of two of history's most successful films, *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back* (and had filled parts in *Apocalypse Now* and *American Graffiti*, two other monster hits), producer **George Lucas** didn't even think of him for *Raiders*. Ford was the last actor Lucas and director **Steven Spielberg** got around to interviewing.

Cynical and laconic, Ford has already been likened to Humphrey Bogart. That's enough in itself to cause the girls to take notice, and they've been doing it by the thousands, causing some problems for his private life, which he's tried to keep simple since his divorce from his first and only wife (by whom he has two teenage sons).

Ford, in fact, would probably be the first to say he doesn't really care to be a sex star. Sometimes, though, a fella just has no choice.

"Well, OK . . . but if you ask me, fourteen thousand dollars is a lot of money for pie and coffee!"

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PLAYMATES SING *(continued from page 226)*

"George interrupted. 'I want them to sing what they like, 'cause they're singing to me.'"

And you know who George is.

Burns's relationship with The Playmates began last July, when the producers of his special contacted Playboy and requested a group of Playmates to do a simple walk-on.

Sondra Theodore (Miss July 1977) recalled what happened: "We invited him to the studio where The Playmates were rehearsing. We'd been together for about a year, working six hours a day, five days a week. Our musical director suggested a song for us, but George interrupted. 'I want them to sing what they like, 'cause they're singing to me.' He sat in the front row and just smiled. At the end of the audition, he said, 'These girls are really great. They deserve a song of their own on the show.'"

Once they started rehearsals, the number of songs doubled. "You couldn't ask for a better debut," Sondra continued. "George was in total control. We had the best of everything. A designer made special gowns for each of us. Every day there was a basket of fresh fruit, cheese, nuts and wine in the dressing rooms. At the end of each rehearsal, he thanked us. George was such a gentleman."

•

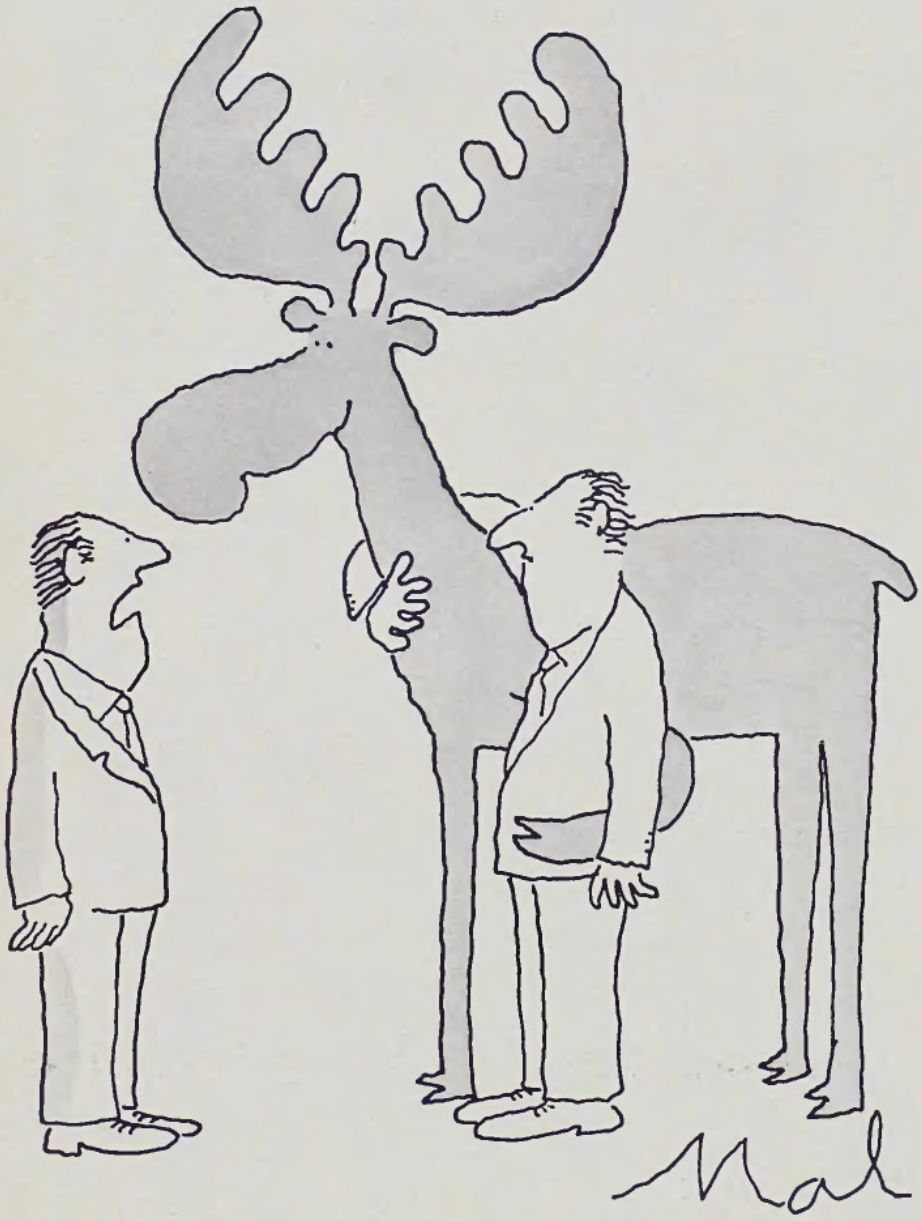
The group, which began more than a year and a half ago as a bit of spontaneous harmonizing between Sondra and Nicki Thomas (Miss March 1977), has evolved into a professional act with a rotating cast of beautiful and talented women. Michele Drake (Miss May 1979) found time in a schedule of movies (*American Gigolo, Cheech and Chong's Next Movie*) to make music. Kelly Tough (Miss October 1981) and Heidi Sorenson (Miss July 1981) added their talents. One early member, Terri Welles, dropped out after being chosen 1980 Playmate of the Year and marrying hockey star Charlie Simmer. Another early member, Jeana Tomasino (Miss November 1980), was unavailable for the TV debut and Anne Randall (Miss May 1967) stepped in as a replacement.

The act has an active support system. Dale Sheets, who also represents musical heavyweight Mel Tormé, has taken over the managerial responsibilities. His initial interest in the group was doubtlessly enhanced by the fact that he is married to Joan Staley, Miss November 1958.

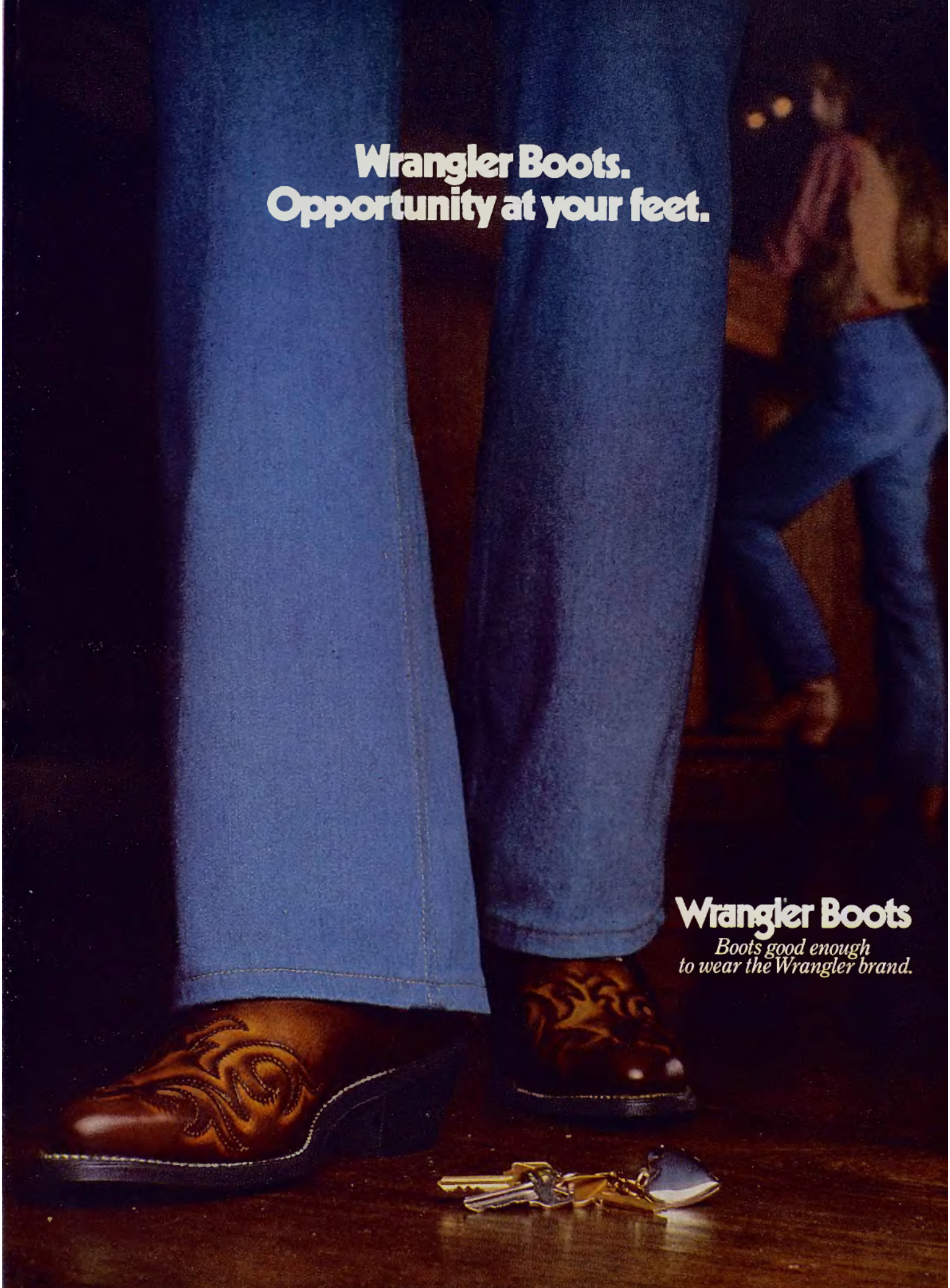
The Playmates' choreographer is Miriam Nelson, whose credits include the 1979 Oscar telecast, as well as work on the Luciano Pavarotti movie *Yes, Giorgio*. Their musical director is Vic Caesar. Vic is a singer, composer, drummer and, right now, the world's only bearded den mother. His career goes back to 1947, when, as a drummer, he played with modern jazz legend Charlie Parker.

About The Playmates, Vic said: "All of the girls came in with some talent, but we've seen it develop in the past few months. Where once they were unsure of themselves, now they're comfortable. They have a direction and a good repertoire, from country to jazz to New Wave. When people leave one of their performances, I believe you're going to hear comments like, 'My God, I thought they were just pretty girls in a magazine. I never thought they could sing like that.'"

The group is currently working on plans for the future—including more television appearances, club dates and records. If, after seeing them on the Burns special, you develop an insatiable appetite for their sound, we suggest investing in cable TV. The Playmates will be appearing with some regularity on Playboy's own new pay-TV channel, to be launched early in 1982. It will be worth the wait.



"Yes . . . but can she cook?"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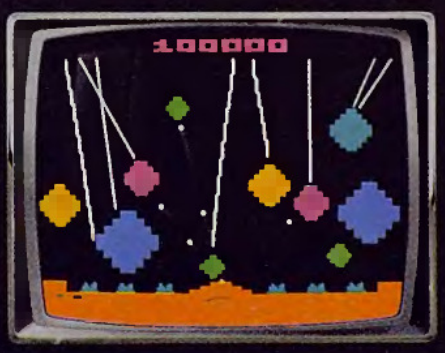

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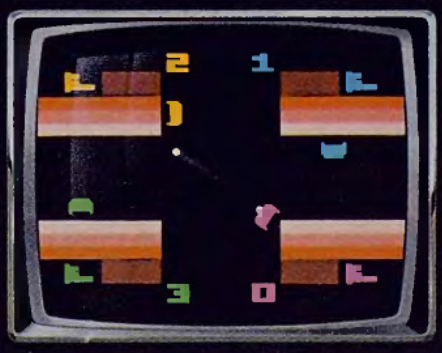

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ADVENTURER

(continued from page 175)

"One thing about having money, he said to himself, you can't seem to get rid of any."

was the good-natured Christy.

So off Gallagher went to sunny Florida, the choice not quite that random. In the corner of his mind was an almost perfect blonde—her hair did frizz in the rain—he had met at a bar, probably too many months before. After one quick look, he assumed she was beyond his reach. She was tall, coltish, tailor-made for preppies. But she had been charmed by his work in the theater. She tended bar; as she reached for Scotch bottles, her movements were balletic, unquestionably aimed at Gallagher. They had some coffee; she was an actress and a friend of judges. At her apartment, they wrestled on the rug. Calls came in from the judges. Behind a curtain, a roommate who paid most of the rent slept fitfully. So the deed remained undone. They had another date. Gallagher got to second base with her, then trotted off the field to go into rehearsals. She left for Lauderdale. Now, with a hit under his belt, Gallagher flew South to bat himself home.

With the greatest of ease, he tracked her down. He checked at one bar, was steered to another, the second trimmed with coconuts and tom-toms. Sleepy bearded fellows, vaguely nautical, roamed about. The jukebox was lively, up to date. A sign said, NO SAD STORIES. She had a rich tan and wore cut-off blue jeans. If possible, her legs had improved. She ignored him; he ignored her back. Then she summoned him to a corner table, reserved for the help. "I had to be careful," she said. "Half the guys are cops."

"What's that got to do with me?"

She chuckled, as if catching on to a sly remark. She was no longer involved with judges. Indeed, she had gone the other way and was now an intimate of heavies. Her boyfriend was Schoenfeld—in the immediate area, heaviest of all.

"Oh, well," said Gallagher, cashing in his chips, "I was just passing through and thought I'd say hello."

"Don't go," she said, catching his wrist. "Direct me. I like to be told what to do."

"Maybe we could hang out together, you, me and Schoenfeld."

"Good," she said. She kicked her legs up on the table, lit a cigarette.

"One of the judges just wanted me to take showers with him," she said.

Gallagher took note of the sudden swerve in her logic—but it was a nice tidbit.

He checked into a handsome motel that appeared to be screamingly expensive but turned out to be dirt-cheap. One thing about having money, he said to himself, you can't seem to get rid of any.

He ordered up some clams on the half shell to keep his weight down, took a nap—and in the early evening, headed back to the bar. She was still there, whirling about with a drink tray. She worked long, fierce hours.

"He's over there," she said, directing him to a fellow with a spreading waist and a heavily pouched face. Schoenfeld wore a blazer and an unlaundered shirt, as if he had started to dress nicely, then said the hell with it.

"You look around the same age as me," he said to Gallagher. "I'm forty-six. How old would you say I was?"

"A little younger."

"That's what I say," he said, as if pleased, finally, to have an ally. "I was supposed to drive out to see my wife, but I've been up for five days. You don't think I should drive in this condition, do you?"

"No, I don't."

Schoenfeld appraised him through his pouched eyes, then said, "Come on inside, I'll fix you up."

Gallagher followed him past the jukebox and a bank of electronic games into the men's room. They went into the single stall, where Schoenfeld fed him generous amounts of medium-grade coke. Laughing Latins peered in at them.

"The traffic's a little heavy in here," said Gallagher.

"They're gonna fuck with me?" said Schoenfeld, raising an eyebrow. "Schoenfeld?"

They walked back to the bar. Gallagher was supposed to feel high, but he didn't. Schoenfeld patted the blonde girl on the head, then quickly joined Gallagher.

"The thing about starting a guy off on coke is then you have to continue him all night. But don't worry, I'll take care of you."

"Let me give you some money," said Gallagher.

"Schoenfeld?" he said.

A tall man with a quietly powerful

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body came into the bar. He wore steel-rimmed glasses and had a short and truly dreadful haircut.

"Very heavy guy," said Schoenfeld, poking Gallagher softly. "His name is Shithead, but only if you're intimate. Otherwise, it's Ralph."

"Ralph is fine with me," said Gallagher.

"Hey, Shithead," Schoenfeld called out. "Say hello to Mr. Gallagher."

In the great tradition of seriously hard men, the fellow gave Gallagher a gentle handshake.

"Hi, Ralph," said Gallagher.

The big man looked around the bar. Some sleepy girls were now slumped over on their stools. They were there to join the sleepy bearded fellows.

"I used to put little girls up on my face before it came in," said the tall man. "Put 'em right up here," he said, demonstrating.

Schoenfeld gave him some coke, which he took to the men's room.

"Nicest guy in the world," said Schoenfeld, "and then he'll go off on you."

When the big fellow came back, a polka was playing on the jukebox. He lifted Gallagher off the ground and whirled him about the floor a few times like a rag doll. Gallagher, not your basic small man, thought of resisting, but having gotten some idea of the fellow's strength, decided it was a poor idea. He let himself go limp. The fellow put him down gently.

"I can do that," said Shithead, "because I think I read something of yours once."

"Let's hit some after-hours places," said Schoenfeld.

"So early?" asked Gallagher.

"They're nice now," said Schoenfeld.

Gallagher touched base with the blonde girl. "Maybe I'll catch up with you later," he said.

"I'd like that," she said. Schoenfeld gave her a wave. She waved back and shook her head sadly. "All his girlfriends leave him," she said.

They got into Shithead's pickup truck, which was equipped with powerful bumpers, and drove out to the highway.

Schoenfeld seemed worried about his wife. "Drive in my condition, I'd probably never make it," he said.

Shithead drove off the highway onto the service road a few times to ram some parked cars in their driveways.

"That's the type of thing I do," he said.

They stopped at a roadside place. The man at the door looked around nervously before admitting them, though there seemed to be no one else in view for miles around.

Gallagher and Shithead took seats at a bar while Schoenfeld had a hot discussion with a young fellow in a ruffled shirt who seemed to be in charge. The place was modest—it featured a spotless dance floor that appeared never to have been used and a lazy blackjack game in the rear. A trio of women Gallagher took to be hookers sat at one end of the bar. No one seemed to be having any fun. Schoenfeld and the man in the ruffled shirt took turns jabbing at each other's chests, then hugged each other, after which Schoenfeld joined them at the bar.

"They're very careful who they let in here," he said to Gallagher. "They had been briefed on Shithead, but I had trouble when it came to you. Anyway, you're in. You packin'?"

"No," said Gallagher.

"Everybody else is," said Schoenfeld, "but don't worry, you're with me."

A thin, pretty hooker dropped her compact on the floor. When she stooped to pick it up, she looked like a young mother straightening up a playroom. Shithead signaled to her and she followed him to the back area.

Schoenfeld fed Gallagher another taste of the medium-grade coke and said, "*You* get something good, you tell me. *I* get something good, I tell you."

"I doubt that I'll get anything good," said Gallagher. "But if I do, I will."

Gallagher went over to play some blackjack. The dealer handed him an 18, dealt himself one, too, and took Gallagher's money.

"Wasn't that a push?" asked Gallagher.

"We don't obey that," said the dealer.

He played a few more hands to be sociable, then returned to the bar.

"How'd you do?" asked Schoenfeld, yawning.

"They take pretty good care of themselves around here."

"Well, don't you worry," said Schoenfeld. "You're with me."

Shithead returned from the back section and had a whispered consultation with Schoenfeld. It looked as if they were exchanging stock tips.

"We got a problem," said Schoenfeld. "Shithead here just tied up a hooker in the ladies' room and left her there. When they find her, they'll be pissed."

"Shouldn't we leave?" asked Gallagher.

"Before I finish my drink?" said Schoenfeld.

He sipped his beer and dozed off at the bar. When the owner was summoned to the ladies' room, Shithead grabbed Schoenfeld and shook him awake. They followed Shithead out to the pickup. He gunned the motor and tore off down the highway, hunched over in the excited style of a wheelman, but no one appeared to be following them. He slowed down and they drove easily beneath a cheery Southern moon.

"I've got to tow some Arabs out of a dune," said Shithead. "I'm gonna charge them three hundred dollars. What do you think?"

"I think you'll get it," said Gallagher.

"If they object, I'll cold-cock them."

"Maybe I ought to go back to my wife," said Schoenfeld. "Even in this condition. When I spoke to her this morning, she said, 'Drive back or that's the marriage!' What do you think?"

"If she put it that way," said Gallagher.

"That's what I think. Shithead, drop me off."

His car was parked in someone's driveway. It was a Pontiac that looked as tired as he did.

"Call me," he said to Gallagher, as he got out of the pickup. He shook his head in disappointment. "Jesus Christ, you never call me."

"I just met you," said Gallagher.

"Well, don't be no stranger."

Shithead drove Gallagher back to the bar. He appeared to want to say something but seemed nervous about it. Finally, he said, "Maybe you ought to write my story. I used to beat up Jerry Cooney."

"He's vicious," said Gallagher.

"Not with me, he isn't." He kissed Gallagher full on the mouth, then dropped him off at the bar. Gallagher wiped off his mouth and went inside to see the blonde girl. The place was much livelier than the after-hours club.

"How did you do with my friends?" she asked.

"It's a long story," he said. "The truth is, I came down here to see you."

"What about my boyfriend?"

"We won't let him in on it."

"I don't know," she said. "We usually share things. Be forceful."

"Get your ass over to my place as soon as you finish up."

"You're on," she said, twirling around to serve a customer. Twirling back, she asked, "You a spanker?"

"It's not high on my list," said Gallagher.

"I like it," she said, "as long as it doesn't escalate."

•

She wore high heels and a cream-colored skirt and looked as if she were about to have lunch at the Plaza. He didn't understand the need for all the formality, but he was thrilled about the skirt.

"I could spend a month just arranging and rearranging it," he said.

"It would be cheaper than a summer in the Hamptons," she said. She hadn't budged from the doorway. "Do you want me to stand over here for a while and look shy?" she asked.

"I don't really require that," he said. They kissed for a while and then undressed. She went to great lengths to see to it that her clothes were folded meticulously.

"I wanted to follow up in New York,"

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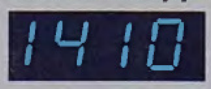

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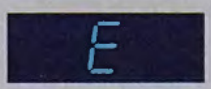

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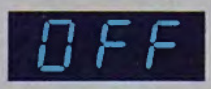

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he said, amazed by her body, "but I got derailed."

"Oh, that's all right," she said. "I had the judges then, anyway.

"Now," she said, rubbing her hands briskly, "were there any special things that you wanted?"

"Let's just see what happens," he said. They made love for a while. She was pretty skillful and he told her. "How old did you say you were?" he asked.

"Twenty-four," she said, "but you're giving me excellent guidelines."

"Now," she said later, sitting up, brushing her hair, "how does your dream of a golden goddess hold up?"

"Just fine," he said, but he wasn't sure he meant it.

"You've helped me in a thousand different ways," she said. "I wonder if you would take this eighth up to my girlfriend in New York." She handed him a glassine packet of cocaine. "I'm behind in the rent."

Again, he was aware of a break in her logic, but he said he would take care of it. They had a few beers on the porch. "Remember," she said, putting on her heels. "Call me wherever you are, I'll meet you halfway." She left. Everyone wants me to call them, he said to himself. He rang up Christy.

"How's it going?" she asked. "You replenished yet?"

"I'm getting there," he said.

"I miss you and I love you."

"Love you, too, babe."

He left the next morning and headed for the airport. This was his first try at carrying drugs. He got his own body through without a hitch, then waited for his valise. "I was in San Ysidro a couple of years ago," he said to a disinterested female attendant. He thought she might be an American Indian. "Everyone was using surfboards to carry stuff in. What's the trend these days?"

"Wise guys," said a short, stocky man nearby. He flashed a badge and told Gallagher to empty his pockets. The packet slid out of a leather cigar case along with two fresh Havanas. The agent confiscated the packet, then held up one of the cigars and took an imaginary puff. "These any good?" he asked.

"Those are *my* cigars," said Gallagher, idiotically, and flew at him.

The agent, Feld, a nimble transplant from crowded Queens, did a side step and trailed a leg. It hooked the charging Gallagher and sent him up in the air. He actually enjoyed the sensation until he landed. The break sounded as if someone had stomped on a poorly wrapped package. Feld handcuffed him, sat him in the grated rear of a squad car and drove him to a doctor in a nearby shopping center. Later, his shoulder mounted importantly in a cast, he followed Feld across the parking lot to the squad.

On a nearby loading platform, Schoenfeld awaited him, clean-shaven, amazingly refreshed. "I heard what you did," he said. "When they're finished with you, then I start in." Behind him, Shithead kicked at the dirt, embarrassed.

A car drove up, carrying the thin hooker and the after-hours man, in a fresh ruffled shirt. He squinted one eye, aimed a finger at Gallagher and went, "*Bing*."

Gallagher followed the agent into the squad. A brush fire of pain lit up his genitals. He imagined three kinds of V.D., only one of them a pushover. He did some quick calculations: Even with a clean slate and impressive character references, he faced a minimum of three to seven in the can.

"I don't understand you," said Feld, starting up the squad. "You don't seem like the type. And I understand you had a big success up East."

Gallagher sighed, stretched out his legs. The seat was wet, as though a frozen turkey had been there before him. In the distance, Schoenfeld bared his teeth and raised a fist.

"I know what you mean," he said to the agent. "But I seemed to have a need to complicate my life a little."

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COCAINE COWBOY *(continued from page 180)*

"Then Momma came out carrying a .22-caliber rifle . . . and she let him have it, right in front of me."

more than usual, and that night he was piss mad. Us kids were asleep when he jumped on Momma and started to hit her. I got up and tried to stop 'em from fighting, and wound up outside the front door with Daddy. Then Momma came out carrying a .22-caliber rifle Daddy had just bought for Christmas and she let him have it, right there in front of me. The bullet passed just over me, he fell, and I went to my momma. I didn't feel anything. The police came and arrested my mother that evening, but they released her later that night, because Daddy wouldn't press any charges. Even though he was hurt pretty bad, I couldn't feel too sorry for him. The way I looked at it, if he didn't have sense enough to run when he saw that gun coming, he deserved to get shot. He had a choice. *We all have choices.*

I guess everything that was going on at home had something to do with the fact that I was flunking at UJH. But I finally made it to Anderson High School, and during those years—like, from 12 to 15—I was learning, I was watching. I saw the grownups around me working in some factory or maybe just working odd jobs. People grew up and did the same things their parents did. If the father was a farmer, the son was a farmer; the father a roofer, the son a roofer. My father pumped gas, and I didn't want to pump gas. So I decided to be a burglar.

I asked my daddy, who was a pretty good auto mechanic, to teach me how to hot-wire a car. I don't think he realized why I wanted to know, but he showed me. Every weekend, me and a couple of partners would "borrow" a car, drive through the white neighborhoods, break into houses and steal TVs and stereo equipment. We'd take 'em to pawnshops and the man would give us maybe $20 or $30. I did this all the way through freshman and sophomore years, then one night we got caught in a house by the owner and I got shot at. That scared me *so* much—I mean, I would have pissed on myself if I hadn't been running so fast—it put a permanent freeze on my burgling career.

Meanwhile, my grades got so bad that I wasn't eligible for football, which was the only thing I really liked about school. I decided to get the hell out of Austin. My grandma Nettie Mae—actually, she's my cousin, but she seemed like a grandma to me—lived in Oklahoma and I had always thought she was rich, so I wrote to her and begged her to let me come live with her. Of course, she wasn't rich, but she was better off than my family. She said I could come, provided I did what she told me.

And I have to say, Nettie Mae helped me by trying to straighten me out. I'd been fooling around with bad drugs in Austin—snorting heroin, drinking Robitussin, smoking reefer, dropping pills. I knew Nettie Mae wouldn't stand for that, so I gave that up when I went to Oklahoma. I got a driver's license, found myself a job with a truck line and bought a car. I didn't even think about stealing, because Nettie Mae would give me anything within reason. Back in Austin, there was *nothing*, man. Rock bottom.

My junior and senior years were good for me. My life had a little structure to it, you know. I really wanted to play football, but because of my grades, I still wasn't eligible. So I filmed the games with my welding teacher, Mr. Seward, who took his movie camera to every Douglas High football game and gave the films to the coach. The more games Mr. Seward took me to, the more I wanted to play.

During my senior year in high school, my grades finally qualified me for the team. From the first practice, I realized that I was going to be excellent at football.

I was outstanding that year. I played linebacker, and the local press nicknamed me Wild Man Henderson. Any kid who came around my end, I had his ass. If the quarterback took too long, I'd have *his* ass. At the end of the season, I got a few letters from coaches, but nothing solid. My dream was to go to college on a scholarship and be a star, but no school seemed to want me.

Instead of giving up, though, I drove to Langston University, a small all-black school in Langston, Oklahoma, and asked the coach for a tryout. It was already September and I hadn't even filled out an application, but the coach, Albert Schoats, let me in on a team scrimmage and he was so impressed with me that he told me to move on campus. After about a month, he had me all straightened out with financial aid, room and board, books and a job on the work-study program, and I wanted to live up to what he expected. Schoats and his line coach, Big Daddy Nivens, encouraged me. I felt like they believed they could get great things out of me. I even studied, 'cause I knew they were going to play me.

The main reason I did so well at Langston was coach Nivens. Big Daddy was a black, burly son of a bitch, who looked like King Kong's little twin. He's the kind of dude who'll call you motherfucker in practice, but he's fair. He

"But I've got your letter right here. It says, 'Dear Santa, I wanna ball!' "

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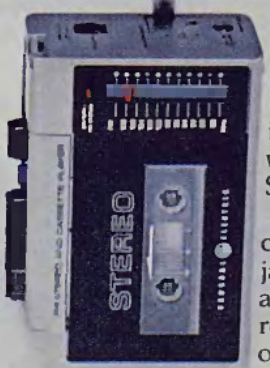

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liked me because I played good football for him. Of course, the other side was that Big Daddy heard around campus that I was doing reefer. (After I got away from Nettie Mae, I got back into it.) Little did he know that I also got into psychedelics, dropping a lot of sunshine acid. Still, my first season on the team in 1971, I was all-conference and for two of the next three years, I was Little All-American. On the campus, I was a star from the first year. I even had a dentist put a gold star on my front tooth. By the end of my sophomore year, I was *the* man. Everybody on campus knew me. I was gettin' *all* the pussy, all the virgins. (I loved those virgins and I know they all still remember me, too.)

Big Daddy kept me from getting too far out of line. He loved to high-side you on the football field, really get on your ass: "What you doin', man? What *are you doin'*? This ain't football, this is knockerball or something, but it ain't football." But off the field, he was always talking to me about Christ, talking about the Lord all the time. I knew Big Daddy was good to me, even though I didn't understand what he was trying to tell me about Jesus until much later.

The Langston team was 11–0 my junior year and 1–9 when I was a senior (a lot of our starters from the year before had graduated). But I was Little All-American both years, and in the middle of my senior year, I was drafted in the first round by the Dallas Cowboys.

I was kind of a surprise pick. Sportswriters outside Oklahoma were saying "Thomas Who?" But they figured if Tom Landry's computers said I was that good, I must really be a monster. That day, I went out and bought a new Corvette—just went and told a dealer that I'd been drafted number one by the Cowboys. He gave me a car to drive away in, simple as that. Didn't even ask for a down payment.

I went back to Langston and bought five cases of wine for all the fellas, then drove up and down the sidewalks on campus, passing out bottles. For the next few weeks, I was walking around campus talking shit. But then, I was getting everything I wanted, everything going *my* way. I was getting all the pussy I wanted, all the pussy I hadn't got. I was getting quickies. I wouldn't even take off my shoes. I was also doing THC and acid and a lot of reefer. I even got into some threesomes with white chicks from the University of Oklahoma. I did everything because I was going to be rich. And everybody else knew I was going to be rich. Forever.

•

While I was in Miami for the Super Bowl at the end of my rookie season, I went over to a club in Fort Lauderdale to catch The Pointer Sisters. I got to sit right in the front row every night, making eyes and putting the moves on Anita Pointer. I was star-struck. After a while, me and Anita were introduced and she invited me up to her room. A friend of hers laid this pure Peruvian flake on her, and I tried it and liked it fine. I'd had coke before, but it was shit compared with this. She and I started dating, and I spent a lot of time with her at her place in Sausalito for a while.

Now that I look back, I can't believe how country I was when I met her. I had seven polyester suits made up by some designer, real corny suits, and I wore them in Sausalito when I was with her. I used to put them on every day and walk around the house and let her look at me. I would say, "Am I clean, man?" And then I would reflect on how clean I was. She was wearing silks and gabardines and wools and cashmeres and there I was with seven double-knit polyesters. You know, I was a joke, but she didn't tell me. She just quietly helped me out. She was the first person who put gold on my neck. I was wearing this silver dolphin on a silver chain and she just politely bought me some gold for my birthday.

My second year in Dallas, 1976, was another good year for me socially. In fact, it may have been my best year all around. I hardly got in any trouble at all. I was doing a little reefer, a little coke now and then, but the coke was still no big thing. I'd get maybe a gram a week and do it mostly on weekends. My main thing during the football season, though, was sex, not drugs. The only outrageous things I did were the things I did with women.

In the first part of the season, I hooked up again with Ruth, but that winter I also dated the upper-class, college-educated chicks from the black side of South Dallas, who all the brothers called the unfuckables. I would take them out and fuck them.

But then, by that time, I only dealt with the best—the best steak, the best seafood, the best caviar, the works. Somebody would ask me, "What's happening?" and I'd say, "Anything I *want* to happen, baby, anything I want."

I remember during that year, I went back to Austin to see Momma. I saw all my old partners on the Cut. They were so stunned, they couldn't figure out who the hell I was, couldn't put it together, me having gone from there, drinking Robitussin and doing rip-offs to playing pro ball on national television. One guy asked me right out: "Hey, man, how is it you drink all that wine and be shittin' milk?" I couldn't explain it to him.

About the middle of the 1976 season, I moved in with Ed "Too Tall" Jones. Too Tall is a clean liver in a lot of ways: takes no drugs, only drinks beer. But Too Tall is a Pisces like me and, like me, he loves sex. If you were to charge him with some crime, it would have to be for screwing more women than any one man. Too Tall dated one particular woman on and off, but his favorite thing was to go out and round up five, six, sometimes ten or eleven girls, and have these orgies. Just me and Too Tall and all that pussy.

We almost always had four or five women in our house at the same time, morning and night. As soon as a chick would come in, we'd have her change into a T-shirt and that's all. (Usually, it'd be a Cowboys T-shirt.) Then, from the T-shirt, it was an easy step to naked. Every night after practice, Too Tall and I had a scene. The girls got out of their clothes and we had them on the floor, on the pool table, wherever. But I never could keep up with Too Tall. Many nights when I was played out, asleep next to some chick, he would come into my room and tap me on the foot and say, "You mind if I get me some?"

On Too Tall's birthday one year, I gave him a blonde, a redhead and a brunette. When he came home, they were all spread out for him. I admit I shared his birthday present with him. After all, one man is too much for any one woman, but two women are a little too much for one man, and three women are ridiculous. I know I'm too much for one woman and not enough for two. Three is out of my league. I figure one and a half are just about right for the average guy.

I wasn't a starter for the Cowboys that year, either, and to be honest, I still didn't know the system well enough to start. I played specialty teams again and had another pretty good season on the field, but we didn't go to the Super Bowl and that made the whole year a letdown.

My third season with Dallas was the first year I started. I came to training camp on the last day, instead of coming early, like I had the two years before. I figured I was a veteran, and so I didn't need to come early. I was tired of it. During the off season, Lee Roy Jordan and Dave Edwards had retired, which left two linebacker spots open. There were three guys competing for the two spots: Bob Breunig, Randy White and me. When I got to camp, they'd already slated Breunig and White. They wanted me to work for it. Finally, the day before the season started, Landry announced that he was benching one of the veteran linebackers and putting me in there. I think I made only three interceptions all that season, but I knocked down a hell of a lot of passes and made the all-N.F.C. team.

In the Louisiana Superdome in New Orleans that year, we beat Denver 27–10 in the Super Bowl. I had a badly strained neck muscle and really shouldn't have played, but I ended up making seven

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tackles. It was after that game that Thomas Henderson became Hollywood Henderson. The guys on the team had been calling me that for a couple of years, kind of like Hot Dog Henderson. They teased me with it because I was always going to L.A. whenever I had a chance. But after we beat the Broncos (whose front line was nicknamed the Orange Crush), I got hold of some Orange Crush pop cans, and while the television cameras were rolling and trophies were being passed out, I was in the background with this can, turning it, bending it, squeezing it and gritting my teeth.

The next day, the newspapers carried a picture of me with that can of Orange Crush, and the captions said I was known as Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson. The day after that, I rented a limousine, bought some cocaine and went to L.A. And that was when I really started snorting. I stayed at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, kept the limousine and went to see everybody I knew, carrying caviar and coke. I was the world champion. I had met a lot of famous people through the Pointer Sisters—Richard Pryor and The Temptations and a whole bunch of other singers—and I went to see them all. My coke intake went up to about a gram a day for the two weeks I partied in L.A. and, what with having the limousine around the clock, I guess I spent maybe $500 a day while I was there. But everybody knew me. Everybody knew that Hollywood Henderson was on the rise.

When I went back to Dallas, I went down to only two, three grams a week, maybe half a gram a day. It wasn't as bad as the gram a day I did in L.A. but was up from a gram a week I'd been doing during the season. Still, it wasn't uncontrollable. I didn't carry it with me all the time like I did later. I'd usually just take a huge snort before I went out somewhere, leave the rest at home and forget about it.

One reason I didn't do it too much was that I'd begun dating a lady named Wyetta pretty regularly and she didn't do it. Also, I was still living with Too Tall and although he wasn't the type of cat to say anything if he saw me snorting, I felt uncomfortable doing it around him, because he didn't do it. So most of 1977, I was still blowing it alone most of the time.

I was always a loner on the team, anyway. I didn't have too many what you would call buddies on the Cowboys except Too Tall. Besides, I don't think any player really wanted the other guys to know his personal business. We were all made very conscious of our image as America's Team. So the most we did together in the way of recreation was have a few beers or maybe a joint now and then. But, man, nobody even *talked* about cocaine. Some of the other guys may have been doing it, but I wouldn't have noticed. I was too much into being Thomas Henderson to pay much attention to anybody else.

The summer before my fourth season, I earned some extra money playing basketball for an exhibition team, the Dallas Hoopsters, and going on speaking engagements. That summer, I bought me a custom Mercedes-Benz, which I drove to training camp for my fourth season as a Cowboy.

Me and Too Tall had been having scenes nearly every day during the summer, and we kept it up through training camp, though not as often. There were four or five dorm buildings out there, and the coaches didn't keep close check on them. A lot of guys brought one woman in now and then, but only me and Too Tall managed to sneak in five or six at a time. Most of the time, though, when I wasn't doing scenes, I was seeing Wyetta.

I had brought a lot of coke to camp with me, so I was always hung over during practices and meetings. I was sleeping through the meetings all the time. I just wasn't concerned with what was happening. I finally felt like I knew the system and I just wanted to play.

Overall, I think I had a great training camp. I felt sharp and strong when the season started. I even don't remember the first game of that year, but I'll never forget the second.

We were playing the Giants in New York. On the first play of the second quarter, they called a slant and I caught it. The halfback was running the ball, with the fullback blocking on me. As the play unfolded, here comes Larry Csonka, Big Zonk, the fullback, right at me. When I put my shoulder into him, I had my right foot off the ground and my left ankle, which had no support, just popped. It rolled over, all the way over, and it felt like somebody had shot me in the ankle. The play didn't go far, because the halfback fell over me and Csonka. But I had to leave the game.

Landry kept me on the side lines until half time before sending me to get X-rayed. Meanwhile, the fans in the

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stands were giving me shit, razzing me, you know. I gave the crowd the finger. I was in so much pain when I left the stadium, I can't really describe it.

The X rays showed I hadn't broken the ankle, but I popped all the outside lateral ligaments. I had hoped I'd be ready to play in a week, but I could hardly walk.

And to make matters worse, the coaches had told me to come back in the morning. They wanted me to get up and come over there and practice, and I couldn't even get out of bed, couldn't even raise my leg up. They didn't care. They just wanted me there, even if I had to come on crutches. And I felt like I was dying. I mean, *dying*.

The ankle was four times its normal size and throbbing so bad I couldn't even put it on the floor. The doctors wouldn't give me anything stronger for the pain than Tylenol with Codeine, so I began doing a lot of cocaine. I mean, I was snorting maybe two grams a day for about a week. Then I began going in to get treatments on the ankle, which were nothing but ice on it for a few hours every day. I think that was when I really started my coke dependency. The coke always helped me with pain. With coke, I either forgot about it or it just kind of disappeared; headaches, toothaches, everything.

In about four weeks, I was ready to play again. I slacked off on the cocaine, figuring that when you have to go to work and perform, you can't abuse yourself too much. The first game back, I didn't do so well, because the ankle was irritated and I didn't have much lateral movement. But after that, it got better and so did I.

That year, my name became a household word. Just before our Thanksgiving Day game with the Redskins, I told the media that the Redskins were turkeys. That made headlines. Then I followed it up by playing a great game. And just before the championship game with L.A., I said the Rams didn't have no class. That made headlines, too. Seems like every radio station in the world called me to get me to badmouth the L.A. Rams. And the Rams were hot about it. All the papers said so. But we got to L.A. and beat them 28–0, and I scored the last touchdown of the game on an interception. I ran it back 68 yards. I had ten tackles and caused two fumbles.

Then, before the Super Bowl with Pittsburgh, I told the newspapers that Terry Bradshaw couldn't spell cat if you spotted him a C and an A. *That* made headlines. But we almost beat them and I had eight tackles and completely shut down the run around my end.

I made All-Pro that year, and when we played the Pro Bowl in Los Angeles, I was scoring coke everywhere. I even found a couple of restaurants where you can order it after dinner. They have to know you, of course, and you have to know how to find it on the menu. But if you know, it's right there.

I had a great game in the Pro Bowl, but more than that, I remember the hostility of the L.A. fans. When I was announced—"Linebacker, from the Dallas Cowboys, Thomas Henderson"—they booed me. I had a lot of death threats in Los Angeles, but then, that happened all the time. It happened when we played the Redskins, the Eagles and the Steelers. They'd call me up at my hotel: "Hey, you black motherfucker, when you get to the stadium, I'm going to blow your fucking brains out, you loudmouth." But I didn't give a shit. I told them they would probably be doing me a favor, putting me out of my misery.

During the off season, Wyetta had a baby, my daughter. She was trying to put the move on to get married, but I was still fucking all the girls and having fun. I told her, "We can get married, but I'll always be a bachelor, no matter what. I can treat you nice, pay your rent, buy you clothes, send you to school, but I ain't gonna stop getting pussy."

And she was so jealous. She caught me with other women a couple of times and she'd scream and call me a bunch of names and act crazy. A couple of times I had to hold her back from jumping on the women. And she particularly disliked white women. Whenever we had an argument, she'd holler at me, "Why don't you go sleep with your white girls?" I'd say, "I think I will." And I would.

•

By the time I went to training camp at the beginning of the 1979 season, I was completely into coke. I rented a limousine—one of those stretch jobs with the dark windows and a TV in back—and I had the driver pull up alongside the practice field and park. I just sat there for a half hour, sniffed coke and watched. Landry and the players kept looking over at the limo, but I didn't get out. I tortured the fuck out of them. Can you see it? California Lutheran College, Thousand Oaks, California. The scene is set. A silver-black limousine pulls up. Cadillac, stretch. Just sits there. And all of a sudden the door opens and I step out wearing a cowboy hat, T-shirt, cowboy boots and tennis shorts. And I'm high as a kite. I walk all the way across the field to Landry, who isn't smiling. Suddenly, all the guys come over, yelling, "Hey, Hollywood!" and we give five all around. And as Landry stands there, I calmly get back into the limousine and drive back to L.A.

I got in trouble for that. They fined me. But, see, I had a reason. I was going for more money. I wanted $250,000. My base salary was still much less than I thought I deserved for an All-Pro in his fifth year. When I finally came back to camp, I barked and talked shit and finally begged, but Landry kept telling me I was already making too much.

All during camp, me and Landry kept having meetings, but when the season started, I still hadn't negotiated my raise. Just the same, I started out playing great. We were automatic contenders for the Super Bowl, but I didn't much want to go to practice. Part of the reason was that my coke consumption was way up, which didn't help matters on the home front, either. Wyetta and I couldn't live together, so I moved out a month after my baby was born. I'm not proud of it, but we had had a fight about my bringing two women into our apartment, and that was that. But, see, Wyetta had changed, too. I mean, I understand pregnancy, but, shit, she gained a lot of weight. Her ass got twice as big as it used to be.

So I was depressed about that. And I was doing coke all night and waking up hung over and calling into practice sick. And I *was* sick. Every morning I would wake up and just be shaking. My nervous system was getting fucked up from the coke. I kept getting pissed off at the coaches in practice all the time. Even Jerry Tubbs, who was a nice guy, started to tell me that I should just cool out.

Finally, two days before a game with the Steelers, we were all eating dinner and Landry came over to my table to tell me that because I hadn't come to practice all week, I wouldn't start the game. It was about the third game of the season. And this was when my life with the Dallas Cowboys began to end. He said he was going to start Mike Hegman. I said I had a legitimate reason for missing the practices, but he just went back to his table. I waited a minute, then went over and said, right in front of his assistants, "If I don't start tomorrow, I ain't going to play." And I walked off. You just don't do Tom Landry like that. He told Bob Breunig to tell me that if I ever did that again, he would get rid of me.

But the day of the game, he came to me with his head down and said, "I didn't expect to start you today, Thomas, but. . . ." And he let me have my way. To be honest, I was surprised. It's not normal for Landry to bend.

I played on through the season, still doing a lot of coke and not having a great year, but a good year. Then came that weekend in Washington.

Just before the game with the Redskins, Preston Pearson asked me if I'd take some bandannas he was selling and give them some advertisement on TV if I got a chance. So I took a bandanna,

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and at the end of the game, which we lost, I had a camera focused on me and I tied the bandanna around my waist and raised one finger.

So after the game, Tubbs comes up and says, "Thomas, I saw you with that bullshit on the side line." I thought it was no big deal. I wasn't trying to fuck with the team. But Tubbs said something like, "You know, Thomas, you're getting to be a pain in the ass." And I told him, "Get off my fucking back. *Fuck* you! *Fuck* Tom Landry. Fuck Landry and the Cowboys and all you motherfuckers."

He walked off, madder than hell, and went back and told Landry what I'd said. The next morning, at nine o'clock, Landry's secretary called me and said the coach wanted to see me in his office. So I threw on some clothes and went in. I didn't think he was going to fire me, because Landry had never fired a player in the middle of the season.

But when I walked into his office, he looked pretty sad. He said he didn't like what he was going to do, but he had to do it. He said, "Thomas, we've been meeting all year and having discussions, but it hasn't seemed to work. I have a football team that has all my best interests, and if I bench you, you'll be a disruptive force, because you won't be happy on the bench." He was right about that, but I still couldn't believe what I was hearing. "Thomas," he said, "I'm waiving you."

So I went back to the house and told Wyetta I was fired. She cried, but I thought it was funny. Then I went out and got a quarter bag of cocaine and called a press conference for that afternoon at the Marriott. The reporters were falling all over themselves trying to get in. I got real emotional and said I had a lot of fans and friends in Dallas and that I'd miss playing for them. And then I said Tom Landry couldn't fire me, because I *quit*. I *retire*.

●

Rita was a sluttish-looking girl, all the way a freak. She would play with your cock under the table in the middle of a club, but that was just her technique for getting free coke. Get her some coke and you could play with her the rest of the night. I'd met her a couple of weeks before I got fired, and sometimes I'd call her up at three in the morning and go meet her somewhere to snort. It wasn't about sex, though. She'd give me a hand job sometimes and every now and then I'd do her, but actually, our whole relationship revolved around coke. She had been telling me, "Stop messing around with this snorting. Cook it, baby. Try basing it."

So the night after I got fired, I left Wyetta and the baby and went to meet Rita. I brought the coke and she got the ether and ammonia and stuff together and before long, it was on the stove, cooking up. I'll never forget my first hit. She put this little ball of it in a pipe and I took one hit and I got high as hell. I mean, compared with the high of snorting pure Peruvian flake, it was about ten times better. I never thought anything could feel so good.

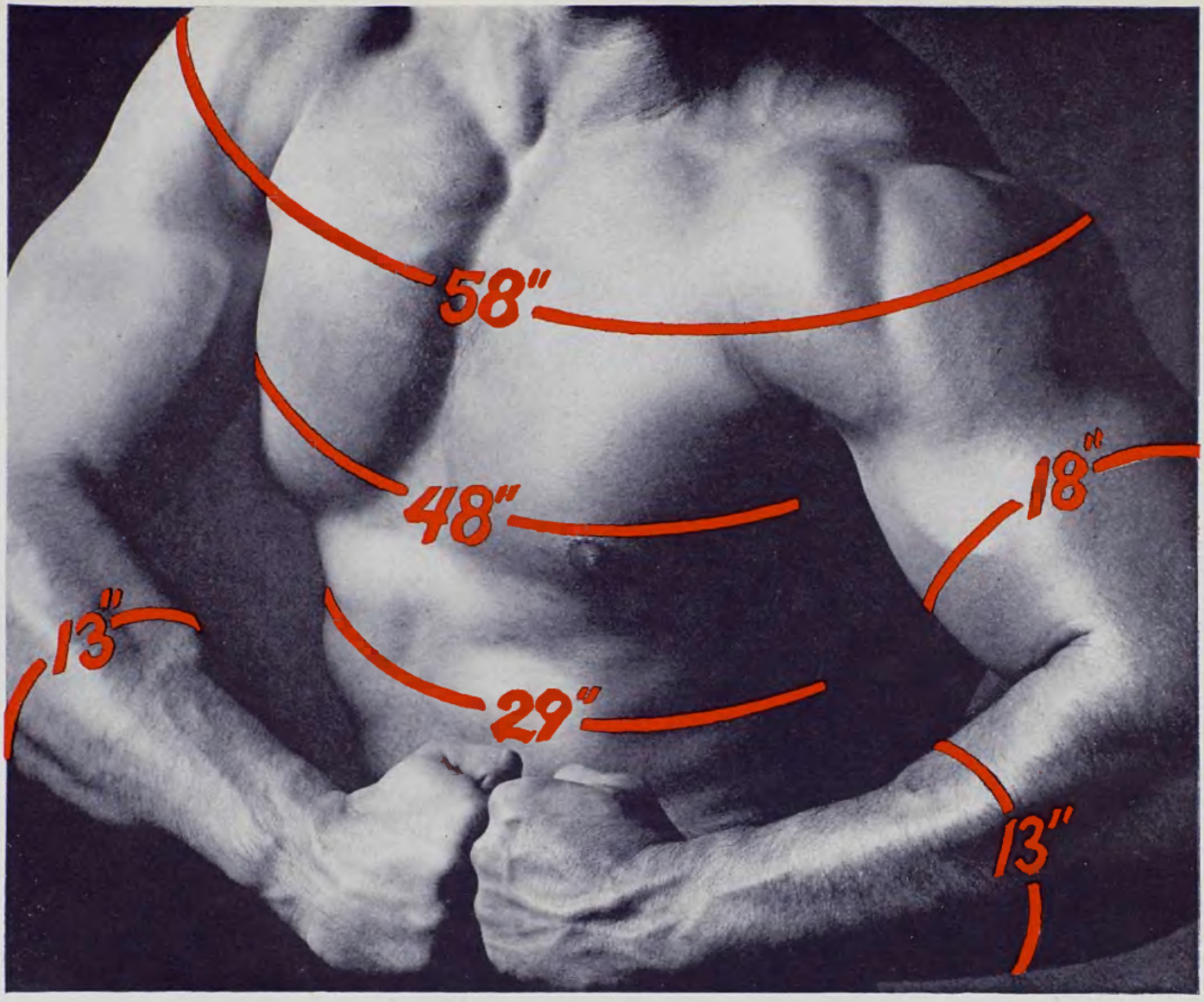
From then on, free-basing became a part of every day. I started to get wild. Wyetta and my daughter didn't see much of me, since I was goin' out at least four nights a week and coming home about six in the morning. Then I'd sleep until about three, get up and play with my daughter for a while, eat something, and then argue with Wyetta. In the mornings, when I came in, she would get on my case, so I'd chase her around the apartment and try to slap her and all the while she'd be screaming and kicking. I'd finally tell her to kiss my ass and just go out coking.

Then she'd get on the phone and tell *everybody*. Every time I stayed out late, she'd make ten phone calls to her relatives, our mutual friends, the neighbors. That's when all my teammates found out that I was doing coke. She must have called them all: "The motherfucker ain't home yet. Out with some white bitch doin' coke."

We had monstrous phone bills. And then we'd argue about her calling everybody in the whole fucking world and telling them that I was on drugs.

Pretty soon, every day was just nothing but coke. I was buying maybe a half ounce a week, basing it with chicks and screwing everything that moved. Well, not really screwing. I was having these coke affairs. I'd stay up with chicks all night, talking about sex, getting deep, tripping out about our sexual fantasies. And finally, after talking about it all night, just when maybe she'd get undressed and lie back on the bed, we'd be out of coke. And I'd tell her to just lie right there till I got back. But I never came back. I'd go cop some more coke and go home. I don't know how many times I did that. I know there's chicks right now still waiting for me to come back. Of course, Wyetta thought I was fucking the whole world, when actually I was *almost* fucking the world.

Then, in May, I was traded to San Francisco. Knowing I'd be working again, I decided to marry Wyetta. She'd been with me for four years and I'd put her through so much shit, and she was the mother of my daughter, after all. We had a big, beautiful wedding at the 2001 Club in Bryan Tower in Dallas; then we bought a house in Redwood City, California. I had negotiated a tremendous contract with the 49ers—what we call a "laughter contract." I had a base salary of $145,000, with another $40,000 available through incentive clauses—$1000 for every game we won,



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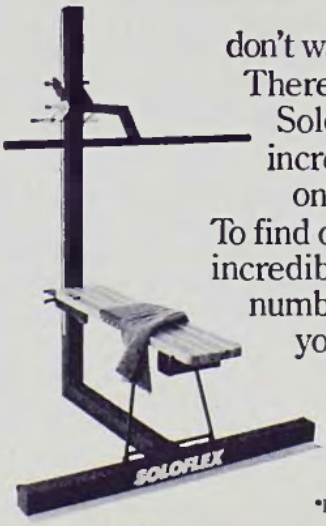

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$1000 if I played on special teams, $500 for every week I didn't get fined and $1000 for every game I showed up on time, ready to play. It was almost like I could make an extra $3000 a week for just showing up and keeping out of trouble.

In July, I went to training camp in Santa Clara. Here I was, an All-Pro from Tom Landry's system, which was so much more advanced than the 49ers', so they were expecting me to be some kind of leader. But the fact was, I couldn't hold up my own ass, because I was too loaded. From the first day of training camp, I was coking and basing and staying up all night in my dorm room till it was time to go to practice. In the dorms, guys could hear me blowing my nose all night. I was constantly sneezing and asking the trainer for nasal spray. Going for days with no sleep began to take its toll. I was tired, had no go power. All I had was a lot of scabs coming inside my nose.

Of course, it wasn't long before I got sick, and every time I'd recover, I'd get sick again one way or the other. I had the flu for two weeks, had a wisdom tooth extracted, which knocked me out for five practices or so, injured my hamstring, injured my neck. By the time the exhibition season got started, I'd missed 27 out of 50 practices. The coaches were taking bets on which part of my body would go next.

Just before the six-week pre-season started, I had the flu again, so I was pretty weak for the opening exhibition game. The first team we played was the Chiefs, and on the second series of the game, J. T. Smith, a Kansas City receiver, caught a short pass out in the flat. I tucked my head to throw my shoulder into him, but somehow the back of my neck jammed into him full force, and suddenly I heard this pop and felt electricity shooting up and down my back. Then I just lost all feeling in my body for a couple of seconds. It turns out I popped the second vertebra, up high, almost at the back of my scalp. They took me out of the game and sent me home at half time. By the time I got there, I couldn't stand and had no control of my neck. Once I put my head on the pillow, I couldn't lift it up again. That was the scariest injury I've ever had. I lay flat on my back for a week and couldn't rejoin the team for three weeks. When the regular season started, I was still hurting. I suited up for the first game, but they started a kid named Bobby Leopold in my place.

I got into that first game for a couple of plays, but they didn't even play me in the second game. Before the third game of the season, they fired me. The director, John McVay, called me in on Friday afternoon and said they were putting me on waivers. He made it clear that there was absolutely no question of my ever coming back to the team. "However," he said, "I hear Houston is interested in you. But they're not interested in picking up the contract you signed with us." Which meant I'd have to renegotiate with Houston, starting from zero.

The next day, I called the Oilers and asked to speak to Bum Phillips. Bum called me back in a few hours. "Hey, boy, what you doing?" I said, "Bum, is that you?" He said, "Yeah, boy. What you doing?" I said, "I'm out of work, Bum. You need a good linebacker?" He said there was a linebacker hurt down there, so he had a spot open. Wyetta and I agreed that I'd fly down to play in Houston and she'd stay at our home in Redwood. We weren't getting along too well, anyway. She had this diary she kept of all the pussy she thought I got. Every night she'd turn the pages and read aloud, "Right here, page 67, Molly. Remember that bitch Molly?" She was getting on my nerves.

So I flew to Houston, checked in at the Marriott and went over to the Oilers' offices to meet Bum. I walked in and here was this little guy wearing blue cowboy boots and custom-made Western pants and shirt. He said, "Thomas, do you want to play?" I said I sure did. He said, "Well, if you *want* to play, I think you're a hell of a linebacker. Do you want to play for *me*?" That was all he seemed concerned about. Not the contract. Just if I wanted to play.

I got into Houston's next two games on specialty teams, but at least I was always in there. I rented a house and flew Wyetta and my daughter down. I was starting to feel pretty good. I was still coking a lot, but I wasn't basing too much. I liked knowing that Bum wanted to play me.

But then, in the third game, against the Kansas City Chiefs, I pulled a hamstring so bad you could see blood pooled up under my skin. Seems like every time I played the Chiefs, something happened to me. I could hardly walk and had to go on six-week injured reserve.

I had to go into the Oilers' headquarters every day for treatments on my ankle, but other than that and a few hours of light exercise they made me do, I had a lot of time on my hands. Just about that time, I met a guy named Tee who had a free-base catering service. He'd come over and serve you and your lady drinks, lay out cigarettes in a nice wood box, lay out the pipes and screens, cook it up and serve it to you by the pipe. It cost $125 a pipe and you'd get between 10 and 15 hits per bowl.

I kept a room at the Marriott for free-basing with my coke-freak women-friends. It was getting to the point where I was never home with Wyetta. I'd stay out for days at a time, really draining my money. Every bit of my Houston pay check was going into free-basing. I was taking out $2000 to $3000 every week and spending it with Tee. I probably spent more than $20,000 *cash* during that six weeks on injured reserve.

During that time, I started to get real paranoid about Wyetta. Because I was never home, I started thinking she must be having an affair. I'd go home after a two-day basing binge and look through the garbage. If I thought there was too much garbage, or if I found a strange brand of cigarette or a wine bottle, I'd start throwing the garbage all over the floor and tormenting her with accusations. Then I'd go back to the Marriott and crash.

The day before I went off the reserve list, around the first week of December, my wife had me served with divorce papers at my room in the Marriott. There was also a restraining order saying I couldn't come within a certain number of feet of our house in Houston. I just looked at the stuff and threw it in the garbage can. I based all night and then went to the stadium the next morning for a game against Pittsburgh. Bum played me man to man on Pittsburgh's tight end and the guy caught only one pass, for eight yards. We beat them 6–0. I had a good game. Bum even told me so afterward. In fact, it was probably the best game I'd played in a year. But my private life was falling apart.

That week, I had a visit from Charlie Jackson, assistant director of N.F.L. security who comes around and talks to the players every year about drugs ("Fellas, if you have a problem and you're on that shit, call us," he always says. "We can get you help."). Charlie's a brother, an ex–FBI agent and a very nice cat. He came to my hotel room and said, "Thomas, you have a problem. Let's talk about it." Then he pulled out this dossier on me. He told me I had been under investigation since I was with the Cowboys and that the night I left Dallas, narcotics agents had a stake-out for me at a room I had in the Doubletree Inns. They had a warrant for my arrest on charges of possession of controlled substances, but I left town before they got me. Then he told me I had been under surveillance in San Francisco and that the week I was fired, I'd been seen snorting by a narcotics detective who had been trying to bust one of my connections. Rather than arrest me, the agent informed Bill Walsh, the 49ers coach, that I was hanging out with drug dealers and Walsh cut me loose right away.

Charlie told me to cool out on the

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coke fast or I wouldn't have any hope of a career in the N.F.L. He suggested that I go into treatment for it rather than try to hide it. I thanked him and said I'd keep his advice in mind. I should have taken it right then. But I still didn't realize how sick I was.

I played out the rest of the season for Houston, but my room in the Marriott was paranoid hell. When I wasn't at the practice field or in a game, I was in that room standing next to the window. Every car that went through the parking lot, every light that shined across the curb, every car door I heard close, every engine I heard start, I thought someone was coming to bust me.

Even when I was with the team, I was paranoid, and got that way about the press, too. In the last game of the regular season, we had to beat the Vikings to make the play-offs. On their last play, I made an interception that I feel clinched the play-off spot for Houston, but there wasn't a word about it in any of the newspapers. I felt like they were trying to smother my rep. When I made the play, I rolled on the fuckin' ground and acted a fool. But in the newspapers, it was just an itty-bitty line: Interceptions: I—Henderson.

•

We lost to Oakland in the play-offs, and I went back to my hotel room and holed up with about a half ounce of cocaine. By then, I'd learned to cook it up myself. I mostly stayed in that room until one night, toward the end of January, when I decided to go for a drive. Somehow, I wound up in the vicinity of the Astrodome at about 4:30 in the morning. I saw two cars following me in the rearview mirror and I slammed on the brakes, jumped out of the car and started walking. The cars behind me parked and I saw the shadows of four men getting out.

I was in the middle of a parking lot and I had a free-base pipe with me and about a quarter ounce of cooked-up coke balls in my pocket. So I started walking out across the lot, just basing like a maniac. Finally, I saw these four guys dressed like businessmen come around the corner of the building and I started screaming, "I see y'all; I know what you're trying to do! I ain't got a damn thing on me except this pipe and I'm going to break it if you come near me. You're going to be looking for glass on the cement out here until next week, because there ain't gonna be no goddamn pipe in my hand when you get here!" I took the rocks I had left, stuck them down in the pipe and swush . . . I melted them down. Then I just smashed the pipe all over the sidewalk. I started waving my arms and daring them to come get me. They went back to their cars and drove away.

When I got back to my hotel room, I was tripping out, wired to the gills. Every 45 seconds, I'm running to the window. My pupils are dilated, I'm shaking. I've got *total* paranoia.

I decided to go to Dallas. I left the hotel, left my clothes and my suitcases in the room and took a cab to the airport. I had to get out of town before they busted me.

In Dallas, an old girlfriend took me in and tried to get me cooled out. She'd feed me, keep me up talking, keep me going to movies, whatever it took to keep my mind off free-basing. It was hard, but after a few weeks, I started to unwind.

By then, it was the end of January, a few days before the Super Bowl, and I ran into this guy I knew who invited me over. Lo and behold, he had three ounces of coke, pipes, the whole deal. And I thought to myself: Fate is a motherfucker. It didn't take long before I was back into basing.

I gave my Super Bowl tickets to some friends, stayed in Dallas and watched the game on TV in a restaurant. I sat there checking out my feelings about football. Did I really want to be in that game? Would it be possible for me to play football again? And if I could, how would I face the N.F.L., the players, the media, the fans, the niggers, whites, the Puerto Ricans, who *all knew* that Thomas Henderson was getting high? I never thought I could become so infected with something that I couldn't quit, something I couldn't walk away from, something that made me crawl around on the floor picking up ceiling droppings.

On February 1, 1981, I was sitting in the living room of a friend's house getting a quarter ounce ready to cook when I turned to the cat I was free-basing with and said, "Look here, man. I think I'm going to the hospital, because I'm sick. I do too much of this shit."

He didn't believe me, but I picked up the phone and started dialing. I called N.F.L. headquarters in New York and I got hold of Charlie Jackson. Our conversation went something like this:

"Charlie, this is Tom Henderson."

"Hi, how you doing, Tommy?"

"Charlie, I'm sick."

"You're sick? What's wrong?"

"Charlie . . . wait a minute. Hold on."

"Tommy, what are you doing?"

"Hold on, Charlie . . . give me a light, man . . . I'm free-basing, I'm free-basing, hold on . . . I'm sick, Charlie."

"Well, I appreciate you calling me, Thomas."

"Charlie . . . give me another light, man . . . hold it. . . . Charlie? Charlie, it's no disrespect to you, but I'm free-basing right now. I can't quit. I've been trying. I quit for a day or two and then come back to it. I can't quit."

"OK, Thomas, OK. How much are you doing, Thomas?"

"A half ounce a day, if I can get my hands on it."

"That's pretty urgent, Thomas."

Right away, he had me get in touch with a psychiatrist in Dallas. I called the guy and set up an appointment for the next day. I got high before I went up there; I mean *high*, all the way back. And he sat in his office with his little glasses on the end of his nose and he looked at me over his little pad and he said, "Tell me about your childhood."

I said, "Oh, *fuck* you, motherfucker. I

"I knew in a moment . . . it must be Saint Narc!"

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Box 100s

NUMBERS DON'T LIE. NO CIGARETTE, IN ANY SIZE, IS LOWER IN TAR THAN NOW.

	80's box	85's soft pack	100's box	100's soft pack
NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	.2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	Less than 0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method, except the one asterisked (*) which is av. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81.

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ain't talking about my goddamn childhood. I'm talking about *today*. I'm *sick* on these drugs. What I need is to go to a hospital, somewhere away from here. If I don't get out of town, if I don't get out of society, I'm going to get fucked up. That's the bottom line."

I think I left a definite impression on him, because early the next morning, he called me and told me to call Dr. Ted Reid, the medical director of Scottsdale Camelback Hospital in Arizona. He told me Reid was a brother. I gave him a call. Our conversation was short. I told him I'd be there in 24 hours.

Before I walked into the hospital the next day, I smoked my last ball of coke and threw the pipe against the fucking wall. I strolled in cross-eyed, buzzing, *electrified*. The nurse took one look at me and took me straight to my room.

I have no idea what happened during my first ten days there. I was totally depressed, asleep most of the time. For a week and a half, I was in that room, but I wasn't really there at all. They had me confined to my quarters because I would have found any excuse to get out of that place. I *really* wanted that shit.

But after ten days, I started getting out of my room, checking out the people sitting in the lounge, wondering what they were like. After a while, I realized that this was the first time in my life when I'd ever been someplace where *nobody* recognized me.

So I started to go to therapy. I went through psychodrama, group meetings to talk about why people abuse intoxicants, all kinds of group therapy. They even had Alcoholics Anonymous meetings there. I had to go to those as part of my program.

The idea was that the philosophy of A.A. can be applied to any kind of problem in life: First realize that you have a problem, then use the higher power within yourself to overcome it.

At the first A.A. meeting, the instructor gives a little rap and then recites The Serenity Prayer—you know, the one asking for courage to change the things you can change. And I'm thinking, Yeah, but free-base is different. And then, when it was time to introduce myself, I couldn't say, "Hi, I'm Thomas, I'm an alcoholic," so I said, "Hi, my name is Thomas. I'm a junkie." And then I said, "I *wish* I was an alcoholic."

I started to get better. I had surgery on my nose, I started to eat again and I began to get out and play a little racquetball. The program I was in lasted three weeks, but when my time was up, I talked to my doctors and convinced them that I wasn't ready to be turned loose yet. They let me sign on for another three weeks, but at the end of the second three-week period, I knew I still wasn't ready. I liked my psychiatrist, and talking to him was really doing me good. He helped me sort out some of the issues around my marriage and about the early part of my life.

After about eight weeks, I told the doctor I wanted to leave. He asked if I thought I was ready to be a nonabuser of drugs and I said I wanted to clean up my life and accept it the way it was.

I went back to Dallas and tried to get my situation together. I had to sell a few things, pay a few bills, but I found out that I wasn't absolutely broke, that I didn't have to file bankruptcy.

So I started getting back into shape. I was up in the morning doing workouts, facing life and all the daily responsibilities. For the first time in a long time, I wasn't hiding behind "Hollywood." I was just plain Thomas Henderson, and I liked it that way just fine.

Once I cleared my head and got my health back, I realized that I had been totally lost in space. I mean, I had been so crazy with paranoia and tension that I was trying to shoot ducks with a rake. I was *sick*, man, on that damn cocaine.

The first thing I figured I'd better do was try to get my career going again. Bum had said he might give me a contract for the next season, but I didn't have much hope that he would. So I started calling around to various teams to see if they were interested in picking me up. After I'd called about the sixth team and nobody called back, my career flashed in front of my eyes.

I got depressed again, which I knew was dangerous, so I made one last call, to Don Shula in Miami. Shula called me back in ten minutes. He said he had a speaking engagement in Amarillo and would be passing through Dallas the next day. He wanted to meet and talk at the airport.

When I met him the next morning, he seemed glad to see me. I think he was surprised that I was about 20 pounds heavier than he'd ever seen me, since he knew I'd lost a lot of weight basing.

Shula had had a couple of other players, Donald Reese and Randy Crowder, busted for selling a pound of cocaine a couple of years earlier, so he was familiar with drugs and with the problems of players who get involved with them. He said, "Thomas, I want you to join N.A. [Narcotics Anonymous], and I want you to go to at least one meeting a week, *every* week, if I sign you." I promised him I'd do that and we arranged to talk some more the following week.

I called him in Miami the next week and he said for me to come on down there to take some conditioning tests. Even though I had gotten my health back, I still wasn't in shape for the tests. Fortunately, the one thing I did that I think impressed him was run two consecutive 40-yard dashes in 4.7 seconds. That's slow for me, but Shula's fastest linebacker had run the 40 in 4.9.

I had a good physical. The doctors loved my knees and said I was in great health. When I left the Dolphins' camp, Shula said, "I think I'm going to sign you, Thomas." He didn't give me any more warnings or mention the cocaine again. I don't think he wants me or anybody else to dwell on it. If he hires me,

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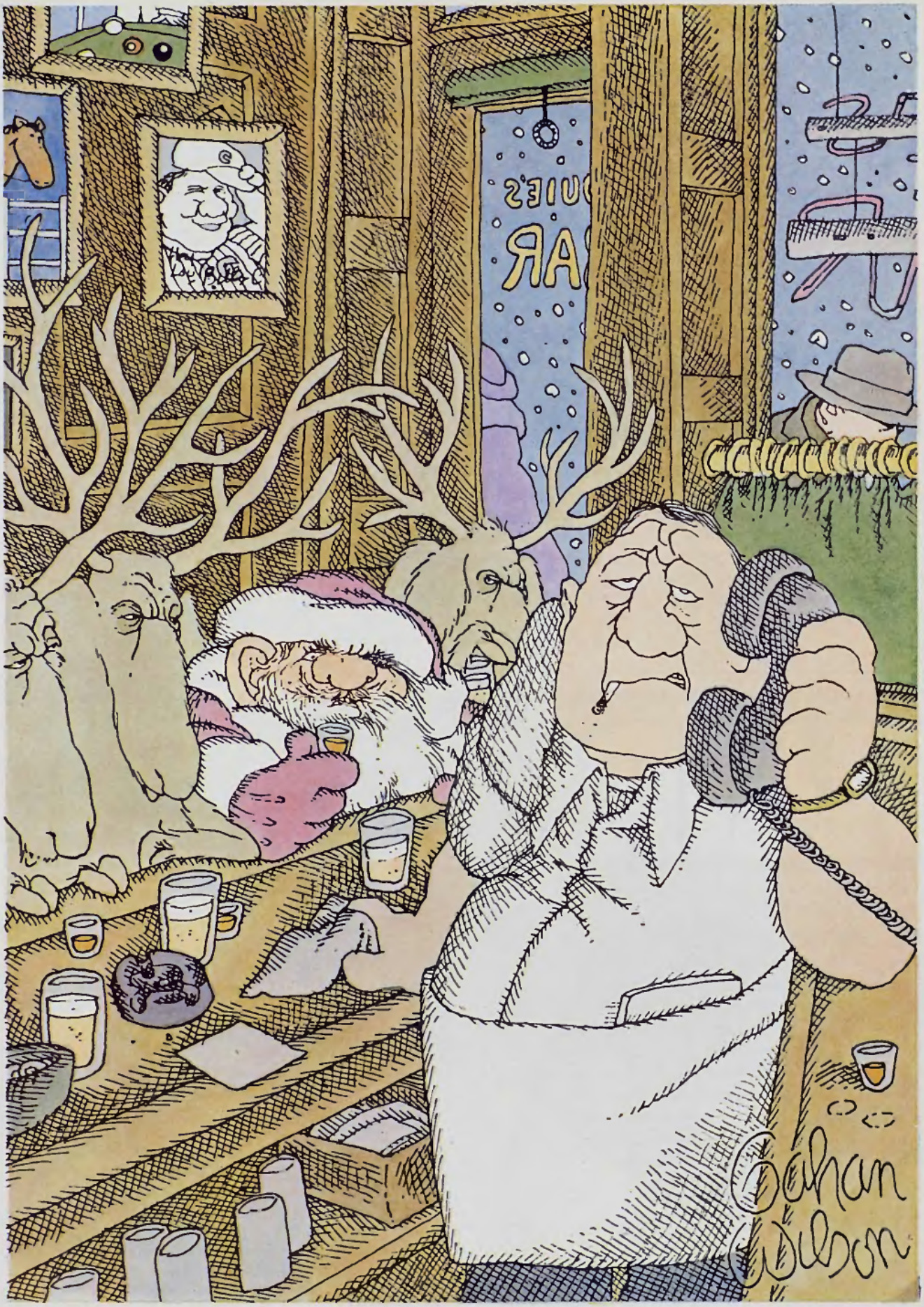

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PL1281

it'll be because of his good faith and because he believes that I'm serious about playing football again.

•

I talked to a taxi driver in New Orleans once who had read about my going into the hospital to kick the coke. He said, "You know, I'm 70 years old, but I'll tell you, I look at you boys on television knocking each other's heads in, beating each other in the face, and I can see how much pressure you're under. If you drop a ball or miss a big play, you're in trouble. It seems to me that living that kind of life, you'd need *something*. As old as I am, I believe *I'd* get high if I had to do that for a living."

I laughed like hell. But, in reality, it isn't the failures and the beatings that make a guy want to take cocaine. It's the success. You win a Super Bowl or make a big play and, afterward, you don't want that exhilaration to end. Somebody will come up and say, "Goddamn, you played a great game. Let's party. How's about some coke?" So it goes.

Or so it went, that is. What it's finally come around to for me is this: I know it may sound funny for Hollywood Henderson, big-time ladies' man and freebaser, to say he's found God, but I have.

After I got out of the hospital, I began reading the Bible again. I saw things in Jesus' words that I hadn't seen before—things about forgiveness. I started talking to a well-known evangelical minister and he began putting some heavy preaching on me. I was ready for it. He helped me face the fact that I've been very selfish in my life. With my gift for gab and my notoriety, I could have done a lot for others. He made me see that it was time I grew up and started thinking about other people and their problems instead of me and my problems all the time.

So I've accepted Christ. Because I know that no matter what I've done, how many people I've let down and disappointed, he will forgive me. I've been talking to this evangelist about going on tour with him to talk to parents about the telltale signs of their kids' being on drugs, so that they can stop a small problem before it gets big.

Cocaine is the most dangerous drug in our society right now. It turns people into animals. I haven't seen anybody who's gotten deeply into it without destroying his life. It leads to bankruptcy, at the very least, and it's led some guys I know as far as trading their wives or girlfriends for some base. It's kind of a paradox, but nobody who can *afford* to base will ever survive it.

Somebody ought to be out there telling people that. And if Hollywood can't do it, nobody can.

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ATLANTA

(continued from page 142)

"The city of Atlanta loathed us as much as did the state of Georgia but couldn't afford to keep lynching us."

De Mille extravaganza, or the wonderful world of Walt Disney, or *The Birth of a Nation*, or Tara. It is a brutally mercantile endeavor, created for commerce and the camera. Both Dali and Warhol would love it: It is just about as new as they are. Squares, tubes, vials and bubbles assault the patient sky, ruthlessly connected to the sweeping lawns and steps and columns and verandas of the Big House, immortalized, like Lot's wife, behind the Big Gate. These squares, tubes, vials and bubbles, with their outside panoramic elevators, revolving cocktail lounges and exotic restaurants, perpetually incarcerate thousands and thousands of cheerful conventioneers, who, both dutiful and avid and, in any case, trapped, trample Miss Scarlett's lawn and climb her steps and pose before the columns. (These antebellum masterpieces are also for sale, I am told, and a couple of movie stars are investing in real estate down here—which, all things considered, is just about the least a grateful movie star can do.) These conventioneers are the lifeblood of the city and do not, after all, stay here very long—not at a stretch, anyway, which may be why they always seem so cheerful.

Atlanta boasts of itself—quite accurately—as a national and regional trade center: "Atlanta successfully maintained its dominance of wholesaling in the Southeast," according to the Atlanta Regional Commission, which also informs us that "during the decade of the Sixties and the early Seventies, the Atlanta region experienced a tremendous surge in national recognition and a continued healthy population and economic growth. Three contributing factors were the desegregation of its public facilities, the expansion of its transportation network and an excellent geographic location."

The desegregation of its public facilities: a statement as discreetly, not to say desperately, self-effacing as that nigger in the woodpile must have been.

•

I have a peculiar relationship to this city. It has hounded me, I sometimes feel, like mysteriously unfinished business, some terrifying and inescapable rendezvous. Two of my younger brothers were part of a quartet down here more than 30 years ago, having been, in effect, shanghaied by Henry Wallace's Progressive Party, which was determined to get on the ballot by any means necessary. I came later, from Paris, in 1957. Here I met Martin Luther King, Jr., who sent me on to Montgomery, Alabama, to Ralph David Abernathy—and to that indescribable road on which one discovered that one's ancestors had paid already for the present and *knew* that you would take what they had bequeathed you and hand it down the line. Which is a mightily liberating apprehension, however terrifying: It offers an option beyond the prison of the self. Or it helps one begin to bear—and use—both the terror of life and the fear of death.

On the civil rights road—which is an inept way to refer to the period and the passion, but, for the moment, it will have to serve—there was no way to get up South or down South without going through Atlanta. It was a waiting room, a clearinghouse, where one caught one's breath, went to the bathroom, washed one's face, compared notes, calculated one's next move, said hello and goodbye. It sounds insane now, but if you had managed to get out of Birmingham, Tallahassee or Jackson and all the way to Atlanta, you felt that the gods were with you and you'd live to see your home and those you loved again.

But I, as a reporter—my cover, if you like, in those days—realized that the city of Atlanta loathed us just as much as did the state of Georgia. But they could not afford to keep lynching us—publicly—and hope to keep on making money, too. Business is business.

If memory serves, Hartsfield was the name of the mayor when I first came down here, and his *éminence grise* was a very remarkable white woman named Helen Bullard. They wanted, for the sake of the city of Atlanta, to accomplish the necessary storm of desegregation with as little thunder and lightning as possible—without test cases and protracted legal battles. They did not want Atlanta to become another Little Rock, for example, or another Tuskegee or Montgomery.

Memory and perception being what they are in this country, it may be worth pointing out that I am speaking of the moment before the sit-in movement—before the young altered and redefined the dimensions of the struggle; and before the multitudes; that is, the poor—hit the streets of Birmingham. I am speaking of the moment before the Kennedy brothers decided to channel the struggle into the

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impasse, the dead end, of voter registration. And I describe the issue of voter registration in this grim way because this issue was at the heart of the battle between the mayor of Atlanta and the governor of Georgia (for that matter, it still is). The governor of Georgia did not need, could not afford, no niggers voting: He had made a solemn vow to his neighbors to that effect, as had Wallace, for example. But the mayor of Atlanta would be returned to the boondocks if he didn't have no niggers voting for him: *They* had made a solemn vow to *that* effect. This was the era of the boycott: The Montgomery bus company was being brought to its knees, as were, among others, the merchants of Tuskegee. And this was also, finally, the city of Martin Luther King, Jr., and his formidable father, the pastor of Ebenezer Baptist Church. I don't think that Martin ever led any demonstrations in this city: From a certain point of view, his presence, his legend, his world-wide effect were more than demonstration enough.

This meant that the white city fathers and the then Negro, now black middle class saw eye to eye on one thing, which was that desegregation had to be accomplished with a minimum of drama and a maximum of style. I want to make it clear that I am not sneering, I am not being sardonic: I do not see how responsible people, in such a cruel and narrow place, could possibly have come to any other conclusion or have acted in any other way. But it is important to realize that I do not have a sardonic intention when I say "then Negro, now black middle class." Whatever one may imagine oneself to think about these terms, the terms imply a journey.

The black middle class were the only black people in the city of Atlanta (there being, effectively, *no* black middle class in the state of Georgia) even to be remotely considered or consulted in this matter. It is also worth pointing out that in a country as desperately and socially incoherent—paranoid—as the United States, no one has the least idea of what class means, especially when it is preceded by the word black. In the American polarity, one is looked up to or one is looked down upon; there is nothing in between. When the word class, which is a mystery, is preceded by the word black, which is anathema, Americans simply become spiritual basket cases and head for the nearest cliff, needle, swastika or cowboy.

Finally, it is important to realize that neither the poor-black population nor the black middle class had the remotest interest in *integration*. We were integrated in the womb, which is why the blacks can use the word *motherfucker* with such a vertiginous and matchless range. The black demand was for *desegregation*. And it was very clearly stated: To be forced to be separate is to be judged and rendered unequal. In other words, desegregation, for all black people, was a demand that the criminal American boundaries that menaced all black life and *deliberately*, with icy intent and calculation, destroyed black children be abolished. The demand was that the criminal intention be faced, and the criminal act undone, and it is, indeed, worth putting it in Biblical terms: *Turn ye from evil and do good.*

We, the most despised offspring of the sinking Western house, were not beseeching those responsible for our captivity—who refused to be responsible for our captivity and refused to be responsible for their own—for yet another missionary blanket. We were perfectly capable of taking care of ourselves and our own; what was meant by desegregation was that we no longer be hindered from doing so. The black dentist, preacher, teacher, college president, poppa, momma, sister, brother, uncle were not asking white people to take away our duties and render us obsolete. Black Americans were not asking for any help from white Americans—or, more accurately, from that republic that considers itself to be white—to raise our children. We, after all, had been doing that for a while. We just wished to be allowed—which is fair

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Desegregation was the black demand for autonomy. White Americans, just as though they could not see the many colors of Hagar's children, translated that demand into a plea for integration. Smiling, liberal missionaries, good Lord, *friends like these!* used this one word and their pretended misunderstanding of what I will call Martin's plea to destroy black institutions—all of them—with the intention of destroying black life.

I have come a long way round the barn, but Atlanta is coherent only in this context. Atlanta, furthermore, happens merely to be in the news, to have caught the light. It happens also to have a black administration, which is at the mercy of the state of Georgia—which is at the mercy of the real intentions of the interests that are attempting to rule this country and the world. Atlanta is not unique. Ask any black citizen of this country, walk into any black housing project or any prison. Ask the Mississippi.

•

Edward Hope Smith, 14—reported missing July 20, 1979; found dead on July 28 of gunshot wounds along a road in a wooded area. He was last seen at Greenbriar skating rink eight days earlier.

Alfred James Evans, 13—last seen July 25, 1979, waiting to catch a bus. He was believed to be en route to a theater on Peachtree Street. Police identified Evans' body October 13, 1980, after it was found July 28 near the body of Edward Hope Smith.

Yusef Ali Bell, nine—reported missing October 21, 1979. Found strangled to death November eighth at the abandoned E. P. Johnson Elementary School. His body was found in a crawl space beneath a classroom.

I went to several sites. The E. P. Johnson school was the first *enclosed* one, the first, as it were, *domestic* one. Quite unconsciously, without daring to think of it at all, one can defend oneself—and one does—against the horror dragged out of the river: *Just about here, I think, body got tangled up in that, oh, what do you call them weeds?* or the roadside or the bank of the river or the bridge. But the school was something else.

It had been an eminent black school, smashed by the hammer of integration, looking now like something out of Edgar Allan Poe. We walked the unsteady floors, climbed through broken windows, the abandoned property where people of all ages and colors came to eat and drink and smoke pot and piss and shit and fuck. But somebody had carried this child here and placed a heavy board on top of him and walked away. I wondered if the child had been dead already or had been forced to wait for death here; and though I met his mother, the very remarkable Camille Bell, I found that I could say nothing whatever to her that would not have sounded trivial, disrespectful, in my own ears, obscene. (I do not mean to imply that anyone I talked to, or tried to talk to, treated me as an intruder, for they didn't. I found them beautiful; but I found that I couldn't cope. Even now, attempting this sketch, or this inadequate report, with a very heavy heart, I realize that it will be a very cold day in an unimaginable August before I will be able to cope with, articulate, an anguish I have never felt so bitterly, so keenly, before.)

Well. Atlanta was naturally vivid with speculation, most of which, I find, I am not now willing to repeat. Finally, when one forced oneself to listen both to the inward voice and to the relentless surrounding cacophony of wonder, guilt and terror, it was all centered on the question of the children, a question that boomeranged into our faces, the faces of the elders. We were not really confronting a Jack the Ripper fantasy, or an Agatha Christie puzzle: We were being confronted with the concrete result of the choices we had made. In the face of the accumulating horror, it really made no difference that we had once been young, had not known what we were doing, had been betrayed, smashed, defeated by the circumstances of our lives. However rigorous and bloody the mathematics, whatever had been borne by us, the elders, at the hands of those who *required of us a song* could not be handed down to the children, for that inheritance was death. And we had never acquiesced in the slaughter of our children before.

In hermetic, schizophrenic and terrified Atlanta, therefore, it was fascinating to listen to black voices, from the so-called bottom to the hopeful, hypothetical top. If, for example, the administration of the city had been white, the blacks would have known themselves to be, and with every conceivable justification, the victims of a reign of terror: That cross on Stone Mountain would have taken the weight—to storm the Bastille, however hazardous, would not have been complicated by not knowing where to find it. But it is a very different matter when black people on the bottom—in the streets—accuse the black police department of not caring about black children. I am perfectly willing to tell you, and categorically, that I do not believe this accusation to contain any truth at all: The point is that *the accusation can be made, and believed by many people.*

You will forgive me if I quote myself—I think I have no choice at the moment. Many years ago, in the title essay of *Nobody Knows My Name*, I wrote:

> Atlanta's well-to-do Negroes never take buses, for they all have cars. The section in which they live is quite far away from the poor Negro section. . . . They see very little of the white world; but they are cut off from the black world, too. . . . Now, of course, this last statement is not literally true. . . . I am talking about their position as a class—if they are a class—and their role in a very complex and shaky social structure.

That was 1957 and this is 1981. It was not written then, nor can it be read today, as anything resembling an accusation. I was describing, I hoped, the dimensions of a trap. My notes, from this most recent of my journeys to Atlanta, indicate that someone said to me, "For more than a year, none of the old-line civil rights leaders said anything about the dead or missing children." Well, I don't doubt it, nor can I imagine what they would have said, they being so largely responsible for the *integration* of the city—quite apart from what they themselves might have intended. Nor is it unfair, I think, to ask just how many "old-line civil rights leaders" are left. I can see, certainly, whether or not I agree, how old-line civil rights leaders might have hesitated to jump on the black administration they had helped put into what then seemed like power, might have hesitated to add their voices to the white, demeaning Stone Mountain chorus. Furthermore—and, again, whether or not I agree—there is a reason that Abernathy and Hosea Williams, who are neither whores nor fools, opted for Reagan. It is difficult to make bricks without straw.

Furthermore, let us face it, poverty is poverty, habit is habit and time is real. Or let us put it another way: The inescapable and irreducible danger of being a black man or woman in this country is being forced to live with so vast a horror, day in and day out, that one finally ceases to be able to react to it. *Another man done gone*; and one clicks on the television set.

The missing or murdered children were generally described as "hustlers," "runaways." Well, I was a hustler, along with my brothers: We fought to buy day-old bread, sold shopping bags, shined shoes, collected bottles for deposit, ran errands for whoever would give us a nickel or a dime, and stole. We had no choice—we were poor—and we carried every penny home. We were much too poor to be afraid of anything on the streets—this is precisely what people do not understand about poverty: If anything on the streets frightens you, you will not make it to the corner and might as well lie down and die.

And we were runaways, too. Four or five to a bed, 12 to a hovel, the battle to get into the bathroom makes one long for the horizon. To say nothing of the effect of all this on Momma and Daddy. If

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both of them are home, there is a decided risk of child abuse. In the case of the murdered children, Daddy was usually absent; one child was in the charge of his grandmother; and, in one case (Patrick Baltazar), the father had moved from Louisiana to Atlanta. His son went to live with him, and to die.

Don't think I don't understand, one black city official said to me. *I can take care of my kids. They ain't got to be out there.* But in the silence that followed, I watched his eyes and his eyes seemed to say, *But I don't know if I can protect them.*

He meant that his children didn't have to *hustle: out there.* He wasn't rich, but he wasn't poor; he could provide for his children. But only he and his wife knew that—better than the children, who didn't have his grim gamut of comparisons. Whoever was slaughtering the children saw only a black child. Furthermore, whoever was slaughtering the children was almost certainly black. There aren't that many friendly white people in black neighborhoods, they don't go unnoticed, certainly, and black children aren't likely to jump into a white man's car—especially not as their peers, their schoolmates, are being dragged out of the river or being found dead all over town. I asked ten-year-old Gregory Tyler, inanely enough—adults can be superbly inane when attempting *not* to confront a child's trouble—"What would you say to the murderer if you met him?"

The child thought for a moment, far away from all of us, all by himself. Then, "Well, first of all, *please stop it.*"

The terror in Atlanta begins to alter, or to reveal, the relationships among black people. The black middle class of Atlanta believes itself to be the oldest and the noblest in the South—which means the nation—and it probably is; and who cares? I mean, who gives a flying fuck about all this genteel house-nigger ancestry if it cannot save our children or clarify a town? I have always contended that Mammy had far better things to do with her time than to fret over the utterly intolerable Scarlett O'Hara, who needed only a fine ass kicking and a job and a man.

Whoever is murdering the children must, on the evidence, be dark enough to pass unnoticed, is someone who has been driven mad by the double inheritance of house nigger and field nigger, of genuine bondage and promised freedom; who is both the son of the white master and blood brother to the black castrated corpse; brother and pimp and nephew to the high-yellow or chocolate or ebony whore; nephew and foster son and occasional lover to that dispenser of milk and pancakes, Aunt Jemima; mercilessly pursued and bewildered sexual object and ruthlessly helpless sexual aggressor, hippie, drug dealer and thug; dog soldier and failed mercenary in anybody's army; violently chaste, repressed and repentant soldier in the army of the Lord. He is Andy Hardy, acquiring or losing a tan.

He is, in short, what our history has made of us, and we must take our children out of his hands.

•

Many years ago, my sister, Gloria, who was my man Friday then, and my secretary, Lucien, who was *her* man Friday, and myself were taking care of business in our separate offices in my big West End apartment in New York. It was a Sunday, I think; Gloria's three young daughters were there. The three girls had gone out for a walk.

I don't know, or remember, how long it took. I remember only looking up from my desk, from whatever I was doing, and *hearing*, as it were, another silence. I walked out of my quarters to the living room. Gloria and Lucien had already left their offices and were leaning out the windows that overlooked West End Avenue.

Now, this was, for me, the time of hate mail and quite unbelievable phone calls, nightshade creatures threatening to murder me and mine; but you have to throw such nonsense out of your head if you intend to continue functioning. I must add, too, that whoever wrote—writes—such letters, which are rarely signed, or those voices humming out of limbo, could scarcely be called frightening, or not, at least, in the way they intended to be. It was simply not to be believed, and we used to joke about those maniacs. I even saved a few of the letters and read them aloud to friends.

But now, on this Sunday, I really was hearing a new silence, for my sister's daughters were my nieces, and those maniacs were no laughing matter. They were real.

Without a word, Lucien and I left the apartment, leaving Gloria at the window. At the street door, we parted, he going in one direction, I in the other.

Every soul on the street that afternoon was a menace, was the enemy. Everything and everyone was suspect. The doorman across the street, who knew me and who waved—who always waved. What did he mean by waving at me today? Was it a signal? Did he know where the children were? On what floor of that building, behind what window? Or were they in that car, which had seemed to wait until I appeared before suddenly gunning its motor and roaring down the avenue? Had the children been carried to the river, which was before me, or to Central Park, which was behind me? We couldn't hope to cover the island. I looked up and saw Gloria leaning out the window. I will never, ever forget the absolute stillness and silence of that afternoon, that brief moment that seemed longer than all of recorded time. Atlanta was like that; it was in the faces of mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, helpless small children, helpless friends. Yet, since only

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we could help each other, we could not afford to be helpless.

My nieces came smiling toward us from the river, where they had been picking flowers for their mother; no one had the heart or the energy to scold them.

•

One of Atlanta's architectural triumphs is called the Omni. The name is scarcely more ambitious than the place, which is a kind of frozen, enclosed suburb. It is about five minutes away from a sprawling, poor-black neighborhood called Vine City. A child can walk here from his home in less than five minutes; some of the murdered children were last seen in this place.

One enters through a galaxy of shop-windows selling clothes that your momma and your poppa can't buy; the entire place is honeycombed with overpriced tourist items—I was about to say overpriced tourists. There are several levels: One finds oneself standing beneath an enormous dome and the building stretches above one, tier by tier. Among the establishments on the ground level, there is a "French" bakery and a pinball, video-game arcade: a space that contained a staggering array and variety of game machines. In the center of all this is a tremendous open ice-skating rink and, at the opposite end of the floor, facing the arcade, is the moviehouse, a complex containing, I believe, six theaters.

The place is so vast and so cold that it seemed empty each time I was there; but, in fact, it is probably never empty, neither on the main floor nor on any of the shadowy tiers above.

The Omni has two office towers, and security (for the offices) is very tight. But it would be virtually impossible to maintain any kind of security on this main floor, in this vast space that is nothing less than a magnet for children and for those who prey on children. And, in spite of the curfew, here were the boys—utterly idle, unable to remain in their wretched homes, unable to make coherent the circumstances in which they and their flesh and blood were entangled, looking for respite and, like their more advantageously placed white brothers, looking for a narcotic, for money for the movies, for the pinball machines, for the skating rink: looking for change.

And, indeed, what a slap in the face, what an insult, to place this Roman excrescence in the very path of the wretched, who must daily go through it or find a way around it. Such structures are defended by those responsible for them as ultimately benefiting the poor by breathing new economic life into the community or, more simply, by creating new jobs. This, alas, is nonsense. Very few among the young urban poor wish to be turned into a new serving class; a serving class, furthermore, that can be perceived as already obsolete, and not only that, which is bad enough: These newest hewers of wood and drawers of water will be yet more menaced than our black ancestors. Our ancestors raised us to be men, to be men and women: People forget that Martin's dream did not begin with Martin. But if the sinking Western world has its way with us now, there will be no children to raise: raise to what, and by what standard?

This is the subject of another essay, but it is also the question that vexes and, in some way, begins to unite all of black Atlanta.

•

Gregory Tyler, age ten, member of Boy Scout Troop 154, a very remarkable young person:

"We don't talk about it unless they discover a body, and then they don't say anything else. Sometimes I feel scared. . . ."

"Do you have any idea who it is?"

"We really have no idea. We don't talk about who the person might be, we just know that it is some crazy idiot running around snatching kids off the street and killing them."

"You are never alone, then."

"Not usually. Maybe if I walk a block away from a scout meeting."

"Do you think it's a white person?"

"No. Because there are some blacks who have hatred of other blacks."

Melanie, one of his neighbors, a little older than Gregory:

"If they call a cop to take the child home [safely], then the cop might be the killer."

And another girl:

"He [one of the murdered children] didn't have good parents. [One of the parents] went to the home to see the mother and there were two babies in wet diapers. She was there two hours and they were never changed and the lady was smoking and drinking all the time. The kids fixed their own food. She said she didn't care, because he [the murdered child] ran away from home."

And another girl:

"[Another murdered child's mother] said that she waited two days to report him missing because she thought he was at his grandmother's house. She should have been concerned. I have to let my mother know where I'm going."

But, on the other hand:

"When [one of the murdered children] called the task force, they said they had to wait 48 hours."

And, according to Melanie:

"He was outside and it was dark—he went back up and called the task force. He said, 'Someone is following behind me—will you please come?' They wouldn't. [The task force officer] said, 'Where are your parents? I'm sorry, I can't help you.' "

And Gregory says:

"I was thinking that it was the parents that did it. My mother told me about a mother who killed her child because she was crazy one day—so I was thinking that it was just the parents who are doing this."

Eleven-year-old Dietra hazards:

"I think that most parents nowadays just don't care about their children that much, and the killer knows it. He says, 'Well, why should I care?' Your neighbor, the policeman, firemen, MARTA bus drivers—it could be someone you least suspect and you really can't tell, because nowadays people don't have looks that are saying what kind of people they are."

•

My friend the invaluable Toni Morrison has pointed out that one man can't raise a child, one woman can't raise a child, nor can the man and the woman together raise the child: It takes the entire village to raise a child.

That statement is as unanswerable as a blow with a hammer and leaves even less time for resentment. "If the race is to survive," Toni adds, "it has to take care of its own—that's not an agency's job."

Somewhere, in the brutal Western desert, in the long American night—which will become darker yet before it is realized that a nation (to say nothing of a people) is not merely a collection of hardware and plastic—somewhere, the blacks of this nation began to lose faith in what had produced and sustained us. Do not imagine that I am suggesting a return to the past, which is never, anyway, possible. I am suggesting merely that whoever does not know what is behind him cannot decipher what is around him. When that happens, chaos is come again: If the father is irrecoverable, the son is lost. That this vacuum cannot be filled by the American dream is suggested by the relentlessly rising black suicide rate (though we are still behind our white brothers) and by the actual and moral state of the country for which we have paid so much and loved so deeply.

When one of my nephews was two years old, he was sitting on my lap in his mother's house and we happened to be watching his uncle Jimmy (me) on television. One forgets that we knew nothing when we got here; one forgets how the world opens (or closes) before a child not merely every day but every hour of every day. Little Gebril kept looking at the TV screen, where, unmistakably, his uncle—eyes, face and, above all, voice—was present; but he was also sitting on my lap and I had my arms around him. He kept looking from the TV screen into my face, and the only way he could frame his enormous question was continuously to ask me, *Where you been?*

I think we'd better take it from there.

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"Just giving Suzette a hand with the Christmas baubles, my dear."

BASKETBALL PREVIEW *(continued from page 214)*

"Rarely has a rebuilding job been done so well as at Iona—there could be a Gael force in the East."

graduates (his brothers Kilgore and Rainbow are also famous). Freshman guard Bob Ferry will make a big contribution his first year.

Princeton has little chance of retaining the Ivy championship, because last season's best have graduated and no solid replacements are in sight. Freshman guards Isaac Carter and Jeff Pagano both have the ability to win starting berths immediately.

Columbia, still very young, won't be a threat for the title, but, with transfer Tom Brecht and freshman Dale Smith, the Lions will be much more ferocious than in the past two years.

Incoming freshmen will provide sorely needed height at Brown, but the Bruins will have to control their tendency to foul everybody within reach.

Yale will be the most improved team in the league, with several veterans reinforced by an impressive freshman class. Best of the tall incomers are Chris Kelly and Doug Fuss.

Cornell will also be improved, though still awfully young. Twelve of the top 15 men are either freshmen or sophomores. Defense will again be the Big Red's strong point.

Dartmouth is going to have a tough time adjusting to the graduation of strong man Larry Lawrence. Without him, the Green will have to depend on team effort. Freshman Shaun Tobin looks good enough to step right in.

Rarely has a rebuilding job been done so quickly and so well as the one constructed last year at Iona by coach Pat Kennedy. With all the top players returning—including forward Gary Springer, who was the leading major-college freshman scorer last year—there could be a Gael force in the East.

The mainspring of the Holy Cross machine will again be depth. Last year's top two scorers are gone, but Kevin Greaney and Eddie Thurman, one of the best guard combos in the East, should pick up the points.

Fordham enjoyed its first winning season in nine years last winter, and with the top ten players returning, the Rams could be one of the sleeper teams in the East. Much of the squad's potential lies in how well it can do in December, when it meets seven clubs that went to post-season tournaments last March. Says coach Tom Penders, "We're mature and talented enough now to play with anyone."

If Old Dominion can improve that old perimeter shooting—and blue chipper Charlie Smith looks like the man for the job—the Monarchs will make it to their fifth post-season tournament in six years.

The James Madison team for 1981–1982 will be much like last year's—full of smart and patient sharpshooters. Some nets will be burning.

The addition of six freshmen to four returning starters will give Niagara a cascade of quality cagers. Look for rookie guard Paul Siegel to make a big impact.

With a little luck, this could be a happy season at Penn State. Nine of last year's ten best are back in camp and team speed will be greatly increased by freshmen Craig Collins and Dwight Gibson.

Mike Strayhorn and Billy Barnes will again be the backbone of the William & Mary club. The Indians will have their best depth in more than five years. Freshman guard Keith Cieplicki, a deadeye shooter, will provide immediate help.

Navy, plagued with injuries a year ago, will at last have a healthy starting five. The Middies will have depth but need

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help under the boards. That could be provided by four promising recruits, the best of whom is Todd Alexander. Still, Navy will have to work hard to keep from sinking.

Canisius will get a major talent injection from its freshman class. Guard Ray Hall and forward Lee Stringfellow will be starters.

Eight new players will solve Manhattan's manpower problem. The Jaspers should greatly improve on last season's 6–20. Tim Cain and Joe McGuinness will be the most useful newcomers.

The optimism at George Mason is based on the return from disability of front-court starters Andre Gaddy and Terry Henderson to team with supersoph guards Andy Bolden and John Niehoff.

It looks like another dreary winter at West Point. With only four lettermen returning, this could be the youngest team in Army history. Three of the starting jobs will probably be won by plebes. Maybe they could call in the Marines. . . .

THE MIDWEST

Hawkeyes Flying High in the Big Ten; DePaul Still Alive Post-Aguirre

Iowa will have the same depth, balance and rebounding that made the Hawkeyes so formidable a year ago, thanks largely to the arrival of rookies Michael Payne and Greg Stokes. If the Hawks are to enjoy another banner year, however, they must overcome a propensity for blowing half-time leads in big games.

Minnesota has a genuine chance to take the Big Ten. Although everyone returns from last year, rookie guard Tommy Davis has the talent to win a starting job by midseason. The big man of the Gopher squad—figuratively and literally—will again be 7'2" center Randy Breuer.

We have a hunch that Purdue will be one of the major surprise teams in the country. Second-year coach Gene Keady, a tough and gutsy competitor, has now had time to fully install his style of play. Two graduated starters will be more than adequately replaced by the return to action of seven-foot redshirt Joe Gampfer and the addition of freshman hot-shot Dan Palombizo. Keith Edmonson could be the leading scorer in the Big Ten.

Defending national champion Indiana was decimated by graduation, defection to the N.B.A. and a serious off-season accident to forward Landon Turner. Although there is still plenty of talent in camp and the usual bumper crop of recruits has arrived, it will be difficult, even for Bobby Knight, to construct smoothly functioning duplicates of last year's precision offense and eyeball-to-eyeball defense. Center John Flowers is the freshman most likely to see a lot of action.

Ohio State suffered through a winter of discontent last year and the prognosis for this winter isn't much better. Crucial elements to this year's success—or lack thereof—will be the play of new starting center Granville Waiters and the leadership of veteran forward Clark Kellogg.

Michigan State had a banner recruiting year. Best of the newcomers are guard Sam Vincent and seven-foot center Kevin Willis. Even more valuable reinforcement will come from the return of Kurt James and Richard Mudd, who were sidelined a year ago by injury and academic problems. Thus, with manpower problems cured, the Spartans will be one of the country's most improved teams.

Michigan, conversely, will be much weaker. Four starters have departed and their replacements aren't exceptional. The good news in Ann Arbor is the arrival of fabulous freshman Eric Turner, whose prestidigitatorial passing will add a new dimension to the Wolverine offense.

The Wisconsin team was also gutted by graduation. Stellar recruits Carl Golston, Cory Blackwell, Brad Sellers and Scott Roth will have to grow up quickly, because they will be thrown into the fray almost at once.

With the departure of an entire front line, Illinois will be guard oriented—and lightning quick. The Illini have the

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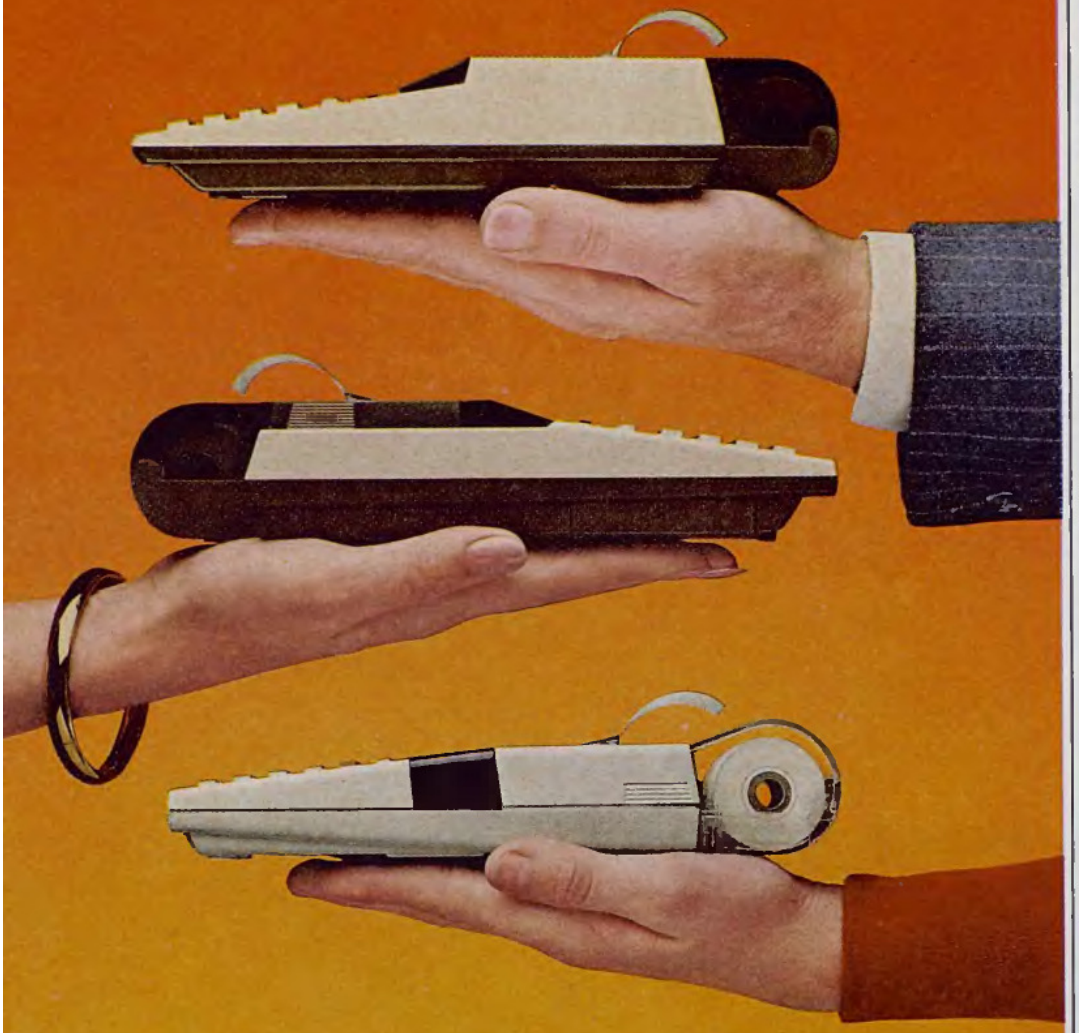

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best backcourt contingent in the league. The centerpiece is Derek Harper, who some pro scouts insist is the equal of Indiana defector Isiah Thomas. The Illini front line will be reinforced by promising forward Jay Daniels.

The rash of injuries that scuttled Northwestern's chances last winter are not likely to recur. Add three healed starters to a fine crop of recruits and the Wildcat prospects are excellent. Two freshmen, Andre Goode and Dan Ivankovich, could be immediate starters. Tremendously talented Art Aaron will be one of the country's most exciting players.

Ball State did not have outstanding talent last season but wound up one of the two best teams in the Mid-American Conference because most of the Cardinals were overachievers. The talent will be better this time. Ray McCallum, at 5'9", may be the best little guard in the country. Transfer David Scott could become the best player in school history.

There will be no seniors on this year's Toledo squad, so leadership may be a problem. Sterling recruit Barry Sonnenberg, the tallest Rocket player in a decade, will help fix the resoundingly bad rebounding. The biggest problem will be finding a replacement for graduated Harvey "Brass" Knuckles.

Northern Illinois center Allen Rayhorn should finish his career next March as the top scorer in M.A.C. history. The Huskies will be well stocked up front, but the backcourt is thin.

Eastern Michigan won't have to depend so heavily on defense this year. Four incoming guards will surely put some points up.

The departure of shooter Joe Faine will be the biggest threat to the prospects at Bowling Green. Part of the slack will be tautened by forwards Lamar Jackson and Joe Harrison.

Western Michigan could once more contend for the conference title if a skilled point guard shows himself and if freshman forward Kelvin Oliver lives up to his advance billing.

Kent State will be the most improved team in the conference, because graduation losses were minimal and a quality class of newcomers has arrived. Dave Zeigler, a truly pure shooter, should make a big splash by season's end.

The big news at Miami is the arrival of transfer guard Billy Lewis, who should be the floor leader and most valuable player. The inside play, unfortunately, will again be weak.

Ohio's top six players return and a bumper crop of recruits will bring reinforcements. The schedule contains several nonconference biggies, so don't look for much improvement in the won-lost record.

This season's Central Michigan team will be bigger than Gary Coleman, but, sadly, not much older. Junior college

transfers Greg Basore and Mike Ingram will have to carry the load from the very beginning.

On the other hand, Evansville will be vastly improved and could even wind up among the nation's top 20 teams. The addition of three blue chippers (red-shirted Purple Aces Richie Johnson and Rick McKinstry, plus freshman David Bennett) will solve the bench problem. The season's outcome will largely depend on the development of 7'1" Turkish center Emir Turam and the return to form (from a broken hand) of forward Theren Bullock, who is the Aces' leader both on and off the floor.

Loyola of Chicago will enjoy this year much more than last. Superb point guard Darius Clemons returns, as does his entire supporting cast. Nearly everyone but Clemons will be threatened by three incoming frosh, Alfredrick Hughes, Andre Battle and Greg Williams.

New Oklahoma City coach Lonnie Nichols has brought in some promising youngsters to solve the Chiefs' continuing backcourt problems. Teamed with high scorers Rubin Jackson and Carl Henry, they could help produce many more wins than a year ago.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

1. Iowa
2. Minnesota
3. Purdue
4. Indiana
5. Ohio State
6. Michigan State
7. Michigan
8. Wisconsin
9. Illinois
10. Northwestern

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

1. Ball State
2. Toledo
3. Northern Illinois
4. Eastern Michigan
5. Bowling Green
6. Western Michigan
7. Kent State
8. Miami University
9. Ohio University
10. Central Michigan

CITY SEVEN

1. Evansville
2. Loyola of Chicago
3. Oklahoma City
4. Xavier
5. Oral Roberts
6. Detroit
7. Butler

INDEPENDENTS

1. DePaul
2. Marquette
3. Notre Dame
4. Dayton

MID-STATES GREATS: Boyle, Payne (Iowa); Tucker, Breuer (Minnesota); Cross, Edmonson (Purdue); Wittman (Indiana); Kellogg (Ohio State); Smith, Vincent (Michigan State); Garner, Turner (Michigan); Bailey (Wisconsin); Harper (Illinois); Stack (Northwestern); McCallum (Ball State); Adamek (Toledo); Rayhorn (Northern Illinois); Zatkoff (Eastern Michigan); Greer (Bowling Green); Russell (Western Michigan); Zeigler (Kent State); Lewis (Miami University); Woodson (Ohio University); McLaughlin (Central Michigan); Leaf, Bullock (Evansville); Clemons, Sappleton (Loyola of Chicago); Jackson (Oklahoma City); Hicks (Xavier); J. Acres, M. Acres (Oral Roberts); Kopicki (Detroit); Cummings, Downing, Patterson (DePaul); Rivers (Marquette); Paxson (Notre Dame); Kanieski (Dayton).

Guard Anthony Hicks will still be the main man at Xavier, but the Musketeers sorely need more muscle under the boards. Best hope to cure that ill is new forward Eddie Johnson.

Last winter's amazing rookie Jeff Acres returns to Oral Roberts and is joined by his younger brother Mark. The two will give the Titans an overpowering front court and a winning season.

Graduation ceremonies left the Detroit team unblemished. Experience plus two first-class junior college transfers is the cause of much optimism among Titan fans. Transfer center Anthony "General" Lee should become the most dominant player in the conference.

Butler suffered the worst season in school history last winter, mostly no thanks to an injury to scoring machine Tony Warren. Prospects are much brighter this time around. Warren's tailbone has healed and a glittering crop of recruits will give the Bulldogs their best record in recent years.

The talent drain at DePaul has been severe, but coach Ray Meyer had another jackpot recruiting season, so the Blue Demons should be as formidable as ever by tournament time. But will they ever win after that? Three of the nugget newcomers are center Walter Downing and guards Raymond McCoy and Kenny Patterson. All of them should be superstars by graduation time. Meyer says this will be the fastest line-up he's ever coached. But he'll certainly miss Mark Aguirre's 30 points a game.

Marquette could be a sleeper. Coach Hank Raymonds landed two prize recruits named Johnson, forward Dwayne and guard Mandy. Splendid guard Glenn Rivers will provide on-court leadership.

Notre Dame's graduation losses were devastating, so this time around will be a whole new ball game for the Irish. There aren't many household names left. Fortunately, there *are* a handful of high school All-Americans who have been sitting on the bench, waiting their turn, and they should be South Bend celebrities by St. Patrick's Day. John Paxson will be this year's superstar. Digger Phelps must find a dependable backup for center Tim Andree. With an unreliable bench, injuries to the starters could be disastrous.

This could be a high-flying Dayton team. The Flyers gained a lot of valuable experience last winter and promising recruit Larry Schellenberg will combine with nine returning lettermen to give Dayton a strong, deep line-up.

THE SOUTH

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Kentucky and Alabama
the Best of the Rest

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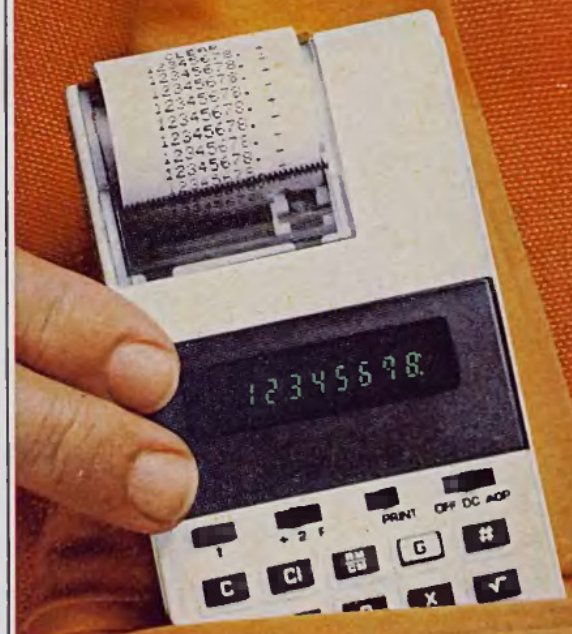

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teams would be competing for championships in other leagues. North Carolina has the best chance to win the A.C.C., but don't be surprised if any other team (except Maryland or Georgia Tech) winds up on top.

The talent bank at North Carolina is paying out interest. Best of the lot is Playboy All-America forward James Worthy. Much of the Tar Heels' success will depend on the leadership of guard Jimmy Black, the sole starting senior. Freshman phenomenon Mike Jordan will probably win a starting job in pre-season practice. This will be a very young Tar Heel team, but there is enough talent in camp to win it all.

Virginia will also have an extremely young squad. The only senior will be point guard Jeff Jones, the most underrated player in the conference. The main factor in the Cavaliers' fortunes will again be Playboy All-America center Ralph Sampson. Although the backcourt is loaded, the front-line reserves are suspect, giving prime freshman forward Jim Miller a chance to be a starter by midseason.

Wake Forest will benefit from having four senior starters and one of the strongest benches in the conference. The main problem in pre-season drills was finding a new point guard. Scott Davis is the best bet to win the position. Sylvester Charles should see heavy action in his first year.

Clemson's prospects will be bright, thanks to the return of four freshmen who clocked a lot of playing time last year. Incoming freshman guard Joe Ward is the most prized Clemson recruit in ages, and he'll have an immediate impact on the Tigers' fortunes.

Duke's schedule will be somewhat softer than last year's backbreaker, but the Blue Devils have depth and talent problems up front. Four promising newcomers (best of whom is Greg Wendt) will help there, but the early going may be rocky.

North Carolina State's main deficiencies a year ago were the lack of outside shooting and consistent rebounding. Those ills will be healed by five promising newcomers (best of whom is Walter Proctor) and the added maturity of 7'5" center Chuck Nevitt. Jim Valvano, in his second year in Raleigh, is one of the best (if least recognized) coaches in the country. Give him two years and he'll have the Wolfpack vying for the national championship. Remember, you heard it here first.

Maryland's top four players of a year ago are now departed, so the new line-up is anybody's guess. Most opponents will write the Terps off, but coach Lefty Driesell is a shrewd and resourceful strategist. Look for a few ambushes of unsuspecting foes. Freshman forward Adrian Branch will check in for a lot of floor time.

Georgia Tech will be mightily improved, but since the Yellow Jackets failed to win a single conference game a year ago, that doesn't take much. Although everyone returns, at least four recruits have the ability to win starting spots. Other talent infusions come from the return of Steve Neal and Brook Steppe, who missed last season with injury and academic woes.

Kentucky, Alabama and Georgia will stage a three-way dogfight for the Southeastern Conference championship. With minimal graduation losses and strong recruiting crops, all three squads will be much better than a year ago.

Kentucky's added strength will come largely from experience: Eight of last year's top 12 players were either freshmen or sophomores. Jim Master and Dicky Beal, tentative and intimidated as freshman guards, should be much more assured. The Wildcats are a superbly talented team. Dirk Minniefield is one of the most underrated players in the country. He and teammates Derrick Hord and Chuck Verderber would be superstars on most teams, but they are overshadowed in Lexington by the presence of Playboy All-America center Sam Bowie.

Alabama will also benefit from new maturity. The front line, featuring Eddie Phillips, will be awesome. A major infusion of firepower will come from one of the best rookie contingents in school history. Freshmen Bobby Lee Hurt, Ennis Whatley (a wizard with ball in hand) and Mark Farmer are all capable of winning stardom their first season.

The Georgia Bulldogs will again be dominated by Playboy All-America forward Dominique Wilkins. Reserve strength, a problem last winter, will be augmented by the arrival of prime rookies Gerald Crosby, Darryl Lenard and Jeff Putman.

Tennessee coach Don DeVoe's prime task is finding someone to replace graduated strong man Howard Wood. Sophomore Dan Federmann looks like the best prospect. Dale Ellis is sure to be one of the better offensive players in the South.

Graduation played havoc with a Louisiana State team that won 31 games in 1980–1981. Veterans Leonard Mitchell and Howard Carter will give this year's Tigers some stability, but almost all the other faces will be new. The absence of a dominating center will hurt Tiger prospects against one of the toughest schedules in the country.

Florida suffered last winter from a crippling shortage of height and experience. The return of nearly everyone (four of last year's starters were freshmen) will cure the latter affliction and an excellent recruiting season took care of the former. Best of the new young giants are Eugene McDowell and Randall Leath. Rookie guard Rob Harden will also see a lot of action.

New Vanderbilt coach C. M. Newton takes over a team that was robbed of its best talent on graduation day. The Commodores will be thin, young and short on shooting skills. It's hoped Newton's arrival will end the ill-tempered behavior and petty bickering among coaches and players that ruined last season. Freshman guard Phil Cox seems both capable and affable.

The Ole Miss team will again be much smaller (but also much quicker) than most of its opponents. The entire front line still needs rebuilding. Transfer forward Kevin Strahm will help

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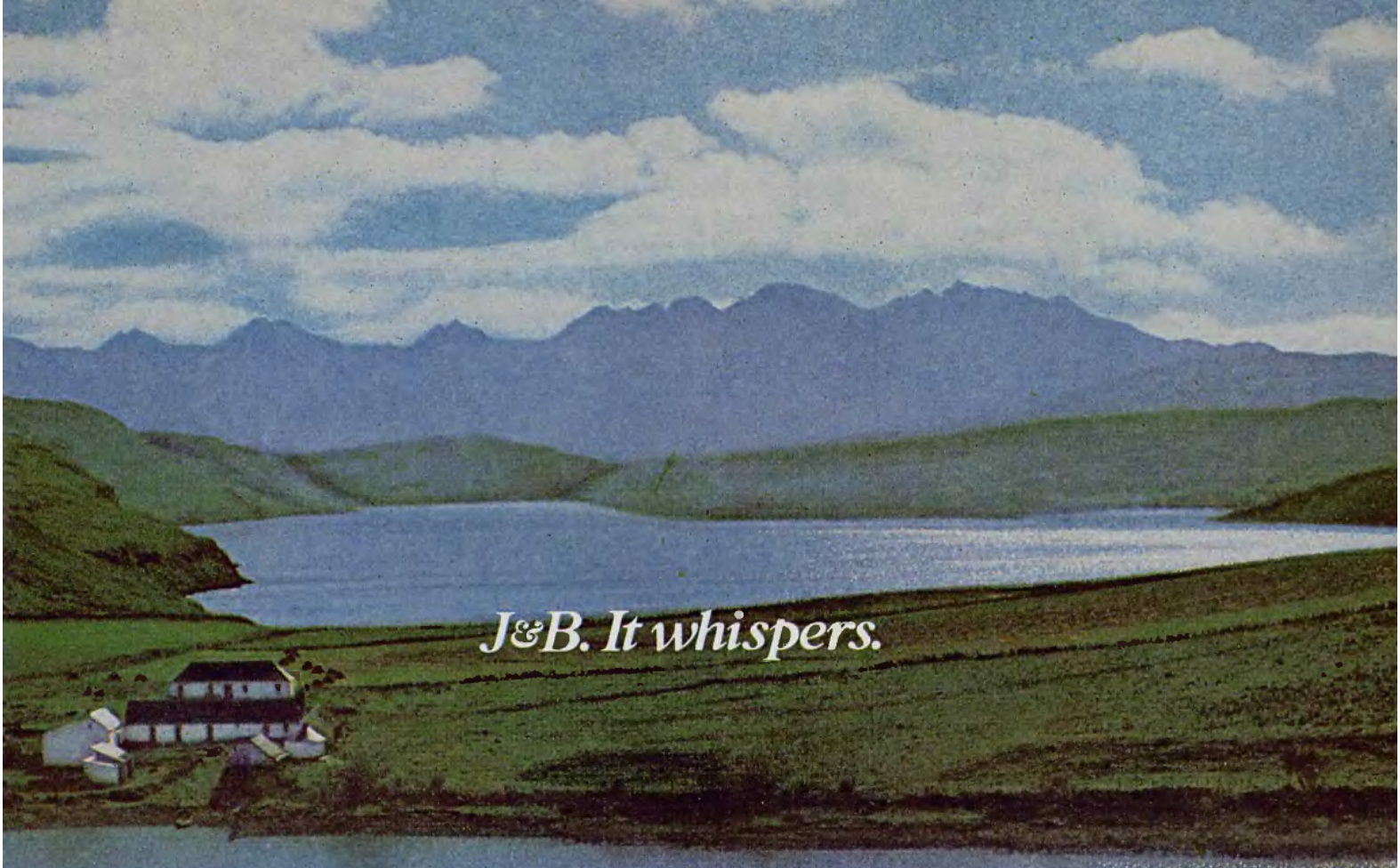

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there. Another transfer, Brad Pierce, could start in the backcourt.

New Mississippi State coach Bob Boyd won a skirmish for guard Jeff Norwood in the recruiting wars. That's fortunate, because heavy reinforcements are needed for a team that finished in the league cellar last season. Jeff Malone and Terry Lewis will carry most of the load as Boyd begins the long process of building a winner.

Junior college transfer Odell Mosteller will put polish into Auburn's backcourt play, but the War Eagles' inside game suffers from a dearth of talent of any kind.

As usual, Louisville is loaded. Last year the Cardinals won 19 of their last 20 games and all five starters (and nine of the top ten players) are back. They will be reinforced—as if that were necessary—by one of the best recruiting crops in the nation. Freshmen Manuel Forrest and Milt Wagner are both good enough to crack the starting line-up by midseason. With a little luck—and it won't take much—the Cards could win the national title again.

Two youngsters, Perry and Al Young (no kin), will ease most of last year's weaknesses at Virginia Tech. They will take some of the heat off Dale Solomon, one of the nation's best forwards. When he gets the ball near the basket, he's virtually unstoppable. It's wisdom to keep him from getting the ball.

Cincinnati coach Ed Badger did a nearly miraculous job last year with a squad that was short on everything. Then he went out and signed three quality post players and three good guards. With that stockpile, Badger should make the Bearcats the dark horse of the Metro Conference. (How's that for getting four animals into one sentence?)

Last season was a roller-coaster ride for Memphis State, but this trip the Tigers expect more ups than downs. Three superstud freshmen have been signed to go with three of last year's top five. Center Keith Lee will be a starter from the first day of practice.

Florida State lost four of its best to graduation. Ten freshmen, transfers and redshirts will make this a mostly new squad. Transfer Tony William can fill the point-guard job, last season's most obvious void.

Tulane could be the most improved team in the Metro Conference, since new coach Ned Fowler had the best recruiting year in school history. Nine signees join last season's top three scorers. If this mostly new team solidifies early, the Green Wave could be the surprise of the conference.

St. Louis coach Ron Ekker must try to fill the huge void left by the departure of superguard David Burns, the foundation of last year's team. Two junior college All-Americans, Kevin Strozier and Isiah Singletary, will certainly help.

This is the year Alabama-Birmingham fans have been waiting for. Coach Gene Bartow, starting from scratch four years ago, has built a basketball program that seems destined to produce a top 20 team every year. The Blazers may be the greatest bunch of overachievers in the game. The only uncertainty is finding a quality point guard among the arsenal of bench talent. Look for the Blazers to get off to a blazing start in December.

In his first year at South Florida, coach Lee Rose took the Bulls to a post-season game for their first time ever. With his top three scorers back, prospects look even brighter now, though sneaking up on unsuspecting opponents is a thing of the past. Guard Tony Grier will again be the hub of the team. Look for freshman Charlie Bradley to make big waves his first season.

This will be a rebuilding year at South Alabama, because only one starter is still around. Fortunately, a fine crop of recruits (best of whom is center Reggie Hannah) is available to help with reconstruction.

As many as four of this year's starters at Virginia Commonwealth will be rookies. High-scoring veteran Kenny Stancell will have to provide the leadership.

Injuries and classroom problems made last season a dismal disappointment at UNC Charlotte. Much of this year's fortunes are pegged to the performance of phenomenal sophomore Melvin Johnson.

New Jacksonville coach Bob Wenzel will try to better last year's poor performance by changing both offensive and defensive styles to suit the abilities of his charges. Look for a fast-breaking offense and multiple defenses.

Western Kentucky is a shoo-in to repeat as Ohio Valley Conference champion. Four starters and eight of the top nine scorers return from last winter's surprisingly strong team. They will be joined by a prime group of recruits. Two of the youngsters, transfer Tony Ray and freshman Ken Gambrel, will threaten some veterans.

Middle Tennessee will again emphasize unselfishness, team play and extensive use of a deep bench. The only star, Jerry Beck, should be better than ever. The need for a big man could be filled by Mike Frost, who matured suddenly last winter.

Transfers Ricky Hood and Mike Brady should remedy Murray State's major weaknesses—lack of height and fumble-fingered rebounding. Lamont Sleets will again be the Racers' chief asset.

Transfer guard Guy Minnifield will give Morehead State the floor leadership that was missing last time around. Another transfer, Harold Moore, will solve the Eagles' board problems.

Last season was a striking disappointment for Eastern Kentucky. The new group of cagers will not be as talented as last year's edition, but team play and

THE SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

1. North Carolina
2. Virginia
3. Wake Forest
4. Clemson
5. Duke
6. North Carolina State
7. Maryland
8. Georgia Tech

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

1. Kentucky
2. Alabama
3. Georgia
4. Tennessee
5. Louisiana State
6. Florida
7. Vanderbilt
8. Mississippi
9. Mississippi State
10. Auburn

METRO CONFERENCE

1. Louisville
2. Virginia Tech
3. Cincinnati
4. Memphis State
5. Florida State
6. Tulane
7. St. Louis

SUN BELT CONFERENCE

1. Alabama-Birmingham
2. South Florida
3. South Alabama
4. Virginia Commonwealth
5. UNC Charlotte
6. Jacksonville

OHIO VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Western Kentucky
2. Middle Tennessee
3. Murray State
4. Morehead State
5. Eastern Kentucky
6. Tennessee Tech
7. Austin Peay

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

1. Chattanooga
2. Appalachian State
3. Western Carolina
4. Marshall
5. East Tennessee State
6. Davidson
7. Furman
8. The Citadel
9. Virginia Military

INDEPENDENTS

1. East Carolina
2. South Carolina
3. Georgia State

REBEL-ROUSERS: Worthy, Perkins (North Carolina); Sampson, Jones (Virginia); Johnstone, Rogers (Wake Forest); Dodds (Clemson); Taylor (Duke); Lowe, Bailey (North Carolina State); Pittman (Maryland); Thomas (Georgia Tech); Bowie, Minniefield, Verderber (Kentucky); Phillips, Whatley (Alabama); Wilkins, Fair (Georgia); Carter, Ellis (Tennessee); Mitchell, Carter (Louisiana State); Williams (Florida); Miller (Vanderbilt); Tuohy (Mississippi); Malone (Mississippi State); Lockhart (Auburn); Smith, R. McCray, S. McCray, Eaves (Louisville); Jones (Cincinnati); Lee (Memphis State); Robinson, Giles (Alabama-Birmingham); Grier (South Florida); White (South Alabama); Stancell (Virginia Commonwealth); Ward (UNC Charlotte); Hackett (Jacksonville); McCormick, Wilson (Western Kentucky); Beck (Middle Tennessee); Sleets (Murray State); Childress (Morehead State); E. Stepp (Eastern Kentucky); Abuls (Tennessee Tech); Vinson (Austin Peay); Morken (Chattanooga); Payton (Appalachian State); Dennis (Western Carolina); Evans (Marshall); Mikell (East Tennessee State); DiBenedetto (Davidson); Daniel (Furman); Toney (The Citadel); Ray (Virginia Military); Watkins (East Carolina); Foster (South Carolina); Booker (Georgia State).

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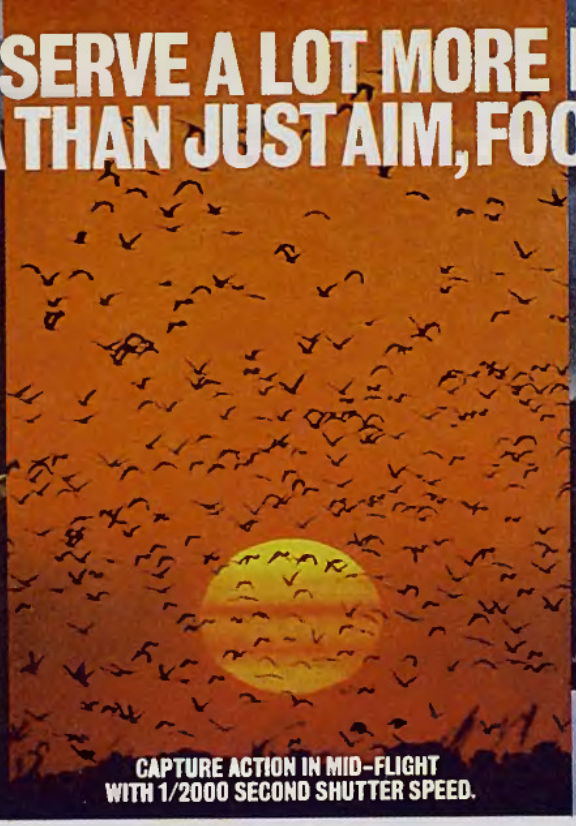

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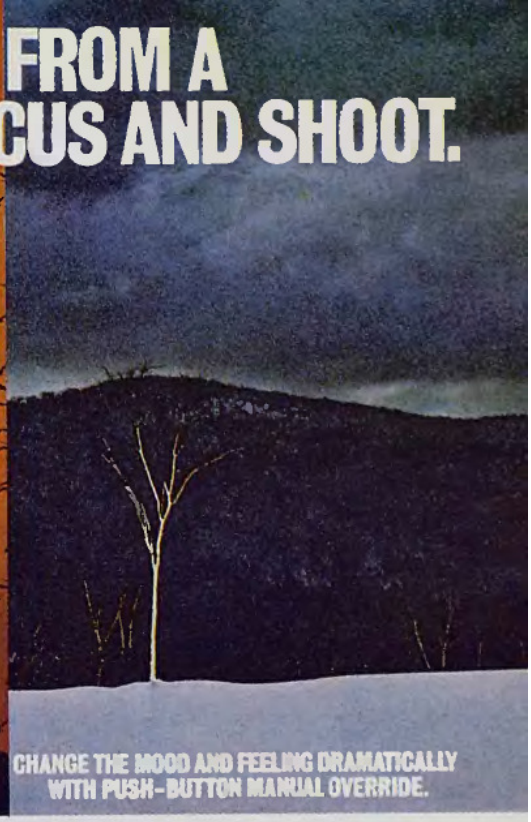

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player attitude will be much better. The two Stepps, Ervin and Jimmy, will dominate the scoring as well as the dance floor.

Tennessee Tech coach Tom Deaton has made impressive progress in his rebuilding campaign and further progress will be evident this year. More-experienced veterans and four promising rookies will make the Golden Eagles more capable in every phase of the game.

Graduation almost obliterated the Austin Peay team. Transfer forwards Lenny Manning and Donald Vinson will be more than adequate replacements under the boards, but the talent fall-off will show up in the backcourt.

Astute and energetic recruiting by workaholic coach Murray Arnold put Chattanooga in the Southern Conference throne room last winter. The Moccasins will be there again this year. Graduation losses may be made up for by the arrival of transfer forward Joe Johnson.

If Chattanooga falters, Appalachian State grabs the conference title. New coach Kevin Cantwell inherits a team that is loaded with experience and ammunition.

If a top-notch center can be found, Western Carolina will be a contender. Two top-drawer freshmen, Cedric Cokely and George Dixon, will make immediate (and sizable) contributions.

Marshall will be a small but speedy quintet. LaVerne Evans should have a big scoring year, though he still wishes he had a teammate named Shirley. The Herd must greatly improve its defensive play to stay in the title race.

East Tennessee State will get a talent injection from two junior college transfers—David Wright and David Henderson. Guard Troy Lee Mikell could become the best player in the Southern Conference.

The Davidson squad can enjoy a winning season if it can overcome defensive shortcomings. Rich DiBenedetto will again be one of the nation's finest power forwards.

Furman had eight freshmen on the roster last season, and the Paladins will fare much better, now that they're sophomores. Best of the returnees is point producer Mel Daniel.

Guard Gerald Toney, erstwhile football quarterback, will again be The Citadel's most valuable player. The Dogs will be more mature and some of their obvious needs will be filled by rookies Shawn Brown and Regan Truesdale.

Graduation left the cupboard nearly bare at VMI. As many as four freshmen could be starters this season. Games at VMI are unlikely to be S.R.O.

East Carolina has bettered itself immensely. Last year's talented kiddie corps has done a lot of growing up, making this season's balance and depth the best in EC history. Added help comes from two junior college All-Americans, Al Mack and Charles Green. The best news, though, is the return (after a year's absence) of point guard Tony Byles, who will provide the leadership so sorely needed last season.

The South Carolina team will again be barely postadolescent but will be much bigger, deeper and more experienced than a year ago. Another good bunch of recruits will cause reshuffling in the starting line-up. The most welcome of the newcomers will be tower of power Mike Brittian.

Jim Jarrett takes over a Georgia State team that won only four games last season. Graduation losses were minimal and the schedule is much less arduous because the Panthers withdrew from the Sun Belt Conference after last winter's debacle. If you can't beat 'em, quit 'em.

THE NEAR WEST

Big Eight Hears Tigers' Roar; Houston Rockets in S.W.C.

Missouri lacked both leadership and backcourt personnel last try. The return of Mark Dressler from a knee injury and the added maturity of Jon Sundvold and Steve Stipanovich will now provide the leadership. The guard situation will be ameliorated with the arrival of junior college transfers Prince Bridges and Michael Walker. Despite a tough schedule, the Tigers should be the first Big Eight team since 1934 to win three straight undisputed conference championships.

With most of the top performers back, the outlook at Oklahoma State remains the same—if the Cowboys can run and press effectively, they'll win a lot of games. With no big man available, coach Paul Hansen will go with a three-forward offense. One of the front-court standard-bearers will be freshman Joe Atkinson.

Kansas State will have a full supply of skilled upperclassmen. Rolando Blackman was the only major loss and three prime recruits will compete for his slot. Brazilian import Eduardo Galvao, an invigorated, invigorating ball handler, could win a starting job in the backcourt.

The big question at Kansas is what the Jayhawks will do without Darnell Valentine. Much hope is based on the return (from knee surgery) of Kelly Knight and an anticipated brilliant performance by Playboy All-America guard Tony Guy. Freshman guard Tad Boyle is the heir apparent to Valentine in the hearts of Jayhawk watchers.

Last spring, Nebraska coach Moe Iba pulled off a ploy the CIA would envy. He hired junior college coach Charlie Spoonhour as an assistant, then recruited

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Spoonhour's two superstars, guard Handy Johnson and center Victor Chacon. In combination with senior guard Jack Moore, one of the best little men in the country, the new Huskers should make for an improved campaign.

Oklahoma's multiple deficiencies of a year ago (the Sooners won only nine games) will be repaired by the return of redshirt Charles Jones and the arrival of three promising rookies. Jones will be the dominant player inside. Transfers Calvin Pierce and Darryl Allen will help the marksmanship. Four returning starters bring needed experience.

Iowa State can't continue to be so devastated with key injuries. Both center Ron Falenschek and forward John Kunnert are healthy at last. Another plus is the arrival of freshman Paul Beene, who should be the new point guard. Watch swing man Ron Harris—he's a future great.

New Colorado coach Tom Apke takes over a team that was a major disappointment last winter. He will have to instill a killer instinct in the Buffaloes—they lost six games last year in which they led with less than five minutes to go. A couple of Billys—surnamed Thompson and Houston—should both nail down starting guard jobs by midseason.

All the starters and most of the reserves return from the Houston team that won the Southwest Conference tournament last March. They will be joined by superrecruit Akeem Olajuwon, a seven-footer from Nigeria. He and Clyde Drexler, plus Larry Micheaux, will give the Cougars very scary strength under the boards. An ample and able backcourt will feature Playboy All-America guard Robert Williams, one of the most exciting players in the country. With all that height, muscle and quickness, opposing teams may think twice about even suiting up.

Arkansas' greatest strength will again be the inside scoring of center Scott Hastings. This will be a veteran Razorback team, led by five seniors. Unfortunately, with so many quality players already in camp, the recruiting harvest was lean.

Texas will be the conference dark horse. All of last year's best players return and are joined by the league's top crop of recruits. Coach Abe Lemons must devise a way to get more help under the boards for premier center LaSalle Thompson. The Longhorns will be most improved at guard, thanks to the arrival of freshmen Jack Worthington, Robert Hughes and James Tandy. Best of the newcomers, however, is forward James Booker.

Texas Tech was nearly invincible at home last season but won only three of 14 on the road. That record should be bettered this time, because several quality recruits will give the squad greater depth. Charles Johnson and Dwight Phillips will be the brightest of the new stars.

Playboy All-America guard Terry Teagle will again be the irresistible force at Baylor. The Bears' major weakness will once more be the lack of a powerful big man. The outside shooting will be noticeably improved by five promising recruits, all of whom are shooting for starting jobs. Returning guard Ronnie Blake, at 5'6", will still be the smallest major-college player in the nation, a large distinction.

Texas A&M, expected to be one of the dream teams in the country last winter, turned out to be a nightmare. The reasons: a horrendous midseason shooting slump and an unstable point-guard situation. The latter problem has been solved by Milton Woodley, but last year's two best shooters have departed. Much help under the boards will come from former junior college center Lonniel Bluntson.

SMU will be better, but the Mustangs won only seven games a year ago, and they still won't threaten most opponents. All five recruits will see plenty of action and three could have starting jobs as Christmas rolls around.

Senior forward Ricky Pierce is the best thing for Rice since Uncle Ben. But the Owls still need greater strength inside, and any improvement there will have to come from returnees, because there are no big men among the recruits.

Texas Christian lost three starters, but newcomers with impressive credentials should fill the holes nicely—center Brian Christensen is the long-awaited big man, Doug Arnold will bring an added bit of explosiveness and Joe Stephen will fill the opening at point guard.

The Missouri Valley Conference is again becoming one of the top basketball leagues in the nation. Three M.V.C. teams (Wichita State, Tulsa and Bradley) have a shot at making the top 20 lists.

At Wichita State, a talented cadre of returnees is reinforced by a recruiting bonanza. Principal veterans are book-end forwards Cliff Levingston (a Playboy All-America) and Antoine Carr. The main contribution to a successful season, however, could be provided by the supremely gifted freshman contingent. The top two newcomers, both of whom were among the nation's most eagerly recruited high school seniors, are center Greg Dreiling (a 7'1", 240-pound Paul Bunyan) and guard Aubrey Sherrod. Both are destined to take over starting jobs the first day of practice. If the rookies mature quickly, the Shockers could shock everyone.

If the Shockers brown out, Tulsa will be waiting to deliver the *coup de grâce*. The Golden Hurricane was the nation's top Cinderella team in 1980–1981, and only one player from that squad is missing. With so many seasoned returnees on hand (finest of whom is Paul Pressey), Tulsa could build an early-season won-lost slate that will be a struggle for other league teams to overcome.

Playboy All-America forward Mitchell Anderson will again be the central cog in the Bradley scoring machine. Graduation losses hurt, but transfer point guard Willie Scott could come to the rescue. Another welcome new face is forward Pierre Cooper. He'll likely be an immediate starter. Other quality recruits give the Braves enviable strength down the line.

New Creighton coach Willis Reed inherits a squad sorely depleted by graduation, so he will stress defense this year while trying to build a unit reminiscent of the old Knicks teams on which he played. Unfortunately, Walt Frazier has already gone to college.

Drake also has a new coach, Gary Garner, facing an uphill climb. Last year's top two scorers have departed, so the Bulldogs, traditionally strong on offense, will have to turn to defense while talent is rebuilt. Three transfers (particularly forward Devi Parks) will bring much-needed reinforcement.

With only six lettermen returning, Illinois State's five freshman recruits will have to carry the load. They should give

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

1. Missouri
2. Oklahoma State
3. Kansas State
4. Kansas
5. Nebraska
6. Oklahoma
7. Iowa State
8. Colorado

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

1. Houston
2. Arkansas
3. Texas
4. Texas Tech
5. Baylor
6. Texas A & M
7. Southern Methodist
8. Rice
9. Texas Christian

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Wichita State
2. Tulsa
3. Bradley
4. Creighton
5. Drake
6. Illinois State
7. Indiana State
8. New Mexico State
9. West Texas State
10. Southern Illinois

INDEPENDENTS

1. North Texas State
2. Centenary

BLESSED IN THE NEAR WEST: Frazier, Sundvold (Missouri); Clark, Combs (Oklahoma State); Nealy (Kansas State); Guy (Kansas); Moore (Nebraska); Whitley (Oklahoma); Estes (Iowa State); Humphries (Colorado); Williams, Drexler (Houston); Hastings (Arkansas); Thompson (Texas); Taylor (Texas Tech); Teagle (Baylor); Roberts (Texas A&M); Piehler (Southern Methodist); Pierce (Rice); Browder (Texas Christian); Levingston, Carr (Wichita State); Pressey, Stewart (Tulsa); Anderson (Bradley); Stovall (Creighton); Earl (Drake); Lamb (Illinois State); Wright (Indiana State); Pena (New Mexico State); Robinson (West Texas State); Lyons (North Texas State); Rhone (Centenary).

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the Redbirds more speed and firepower, but the defense will still be the mainstay.

Last season was a sore disappointment for Indiana State, but this year holds promise due to a fruitful recruiting season. If front-court newcomers Winfred King and Kenny Bannister learn to work with the veterans, they could make this a Birdlike year in Terre Haute.

Transfers Gillis Williams and Spencer Conrad will help make New Mexico State a significantly stronger squad than last season.

The graduation of Terry Adolph will make it impossible for West Texas State to match last year's record. The Buffs will have to depend on team quickness, and that will barely get them out of the cellar.

The entire Southern Illinois athletic program is in a shambles, with recently departed athletic director Gale Sayers and a drastically reduced athletic budget getting most of the blame. This Saluki basketball team will be a one-man (Rod Camp) outfit. The outlook in Carbondale is coal black.

The scoring and rebounding of Kenneth Lyons will once more be the virtue of the North Texas State team. All the top players return, so the Eagles will be improved if for no other reason than experience.

Cherokee Rhone will still be the franchise at Centenary. This chief star will be surrounded with a slightly better bunch of braves than last year, but you can count on most of the Centenarians to play like they're 100 years old.

THE FAR WEST

Cross-town Rivalry for the Pacific Ten; BYU Still Angelic

Everyone returns from a UCLA team that won 20 games a year ago. The Bruins will again be a very disciplined crew with a surfeit of shooters. Last winter's only apparent weakness, the lack of a true center, will be erased by the arrival of seven-foot freshman Stuart Gray. Senior leadership, obviously missing in 1980–1981, will be provided by stellar forward Mike "Colonel" Sanders. The Bruins will contend for the national championship.

Southern California could be the most improved team on the Golden Coast. Last season's weakness, shortness, is cured by the return to health of center Clayton Olivier and the arrival of two towering freshmen, Ken Johnson and Wayne Carlander. They join four starters and the entire bench from last year, giving the Trojans enviable manpower at every position. Superquick guard Dwight Anderson, a very exciting player, is destined for a banner year. Defense is adequate—it's said in Los Angeles that Trojans bend but never break.

Arizona State lost the top three players of last year, so the Sun Devils will suffer experientially, especially on the front

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line. Still, Lafayette Lever and Bryon Scott will provide one of the nation's better backcourts. Transfer Corey McMullen will be the starting center.

Few teams have been more crippled by graduation than Oregon State. This year's squad will score fewer points but will be quicker, more physical and loaded with potential. Transfer center Greg Wiltjer and freshman guard Dean Derrah are eager Beavers who will add size and an excellent shooting touch to the offense.

Twelve lettermen, including four starters, return for an extremely young California team, so the Bears should continue the steady improvement of the past three years. Best of the returnees is center Mark McNamara, who has emerged as one of the West Coast's dominant inside players. The Bears' major need is to make a free throw now and then.

The return of two players who were redshirted with injuries will give Oregon a lift. Jerome Williams will help solve the rebounding problem and Gary Gatewood will add uncanny long-range shooting. Five incoming freshmen will bring the Ducks unaccustomed depth. Two of the recruits, seven-foot center Blair Rasmussen and forward Rodnie Taylor, could be superstars before they head for the big pond called the N.B.A.

Washington State is the unsung team of the Pacific Ten. Only one starter was lost to graduation and a major talent boost arrives in the person of fabulously talented transfer Guy Williams, who does everything but lead the band. He could be an all-league player his first season. Two other rookies, Craig Ehlo and Mike Spaid, will also contribute during their rookie season.

The main difference at Stanford will be the volume and quality of talent on hand. The Cards' recruiting class was among the country's best—the first time that's happened in ages. Gem-quality rookies Johnny Rogers and Steve Brown should both win starting jobs.

Washington will also enjoy a strong influx of new talent. Newcomers Joe Cowan and Flosi Siguardsson (a seven-footer) will add strength and size to the squad.

Four of Arizona's five best players were lost to graduation, so the Wildcats will suffer from inexperience in the early going. There is plenty of height among the rookies, so the rebounding—dreadful last winter—should be a lot better.

Brigham Young coach Frank Arnold's main task will be finding a replacement for departed superguard Danny Ainge. That may not be as difficult as it seems—Ainge got most of the press and fan attention last year, but his teammates went out of their way to make him look good. Fred Roberts is the likely replacement. With the whole front line intact to dominate the boards and feed him the ball, Roberts should have a great season. If the new guards come through, look for the Cougars to play in the N.C.A.A. tournament again next March.

Wyoming will challenge Brigham Young for the Western Athletic Conference title. Forward Bill Garnett, who could be the best player in the league this year, and outside marksman Mike Jackson will carry most of the load. Junior college transfer Tony Martin will see a lot of action his inaugural year.

Graduation ceremonies took away four of last year's Utah regulars. Ten of this season's 13 men will be either freshmen or sophs. It all adds up to a rebuilding year in Salt Lake City.

Top-notch transfer Keith Smith will join four returning starters to give San Diego State a team to be dealt with. Michael Cage, a budding All-American, became a fearsome basket-after-basket case at the end of the year.

Last season was a shakedown cruise for Hawaii. With five of the top eight returning, the Rainbows will have a head start this December. The backcourt could be the best in the W.A.C.

Texas–El Paso went flat last midseason, mostly because it lacked the pivotal point guard. Transfer Byron Walker should handle that chore adequately this year, but the outlook in El Paso isn't brilliant—last season's best Miners won't return.

New Mexico coach Gary Colson recruited four promising forwards to fill his greatest need. Best of the lot is junior college All-American Tim Fullmer. The biggest plus for the Lobos will be the return of guard Phil Smith, who had a fabulous freshman season.

It was a grim winter for Colorado State. The talent stock was so low that three walk-ons were starters for much of the season. Coach Tony McAndrews inked seven recruits this spring, so newcomers may walk into key roles.

Air Force was largely a two-man team last year and, unfortunately, those two (Tim Harris and Reggie Jones) have departed. It is unlikely that the recruits, however talented, can fill the blue yonder with glory.

Fresno State should repeat as the Pacific Coast Association champion, mostly because the defense (which led the nation last season) will again be superstingy. Transfer guard Omel Nieves will make a big contribution his first year. If the Bulldogs have a problem, it will be getting the ball off the boards.

The Irvine five went from seven wins the year before last to 17 last year. Prime mover in that move was fabulous forward Kevin Magee. There could be equivalent improvement this season—last year's one malady, at point guard, is mended by the eligibility of redshirt Leonard Johnson. The return of last year's top eight Anteaters should keep UCI near the top of the anthill.

Long Beach State will gain the services of no fewer than four redshirts, making the 49ers' talent lode much richer than in recent efforts.

San Jose State raced through its first 20-win season in 31 years last winter. That performance won't be repeated. Only one starter found his way back to San Jose and filling the vacancies will be difficult. Junior college transfer Jonathan Brown looks the best among the newcomers.

With only one of last year's top five missing, Santa Barbara has the firepower

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

1. UCLA
2. Southern California
3. Arizona State
4. Oregon State
5. California
6. Oregon
7. Washington State
8. Stanford
9. Washington
10. Arizona

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

1. Brigham Young
2. Wyoming
3. Utah
4. San Diego State
5. Hawaii
6. Texas–El Paso
7. New Mexico
8. Colorado State
9. Air Force

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

1. Fresno State
2. Irvine
3. Long Beach State
4. San Jose State
5. Santa Barbara
6. Utah State
7. Pacific
8. Fullerton State

WEST COAST CONFERENCE

1. San Francisco
2. Portland
3. Pepperdine
4. Santa Clara
5. Loyola Marymount
6. Gonzaga
7. St. Mary's

BIG SKY CONFERENCE

1. Idaho
2. Nevada-Reno
3. Idaho State
4. Montana State
5. Montana
6. Northern Arizona
7. Weber State
8. Boise State

INDEPENDENTS

1. Nevada–Las Vegas
2. Seattle

BEST OF THE WEST: Sanders, Foster, Daye, Gray (UCLA); Williams, Anderson (Southern California); Scott (Arizona State); Conner, Sitton (Oregon State); McNamara (California); Greig (Oregon); Williams (Washington State); Revelli (Stanford); Caldwell (Washington); Smith (Arizona); Roberts, Sinek (Brigham Young); Garnett (Wyoming); Mannion (Utah); Cage (San Diego State); Webster (Hawaii); Kennedy (Texas–El Paso); Dolensky (New Mexico); Hughes (Colorado State); Simmons (Air Force); Higgins, Mason, Nieves (Fresno State); Magee, McDonald (Irvine); Gregory (Long Beach State); McNealy (San Jose State); Anderson (Santa Barbara); Cunningham (Utah State); Waldron (Pacific); Anderson (Fullerton State); Dailey, Bryant (San Francisco); Slaughter (Portland); Bond (Pepperdine); Norman (Santa Clara); Ware (Loyola Marymount); Bergeson (Gonzaga); Vann (St. Mary's); Kellerman (Idaho); Palm (Nevada-Reno); Tate (Idaho State); Hashley (Montana State); Pope (Montana); Hettinga (Northern Arizona); Harper (Weber State); Bailey (Boise State); Green, Anderson (Nevada–Las Vegas); Kennedy (Seattle).

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and front-line size to post a winning season. The fulcrum of the team will be center Richard Anderson. Junior Michael Russell should rectify last season's shooting-guard problem.

Utah State comes off its first nonwinning campaign in nine years, and with the departure of the top three scorers from that quintet, this team's prospects look even dimmer. Help will come from transfer Eric Petersen, an immediate starter.

Last season was all turbulence for Pacific. If the Tigers are to show any improvement, they have to improve their rebounding and defense.

Fullerton should be the most improved team in the conference, but that ought to be a breeze in view of last year's 4–23 performance. Transfer Leon Wood, who makes consistent deposits from 25 feet away, will perk up the Titans' dismal shooting showing. Last year's defeatist attitude will be dispelled because four of the five starters will probably be brand-new faces.

It will be a very good year in San Francisco. With four regulars returning—including superb guard Quintin Dailey—the Dons will once more excel in quickness and shooting skills. With the arrival of two prime recruits, forward John Martens and guard Eric Booker, squad depth will increase a few fathoms.

Any serious challenge to the Dons will probably come from Portland. The Pilots will be a veteran team led by prolific scorer Jose Slaughter. The schedule's the toughest ever. Transfer Jason Cawthorn is the best of the recruits.

Pepperdine was a very young team last year, so the Waves may crest in 1981–1982. If they improve their defense, they could again challenge for the title.

Two outsized rookies, junior college transfer Dan Larson and frosh Nick Vanos, will give the Santa Clara front court a big boost. A winning season will depend on whether or not a dependable point guard turns up.

Loyola Marymount was decimated by graduation, but nine recruits have been inked, best of whom is guard Casper "Hard" Ware. This will be the first of a few rebuilding years.

Gonzaga also suffered heavy personnel losses. New coach Jay Hillock will build another team that's smart, patient when it has the ball and aggressive when it doesn't.

St. Mary's is depending on newcomers, since the Gaels enjoyed a productive recruiting campaign. The freshmen will add quickness and agility but not very many wins.

Idaho had its best season ever a year ago and ought to repeat as Big Sky Conference champion. The backcourt play will remain the Vandals' main strength.

Nevada-Reno will be the most improved team in the league. Depth and experience, noticeably lacking before, will be pluses.

Idaho State will also be stronger. Last year's main weaknesses, let-it-bounce-then-pick-it-up rebounding and the lack of a penetrating guard, should be cured by recruits.

Montana State's hopes rely on how quickly five top-notch freshmen blend with the veterans. The new kids will help the Bobcats avoid last year's breakdowns.

The return of towering center Craig Larsen is the key to Montana's fortunes. The Grizzlies will run with the ball more and be a better shooting team, but they've been known to hibernate when the cold months come.

New Northern Arizona coach Gene Visscher has brought in a super group of rookies to replace three dear departed starters. Everything will be new for the Lumberjacks.

Weber State has a bumper crop of newcomers to go with four quality veterans. Fans hope last year's midseason squad defections will not recur. Choicest of the new arrivals is center Tom Heywood.

The dearth of talent at Boise State should be cured by the past successful recruiting season. Center Jim Maldonado will present an intimidating presence in his first year.

For the first time since coach Jerry Tarkanian arrived in 1974, Nevada–Las Vegas failed to win 20 games last season. Main reasons were extreme youth and the inability to run and gun as well as in past years. Those problems are solved. Danny Tarkanian, the coach's boy, returns after missing last season. He's an excellent ball handler and floor leader and will give the Runnin' Rebels the spark they need to return to prominence.

Rookie twin guards, Dave and Will Anderson, will bring a much-needed infusion of talent to Seattle, and they also promise to dress alike, at least on court.

"All year long, I—Winthrop K. Winterbottom, chairman of the board—have been meaning to compliment you on the fantastic job you're doing here at the switchboard."

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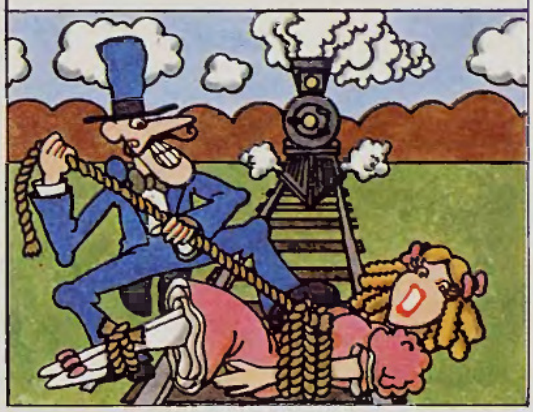
We don't recommend that *you* take to the ski trails dressed in your birthday suit and a pair of Snow Chaps, as our cowboy-hatted young friend has done here. But we do know that once you've saddled up either the ladies' red or racing-blue nylon style or the men's or women's steel-blue, tan or rust-colored poplin model, you won't hit the slopes again without them. Sportcaster, the manufacturer, located at Pioneer Square Station, P.O. Box 4000, 322 Occidental Avenue S., Seattle, Washington 98104, says that one size fits all. The price for a pair of Snow Chaps is $44, postpaid (a women's coordinating nylon parka costs $80). After a day of leaving sitzmarks on the slopes, we're sure you'll agree that Snow Chaps definitely emphasize anyone's best ass-ets.

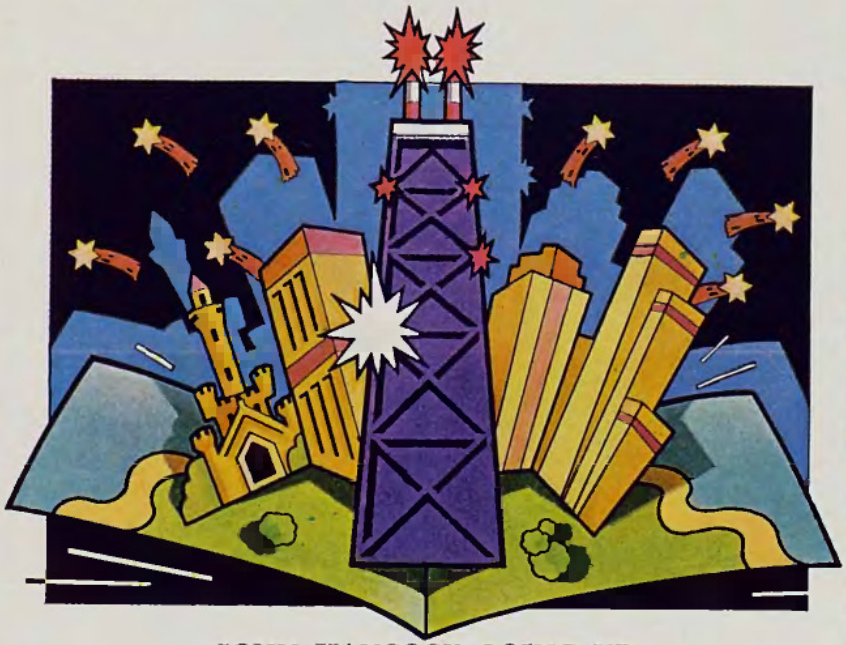
TYING ONE ON

Bondage Fantasies in Popular Entertainment is a detailed softcover book containing several hundred sequences from movies and television in which somebody (often a luscious young woman) is somehow restrained. If that's your kinky cup, send $30 to author Allen Marburger, Box 20, Lake of the Woods, Locust Grove, Virginia 22508. Sorry, *Bondage* contains nary a picture, so you'll have to read it to weep.



UP TO SNUFF

As everyone knows, there are two things people sniff these days; one is illegal, the other is dry snuff. And assuming you're into the latter, here's the ultimate place to store it: a gem-and-silver-topped Scottish ram's-horn snuff mull that The Scottish Lion, North Conway, New Hampshire 03860, is offering for a price that's nothing to sneeze at—$1500. Well-heeled sniffers will wish to pick a pair for his-and-hers double dipping. Snuff said.



JOHN HANCOCK GOING UP

No, PopSites don't snap and crackle, too, they just leap to life the minute you open the card, just like "pop-up" books did when you were a kid. Papermasters, P.O. Box 469, Northfield, Illinois 60093, is the manufacturer and for $7.45, postpaid, it will send you Chicago's John Hancock Building or Water Tower Place. Think big and $8.45 will get you the Sears Tower, Washington/Lincoln Memorial or the Empire State/Chrysler Building. Buy them all and be king of the castles.

KIND OF DOPEY

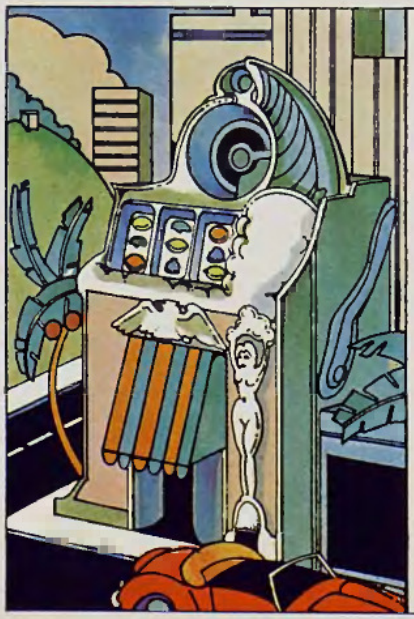
The Moral Majority won't be turned on by these 16¾" x 24" blowups of famous Dope Comix covers, but anyone who's young in heart and wants a colorful poster will. Each costs $4.75, postpaid (there are two in the series), sent to Kitchen Sink Press, No. 2 Swamp Road, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968. And if you're hip to the work of R. Crumb, they also have his *A Short History of America*, in which a sylvan landscape deteriorates into urban blight in 12 depressing panels. Ugh!

WHEEL DEAL

If automobiles are your passion, wheel by L'Art et L'Automobile, which owner–race driver Jacques Vaucher claims is the only "permanent gallery dedicated to automotive art and memorabilia." L'Art is located at 354 East 66th Street, New York, New York 10021, and a $1 list of automotive fine art and other objects pertaining to the genre is available. Or, if you *really* cherish your chariot, the gallery can recommend an artist to capture it on canvas. Beep!

ARMOR AMOUR

There'll always be an England; and there'll always be someone in that small country who still makes suits of armor—even if they are miniature ones. British artist Peter Leicht of Furlong House, Swallow Lane, Tydd Gote, Cambs PE13 5PQ, England, is the fellow and for about $365 to $1000 or more, he'll craft a one-of-a-kind articulated suit of armor in the style of your choice. (The average height is about 32".) Of course, if only a full-sized suit will suit you, Leicht occasionally completes one when he's in the mood; but if you have to ask the price, you can't afford it.



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Wander into the Van Nuys showroom of G.A.M.E.S. and for one moment you might think you're back in V.E.G.A.S. G.A.M.E.S. sells reconditioned slot machines (now legal in 30 states), pinball games, bumper-pool tables, gum-ball machines, ceiling fans and electronic video cartridges. If all this lights you up like Pac Man, the G.A.M.E.S. quarterly newsletter containing more information can be yours for just $5 a year from 6626 Valjean Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406. Score!

BUY, BUY BIRDIE

Listen, sweetheart, let's talk about the black bird. We know who's got it and it ain't the fat man. It's a dame named Carol Brener, who owns Murder Ink., a bookstore at 271 West 87th Street, New York, New York 10024, and she's got more black oxide–finished solid-brass key-chain miniatures of the Maltese Falcon than you can shake a roscoe at. The bird's $50 price ain't the stuff that dreams are made of, but it's less than the $1,000,000 the fat man thought the dingus was worth. Your move, Sam.

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SUNKEN WOMAN

(continued from page 223)

"She pushed at him and even struck him—and he found himself shaking her violently."

the sofa: the man's rather thick, bluish fingernails.

His eyes darted from place to place, as if searching for the weapon. But the weapon—whatever it was—and he wouldn't ever learn precisely what it was—had been taken away.

He slammed the door behind him, panicked. No one must be a witness.

"Lisel—?" he said.

He must telephone the police. Or an ambulance.

He must get her out of here.

She was sitting tranquilly enough in a crosshatching of sunlight. Her skin stretched tight across her face, her eyes overlarge and curiously sightless. Bars of hazy sunshine fell across her face and shoulders and chest, alternating with bars of hazy shadow. He could not see her clearly—he could not see anything in that room clearly. His vision wavered and blotched. A wave of faintness rose in him, from the very pit of his belly.

He must telephone——

He must get help——

The room stank of alcohol and vomit. He shook his head to clear it and the walls and ceiling began to spin.

Was the man dying? He must telephone the police——

"Lisel——"

Her lover. One of her lovers.

He should have telephoned the police, but he did not.

Instead, he telephoned a friend—an old, intimate friend—someone who knew Lisel and knew, or could guess, what the situation might be. In a low, rapid voice he explained. . . . He tried to make clear. . . . Convey the sense of. . . .

Then he dressed her. Quickly and clumsily. As one might dress a sleep-groggy child. Scolding her under his breath, forcing her arms through the sleeves of her jacket. . . . She did not resist him, but she did not cooperate, either. Her body gave off a powerful rank odor of sheer animal fright; he wanted to hold his breath against it.

He dressed her in a long shapeless black skirt with a waistband several inches too large for her. Yet it had to be hers—there was no other piece of women's clothing in the room. And a red belt, an inappropriately bright belt—cheap simulated leather—14th Street quality. A line of saliva ran across her chin. She looked drunken, drugged. When he tried to pull on her stockings—they were really knee-high socks, made of black wool—she whimpered and drew back from him. "Stop. Don't fight me. Don't be ridiculous," he whispered angrily. But she pushed at him, frightened, and even struck him—struck him on the side of the face with the flat of her hand—a stinging blow—and he found himself shaking her violently. "What do you think you're doing? What the hell—!" he panted. For a moment he wanted very badly to hurt her.

Then she gave in. She acquiesced suddenly and leaned against him as he pulled on the other sock. It was stiff with dirt.

Like a dream, the events of that afternoon: Constantine will remember it all his life. He is remembering it even now. His movements quick and jerky and uncoordinated . . . the slats of light blinding him . . . the odor of Lisel's body close in his nostrils. A few yards away, a stranger lay on a soiled couch, moaning. Trying to regain consciousness. It was a matter of curious but extreme relief that Constantine did not know the man—had never seen him before.

Like a dream, his struggle with Lisel. Forcing her shoes on her feet.

And her fur jacket——

Dyed rabbit fur. Inexpensive, as far as furs go. But smart. The auburn fur contrasting with Lisel's pale red hair. Had her lover, the injured man, bought her this jacket? Constantine ran his fingers quickly along one of the sleeves. So soft.

She staggered and nearly fell against him.

"*Don't*," he said sharply.

It was only afterward, hours afterward, that he realized how terrified he was. Not that the man would die but that he would regain consciousness while Constantine was in the room.

•

And the weapon? Where was the weapon? What had been used?

Constantine undressed Lisel gently and lowered her into the steaming hot water in his bathtub. They were safe now, in *his* apartment. She began at once to babble. She clung to him, whimpering, giggling, saying that it wasn't her fault . . . it was her fault . . . *he* had forced his way in . . . *he* knew where they were . . . it was her fault because she told him too much . . . she really knew better. Then there was the key. Something about a key. She had, or perhaps had not, given him a key. To which apartment? One of the apartments. *He* would have followed her anyway. He hated her, he wanted to kill her. She should have known that.

Constantine asked who had done the beating—what weapon had he used?

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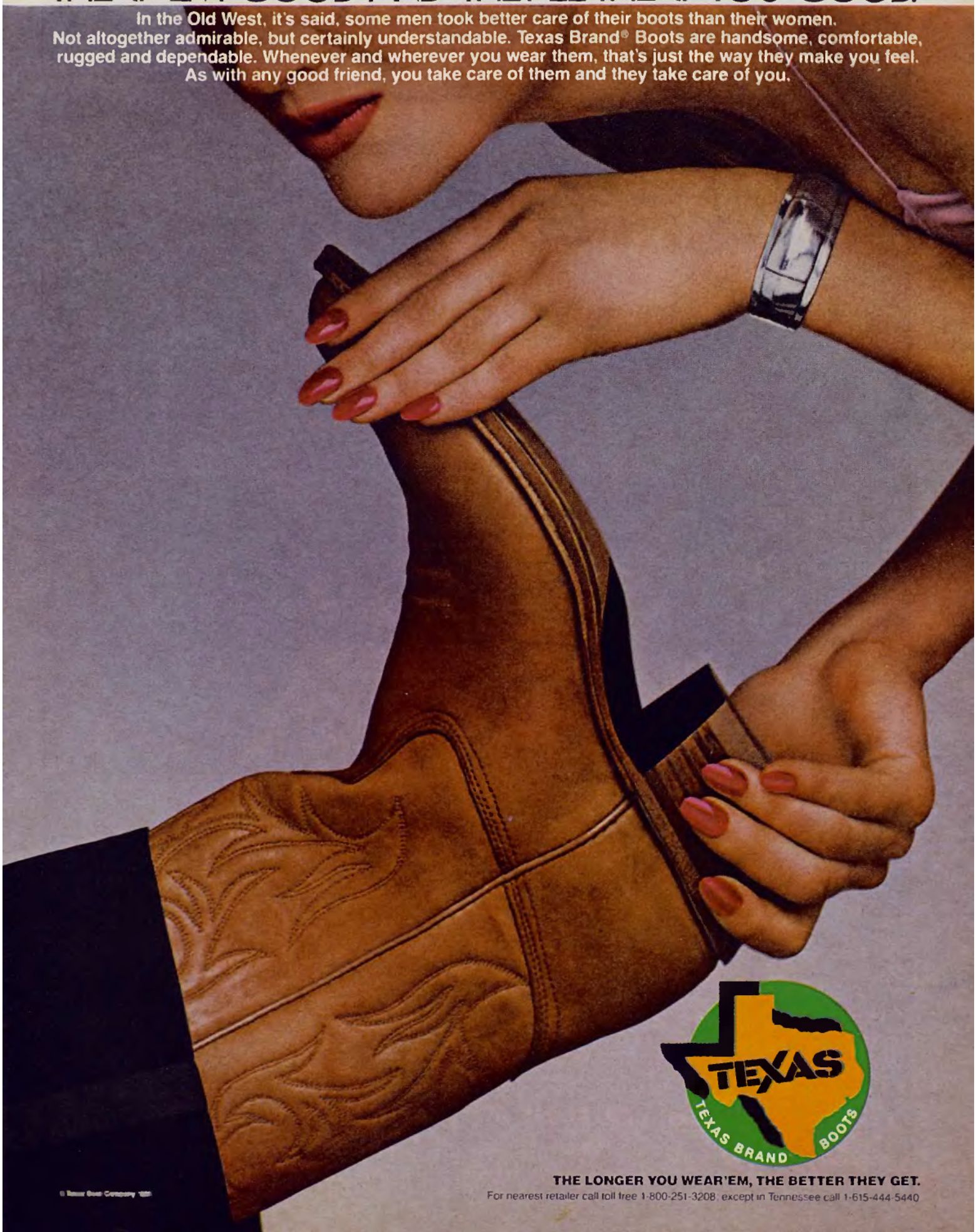

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"I know you don't like me to hitchhike, Mom, but guess who picked me up last night on Wilshire Boulevard."

"He wouldn't stop hitting him," Lisel said in a small, high voice, still holding Constantine's arm. "I screamed and screamed, but he wouldn't stop. He said he would kill us both. He said. . . . I couldn't help. . . ."

She squirmed and her white body looked iridescent in the water; her small breasts appeared to be floating.

"He said. . . ."

"But who was it?" Constantine asked.

His face was damp from the steam. His shirt front and trousers were wet. "What happened to the weapon?" he asked.

He was crouching over her, his face locked in a grimace of—of what?—tenderness and pity—paternal affection—alarm—lust. Her odor, her writhing naked body, her distress greatly excited him.

"He said he would kill us both. . . ."

She looked up at Constantine, dry-eyed. The pupils of her eyes were perceptibly dilated.

Constantine brushed her hair out of her face. He stroked her forehead, noting the hard bone beneath the skin; noting the ridge of bone at the eyebrows. He told her that everything was under control. She was safe. Whoever had attacked her friend, he couldn't find her *here*. He had telephoned Kirk Rodman (did she remember Kirk? Yes?) and by now, Kirk would have telephoned the police; an ambulance would have been sent; everything was under control.

"I won't let anyone hurt you," Constantine said in triumph.

•

On the pinewood table Constantine used as a desk, there was a heavy brass paperweight in the shape of an *art nouveau* sphinx. It was charmingly ugly, a fist-sized monster; feline and womanly and grotesque; with absurd staring eyes and scalloped bat wings. Constantine had noticed it in the window of a Lafayette Street antique shop and had had to buy it, though its price—$35—had seemed to him high. It was, after all, nothing more than a piece of junk.

Still, he liked it. He had grown fond of it. Sometimes he woke to find it in his hand—he was weighing it in his hand—his mind gone blank.

The ugly little female lion with the silly wings and the wide staring "supernatural" eyes. The jutting conical breasts with their gemlike nipples. Uncanny, isn't it? Constantine murmured when visitors appraised it. *Art nouveau*. Or, I should say, a reproduction of *art nouveau*—I don't think it's a genuine antique.

He was willing to laugh at his paperweight if others laughed, but secretly he found it rather charming. Even the tail—a forked dragon's tail, curved stiffly upward—was delightful. His half-conscious caresses had made the thing glow in certain areas (the wings, the curved back), but the rest of it was badly tarnished; and he would never clean it. He sat at his desk and wrote a few words and raised his head to stare out the window and his left hand groped for the sphinx . . . groped for it and fondled it . . . weighed it . . . turned it about . . . pushed it aside. The morning after Lisel left, Constantine was to sit at his desk, sighing, a pot of coffee at his right hand, and within ten minutes he was to grope for the paperweight . . . his fingers stretching for it . . . and gradually his attention was drawn . . . his attention was drawn to the fact that something was wrong, something was missing . . . and he was to discover, to his astonishment (for of course the thing had no value) that the sphinx was gone.

Lisel had taken it, evidently.

Lisel had taken it, though she might have taken—she might have stolen—something of value. She might even have taken cash if she had troubled to look for it.

•

"I would have given her the ugly thing, of course," Constantine complained to his friend. "I would have given her almost anything. If she had asked."

Kirk was silent for a moment, as if in commiseration. Then he said, "But of course Lisel knew that."

•

She had been famous as Lisel—simply "Lisel"—for a period of about 18 months. And then her fame had been primarily a downtown phenomenon: She had done some modeling, she had been interviewed, she had been featured in a number of Myron Falk's "experimental" films. Beyond Manhattan, it was doubtful that anyone had ever heard of her—or that her name was remembered for more than those quick 18 months.

Still, to be "famous" even on those terms—to have been simply Lisel for those months——

Constantine, who knew better, whose entire career (as a playwright, a poet, a critic, a hopeful man of letters) was predicated on his knowing better, nevertheless felt the power of her queer near-mute impassivity. The first time he saw her, at a crowded party in Myron Falk's studio-loft, he had been much taken; and he hadn't even known her name at that time; in fact, she had had no name. She wasn't Lisel yet—she was simply another of Falk's freaks, a discovery he had made off the street (in Lisel's case, it had been Seventh Avenue down around Houston—and although one of the nastier tales made her out to have been soliciting, her activity had really been quite innocent: She had been lost). There was the sweet-faced and highly verbose homosexual dancer Gary; the 6'5" giantess Martha Blount, with her gift for improvised comedy; the street kid Win (who, like Lisel, had drifted to New York from the Midwest but seemed the very quintessence of the Village—and who, like Lisel, had come close to killing himself with drugs): these "stars," these "names," were all discoveries of Myron Falk's. He attracted them. He collected them. They were his "chicks." He did not enlist them for his films so much as he improvised films to contain them. Working quickly and with a disdain for technical proficiency (for Falk, of course, claimed to have no interest at all in commercial success), Falk and his assistants could turn out a 16-millimeter film every week—with no sound, no editing, no fussy camerawork and only the most frenetically improvised of scripts. The films were all in black and white; sometimes they were, surprisingly, very beautiful.

Lisel's first film was called *The Victim*—18 minutes of a girl's beautiful empty face while the camera moves slowly back and it becomes increasingly clear—though never graphically or visually clear—that something very strange is being done to her. Dear God, Constantine had thought, staring at that face. He had never, he liked to say, he had *never* sat through anything so excruciating.

Within a few weeks, Lisel's face was known to everyone in the city with pretensions of keeping up with avant-garde art—which is to say, many thousands. There were interviews with Falk in respectable middle-class publications. He was on television, accompanied by a mute—and starkly beautiful—"Lisel." The face was beautiful enough, but not very human; it was acclaimed as beautiful, perhaps, because it wasn't human. The sharp cheekbones and the prominent ridge of bone above the eyes . . . the unplucked eyebrows . . . the impassive, almost babyish mouth . . . the childlike gaze that absorbed everything but did not judge. This was Lisel, Falk's chick.

Later, when Falk had dropped her and Lisel was taken up (though only for a few months; she hadn't the discipline or the ambition) by a modeling agency, she had struck Constantine as far more conventionally beautiful. Tall and near emaciated, her long red hair alternately frizzed and braided and worn loose, dressed in the most fashionable of clothes, her eyes meticulously painted, her three-inch fingernails polished bronze—even her mood (bright, quick, nervous from amphetamines, but usually wordless) stylish and programed—Lisel had seemed to Constantine a creature of the media, a manufactured product. She made a great deal of money modeling for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, but even in those magazines, the emphasis (and Constantine,

who studied the chic lurid tableaux with extreme interest, saw this clearly) was on her fragility, her deathly pallor, her exalted status as victim. Lisel—simply Lisel—with no last name and no history. And no future.

•

Constantine was between lovers—he self-pityingly considered himself purged of love—when he first saw Myron Falk's Lisel. She was close beside Falk, who was usually touching her; it was quite clear that she was his prize of the season, and while he was willing to exhibit her to others (and that was one of the points, surely, of the party—Lisel's "coming out" in Soho), he was not willing that anyone draw her away and speak to her in private. She looked, people thought, like a freaky daughter of his: at 5'9", taller than Myron, docile, obedient, tranquil, skinny, a high school girl to whom *things are done*—and the delicious part was, of course, that she appeared to be too young, too innocent, perhaps even too stupid, to know the names of these things, or to care greatly.

Constantine was between lovers. Although he had made up his mind—the poor man, at the age of 35, he was forever making up his mind—not to open himself again to humiliation, even to the most exciting kind of humiliation.

When he saw Lisel—who was not yet Lisel—standing with Falk that night some years ago, he had thought immediately: That one *isn't* for me—she's entirely out of reach. And the insight had warmed him, had made him feel positively cheerful.

Then, later, having seen her on film—in *The Victim*, in *Street*, in *Lisel* itself—having seen her in the company of lesser members of Falk's entourage, he had discovered himself contemplating strategies of approaching her. Not *her*—not the girl herself—but the trashy phenomenon she represented. Lisel who was only Lisel, after all; a girl who had to have come from *somewhere*, just as Myron Falk had come from a not-extraordinary background: born in Buffalo, New York—attended public schools—and then a state teachers' college in Buffalo, where he had taken art courses before transferring to a commercial art school. Constantine knew all about Falk and the rise of trash art in the Sixties and Seventies, he certainly *knew* the bankruptcy of spirit that informed all that Falk or his imitators (and he had many imitators—he has them still) attempted—and yet, still—and yet—there was this peculiar fascination—there *was* this arresting of attention by the most foolish of images: the 17-foot-high lime Popsicle Falk had fashioned out of real Popsicle sugar-ice, for example; and the most degrading of "events" (the tireless copulations of Falk's later films, which were languid and self-mocking and never *normal*—as if *normal* were a word with any significance!—the artwork, in an expensive midtown gallery, that consisted of a girl—had it been Lisel? It surely might have been Lisel—wallowing in white plasterish muck, naked, in a trough a foot or so beneath the level of the floor, a living sculpture of Falk's called *The Sunken Woman* about which innumerable jokes were made, not all of them angry or even unsympathetic). Like many writers and artists who imagine themselves experimentalists, and even among the avant-garde, Constantine Reinhart deeply resented the wildly disproportionate media attention two or three or four of his contemporaries enjoyed; he deeply resented (and was he envious as well?) Myron Falk's notoriety and the fact that Falk, after a few weeks of interest, of fairly intense interest, had seemed to forget all about Constantine Reinhart.

"The man who broke into that apartment—the man who did the beating—was he a friend of Falk's?" Constantine was to ask Lisel, as she lay shivering in his bed, in his stained cashmere robe. She did not reply; she was too exhausted even to pretend not to hear. But Constantine knew the probable answer—she did not remember.

"Was he an enemy?" Constantine asked.

And then, finally, raising his voice: "Did he have a name?"

Lisel's face tightened in sleep. She did not turn away from him, but she did not respond.

•

After Lisel disappeared from his apartment (he had been out shopping in the Grand Union at the time—foolish and eager as a young husband), Constantine learned from Rachel Schiller that she had been, for a brief while, but only for a brief while, a kind of prostitute when she first came to New York.

A *kind* of prostitute—! Constantine said.

The girl had been talked into coming East by two men who had something to do, or claimed to have something to do, with television. She was 17 years old at the time and had not graduated from high school. She had, in fact, stopped attending school—her mother (who had been divorced from her father for a decade) had a new baby and had been forced to move for the third time in a year, so it wasn't clear which school district Lisel belonged in; and not very important.

She wanted to be a television actress? Constantine asked.

She wanted to be anything, Rachel said.

An actress . . . or maybe a "night-club performer" . . . or a dancer . . . or a model. (She did get jobs fairly quickly as an art school model. But the jobs paid poorly and she had to sit, nude, for long periods at a time, her large vacant eyes fixed upon a distant corner of the room. Rachel, who had been, as she was finally to admit, rather obsessed with Lisel for a while, did some inquiring and learned that Lisel was extraordinary as a model: She could sit motionless for as long as 45 minutes, staring off into space, sunken into a kind of trance from which she would have to be awakened. In life she had taken on some of the characteristics of an artwork. And the

nature of her beauty—pallid, eccentric, unnerving—was wonderfully contemporary. Perhaps it was not beauty at all: It did not speak of anything beyond itself, it had nothing to do with the species, everything to do with the idiosyncrasy of the individual; it alarmed and intimidated rather than gratified the senses. From "Lisel" one could not deduce a single workaday truth.)

It was incorrect to say that Lisel as a girl of 17 had come to New York City, or even that she had left home. She was simply carried away from home—if "home" existed—and brought to New York. Her friends' names were Mack and Steve. They had "something to do with television." Or perhaps they had "something to do with a night club" on West 38th Street.

And so they exploited her, Constantine said.

(He could not have explained his curious resentment. A dull unfocused anger. Mack and Steve, whom no one remembered—certainly not Lisel herself.)

They exploited her—? Constantine asked.

With her long untidy red hair and her solemn gray eyes (which hadn't the capacity for fear, or for the registering of fear) and her 13-year-old's body—with her sleepwalker's uncanny grace—and her eloquent silence: How might it have been possible for her *not* to be exploited? Simply feeding the girl, Rachel said, embarrassed, changing her bedclothes, offering her a fresh towel, inquiring about her health; all this felt like exploitation; certainly it was a kind of violation.

Certainly one could not resist.

•

Later, of course, she was to become quite dangerous. But that day she had been helpless as a small child. Lying against him in the taxi, allowing him to undress her for her bath, sleeping in his bed, in his robe, for 15 hours.

Constantine stood in the doorway, watching as she slept. Her small pale face expressed more emotion in sleep than it did while she was awake. Her eyelids fluttered, her nose twitched, she appeared to be mouthing words, she squirmed and twisted beneath the covers, and kicked, and rolled her head from side to side. Yet she never woke: She slept sunken deep beneath the surface of the waves of consciousness, where no one could touch her.

How easy, Constantine thought, to become sentimental over Lisel.

Over Lisel—who felt no sentiment for herself.

She slept while Constantine watched. He might have embraced her—might have slipped beneath the covers and made love to her—certainly she would not have resisted, would probably not even have troubled to wake. They had done such things to her, such wild extravagant whimsical deadpan things, down in Myron Falk's Spring Street studio—! Some of the antics had been filmed; some had not been filmed. Constantine had heard rumors, of course. But as he watched Lisel sleep, he found it difficult to believe that she, that girl, had actually participated; he found it difficult to believe that she had been involved in violence of any kind, though he had, only a few hours previously, walked into a room in which one of her lovers lay unconscious. It was so easy to forget. To let things slip through one's mind. Lisel was not burdened by memory, and so, perhaps, in her presence, besotted with love for her, one ought to forget everything . . . everything that was not immediately visible.

He walked quietly about the apartment. He was a bridegroom, an eager young husband. He was not in love, but the symptoms of love distracted him: an irrational fear that someone would run upstairs and pound on his door and demand that he surrender Lisel. He had no right to her, after all.

And wasn't she now wanted by the police? As a witness to an attempted murder? Or would it be called aggravated assault?

Constantine made telephone calls, speaking softly. He listened to the radio. He hurried down to the corner to buy a newspaper. But the beating on 13th Street was not very important, evidently. The victim's name was not available. And, of course, no one knew about Lisel—no one except a few people, who would never give her name to the police.

•

The wealthy Peruvian with his dark skin, his handsome face, his dandyish expensive clothes. (Or was the fact of his wealth—his "millions" of acres of land—an exaggeration?) Myron Falk and his entourage. Mack and Steve. And the dozens—might there have been hundreds?—of others. Constantine doodled on sheets of yellow scrap paper, waiting for Lisel to call to him, too nervous to work, too distracted to think. There had been so many men; and probably women, too. Why would it matter, another man? It would not matter to *her*. He could crawl beneath the covers of his bed . . . for, after all, it was *his* bed . . . and he could undress her and make love to her . . . gently . . . or not so gently . . . and she would awake, possibly a little startled . . . she would resist . . . or would not trouble to resist . . . she would murmur his name . . . or accept him in silence. She would, or would not, slip her arms around him. Part her slender legs for him. And entering her he would slip, he would fall . . . sink . . . lose himself in that undersea cave in which all men were the same man to her: in which all men were the same man.

Lisel—?

But she was still sleeping. Small fists

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Subject: Vehicle Cooperation and Responsiveness as a Design Objective.

16 Porsche 928

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resting on either side of her head, on the twisted pillow. Slack mouth open. Faint hoarse breath. A thread of saliva on her chin.

Lisel—?

Sleeping.

•

A year later, after the attempted murder of Myron Falk, Constantine will discover, quite by accident, the brass sphinx—or one exactly like it—in a Hudson Street antique shop.

How much—? That brass paperweight in the corner.

Fifty-five dollars.

Fifty-five dollars!

He will peer at the squat little thing. He will stoop and pick it up and weigh it in his hand. Yes, it's his—the very same thing. The batlike wings, the staring eyes, the silly pert breasts. Yes? No? It is badly tarnished except across the back, where he used to stroke it.

Constantine will ask the storekeeper where the paperweight came from, but, of course, the storekeeper won't know. He will consider telling the man that the paperweight is his—he recognizes it—it really belongs to him. But he will decide against this: Constantine isn't the kind to make a scene.

How much did you say? he will ask sullenly.

•

Lisel was sleeping. So he slipped out to do some shopping.

Raspberry popovers. Real cream. Butter. Eggs. Bacon. Orange juice. Queensbury Marmalade (imported from England). He hurried along the aisles, freshly shaved and shining, a hopeful young lover. While in his apartment sleepy-eyed Lisel woke at last and stretched and called out his name. And when he did not reply—when she saw that she was alone—she shook her head, and brushed her hair out of her eyes, and sat up in bed, visited by a thought.

Lisel on the bare floor boards, cross-legged, in her white-cotton underpants and cheap white crocheted sweater. Rocking from side to side. In the clumsy rhythms of grief. Is he dead? Her lover, dead? Or was the other one her lover—the one who began shouting so suddenly and would not be quieted?

Constantine is gloating over the fact that Lisel eluded Rachel. One afternoon she simply—walked out.

"She didn't listen to me!" Rachel shouted. "She didn't give me a chance."

•

But even as he wheeled his cart to the cashier, Lisel, three blocks away, was stepping into her long soiled black skirt, adjusting the cheap red belt around her waist, stepping into her shoes. The heels were quite high; she sometimes staggered in them. But they gave her a startling modish look.

She found her rabbit-fur jacket in Constantine's clothes closet.

She prowled about the apartment—an apartment she had never seen before—humming under her breath. After 15 hours' sleep, she felt wonderfully refreshed. Her soul had been given back to her—she was eager to return to the street.

But she did want a memento. She was superstitious about such things.

The sphinx caught her eye. It was rather large, and heavy, and fit only with difficulty in her pocket. Nevertheless, she had to have it. And she *wouldn't* pawn it—she would keep it forever, in memory of Constantine Reinhart, who had risked so much for her.

And so she slipped away—hurrying downstairs in her high heels—leaning on the railing. She was very weak; she hadn't eaten for two days. Her bridegroom was gaily paying for a hefty shopping bag of groceries, but Lisel hadn't any interest in food. Her eyes were slightly puffy from so many hours of sleep—it was time, it was more than time, for her to escape.

She *was* a child, Rachel told Constantine afterward. When his hurt wasn't so fresh. When it might even be interpreted as bemusement.

Which makes *us*—? Constantine said.

•

Lisel disappeared from Constantine's life and he heard nothing of her for many months. Then there were rumors: She had surfaced again in the city, far downtown, as a kind of "wife" to two homosexual men, one of whom ran a fairly well-known bookstore in the Village called Peddlers. Constantine visited the store one mild April day, out of curiosity, and observed closely what there was to observe: But there was very little to observe and he came away only with an armful of books he would probably never read but could not resist. The bookseller was a fussy, gabby, unprepossessing man in his 30s; he had seemed—almost—to recognize Constantine, which was always flattering though sometimes misleading; in any case, Constantine could not bring himself to ask him about Lisel. How on earth could he bring the subject

"By God, Briggs, I'd love to see those Russkies start something with us!"

ABSOLUT TEMPTATION.

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up—! And then, and then—probably—the rumor was false.

Other rumors, from time to time, surfacing in casual conversations or relayed to him through his tight little network of friends: that Lisel had been seen once again in the company of Myron Falk, at a wild day-and-a-night-and-a-day party on Fire Island; she had been glimpsed in a limousine (though a rather second-rate sort of limousine) hurtling along lower Fifth Avenue, seated beside a person (whether male or female was unclear) in a tuxedo; she had sat for a life-drawing class at NYU but after 20 minutes rose from her seat and retired behind the screen and dressed and walked out, giving no explanation, hardly listening to the instructor's surprised questions; she had tried to commit suicide in a typically inept manner—having swallowed two dozen barbiturates, she descended into the subway to ride about but soon collapsed and was discovered and taken to a hospital far, far away in Queens. There was a rumor that she had left New York City and returned to Omaha; there was a rumor, which Constantine found dismayingly credible, that she had gone on the street again—she was living with a man, a pimp, on the Lower East Side.

Constantine surrendered her, more or less. It wouldn't be at all accurate to suggest that he thought about her frequently, let alone brooded over her, though he had started a play—a surrealist play that had lurched swiftly into graphic naturalism—called *The Sunken Woman*. He worked on it from time to time, always with enthusiasm that quickly drained away—as he wrote in a frenzy of composition, inventing (or remembering) a young woman's voice, he grew very excited, and then suddenly very depressed, and by the end of an hour's work, he felt simply hollow: even frightened, as if the voice was a forbidden one. Only at such times did Constantine really remember Lisel, though he was curious about "Lisel" and told himself that someday—when he had more time—someday soon—perhaps in the company of a young actress whom he now believed he loved—he would visit Falk's studio and ask to poke about in the films of several years back. (These "underground" films were now history. And very dated. Occasionally one came across references to them and to Myron Falk in lengthy, heavily footnoted essays on avant-garde cinema, in such journals as *Partisan Review* and *The New York Review*, but the films were not shown any longer, and many of them were probably lost.) He would tell Falk that he intended to do a critical study of experimental film making and Falk would possibly be flattered and open his "archives" to him. . . . But months passed, and Constantine never got around to it; he had better things to do with his time.

•

And then one morning in midsummer, he saw in the paper a headline on page three: "MYRON FALK ATTACKED, IN CRITICAL CONDITION."

Martha Blount had had the weapon; the two others—Lisel and "Marcus"—had merely tried to hold him down. Eleven stab wounds, with an ice pick. Surprised in his studio on Spring Street. Nine-thirty at night. No warning. Falk had answered the door and three "former members of his entourage" had attacked him, throwing him to the floor. A 37-year-old woman, Martha Blount, had stabbed him repeatedly with an ice pick, and had even tried—a gesture Constantine winced at, it was so Falkish, so fey and allusive—to pierce his forehead with the point of the pick, leaning on it with both hands, throwing her considerable weight on it—! But the point slipped. And by then, Falk's terrified screams had brought help.

Constantine skimmed the story. And reread it. His fingers had gone cold—there was a faint ringing in his ears—but he didn't feel any real emotion: He didn't feel anything at all. Myron Falk, who lived a mile south of him, had nearly been murdered in an outrageously brutal way; he had nearly been murdered by someone Constantine knew, or imagined he knew; imagined he had even, for a brief while, *loved*. But he felt little emotion. Only curiosity. The assailants were identified as Martha Blount, 37; Lisel Bier, 22; and Marcus or The Angel, in his late 20s, of no fixed address. All three were under psychiatric observation at Bellevue and Falk was in the intensive-care unit at St. Vincent's Hospital.

Constantine read and reread the story. It took up about six inches of newsprint. The telephone was ringing—that would be Rachel, or Kirk—the telephone might have been ringing for some time—but Constantine couldn't bring himself to answer. He was sitting at his table with the paper opened before him, staring at a "story," a reasonably compact presentation of certain "facts." Why Blount and Bier and Marcus had tried to kill Falk—why they had tried to kill him *that particular night*—why Blount had chosen an ice pick—what Falk had said when he opened the door and saw them—what Falk had felt when the stabbing began—when it actually began and he must have realized that something very real was happening to him: None of this was explained and, given the terse, perfunctory nature of the language, none of it could be inferred. There was only the "story," the "facts," and Constantine felt too weak, too stricken, to stumble the several yards to his telephone, though the voice on the other end (there would be a "voice," surely) might be of aid to him.

The next day, a follow-up story on the assault would include a quote from Martha Blount (her co-assailants having remained mute): "It was his time."

•

As the years pass, Constantine will allude to his "brief acquaintance with violence and madness," but his anecdotes (he is a consummate teller of anecdotes—sometimes he believes it is his single talent) will focus not upon Lisel Bier but upon Myron Falk. (For Falk, after all, is "famous." People are interested in Falk.) Only with very close friends will Constantine speak of Lisel, and then with an air of sardonic bemusement. Whatever became of her after Bellevue—whatever became of the three of them, those three maniacs!—is it even worth while to imagine likely fates? (She is probably institutionalized somewhere, Rachel says flatly. She couldn't have survived otherwise.)

Constantine will work on *The Sunken Woman* from time to time, always with the same initial burst of inspiration. And then the sudden drop, the sudden exhaustion. . . . He is too gifted a writer, too devoted to his subject, to approach the question of Lisel in a coolly professional manner: He cannot force himself to transform her into a conventional dramatic experience, and so he cannot complete a play about her. He has more than 100 pages of notes and dialog and outlines, and long descriptive passages in which he tries to see himself from the outside as a way of seeing her. . . . Constantine in his camel's-hair coat, hurrying into the street. Calling for a taxi. Embarked upon what is to be one of the most dangerous adventures of his life, though he can't know it at the time; and, of course, it will not turn out to be *really* dangerous: No one will try to pierce his skull with an ice pick.

Everyone was a little crazy then, he says, alluding to that era—that span of time in his life and in the life of the city. Not everyone survived.

But you survived, Constantine—? he is asked.

Oh, yes, he says, laughing, running his hand through his hair as if embarrassed, oh, yes—in a manner of speaking.

•

One May afternoon, far uptown at West 155th Street, Constantine is threading his way through an immense chattering crowd, in search of Myron Falk.

Years have passed. Myron Falk has just been inducted, along with 15 other persons (artists, composers, writers), into the American Academy-Institute. The ceremony lasted two and a half hours, and now everyone—members of the Academy-Institute and their guests and journalists and photographers and innumerable hangers-on—is crowding onto the terrace

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beneath the canopy, for cocktails. Constantine Reinhart, with his major work still (still!) before him, has not yet been invited to join the Academy-Institute; he is only a guest this afternoon, of Kirk Rodman's. He is vain enough to fantasize declining his own election—yet boyish enough to anticipate it with a sinking, sickish, exuberant dread—and he cannot decide whether to be pleased or insulted when, in this jovial crowd, he is mistaken as a member. (For Constantine Reinhart the playwright, oddly enough, is better known locally than a number of the older members of the academy. And if photographers insist upon taking his picture, it must mean that he is, however minimally, photogenic.)

However, Constantine is interested in only one thing at the present moment: hunting down Myron Falk.

Of course, there is something amusing and melancholy about Falk's induction into the academy. For it certainly means—it all but insists—that the avant-garde is dead; the outrageous "underground" art of Falk's prime is dead. Though Falk himself did not die eight years ago, a death of some kind did occur. The rebel, the bad boy, the criminal poseur, the mock dandy, the controversial Myron Falk has now become another establishment artist . . . just another aging bore. He even dresses normally now. Or almost normally. It has been years since he smeared suntan make-up on his face, or wore yellow-and-black-checked sports coats, or oxford shoes; it has been years since he released his last film—a clumsy attempt at a "real" feature film that failed to acquire national distribution, and that no one, not even the most scholarly experts of the cinema, felt obliged to see.

Constantine moves gracefully through the crowd, which consists of tight little knots of celebrities talking earnestly to one another, while others gaze upon them hopefully, or edge toward them; it is deathly to be stuck with the wrong people at such a gathering, as Constantine well knows; so he keeps in motion.

There is Myron Falk, at the very end of the bar. Half-hidden behind a small group of well-wishers whom, in ordinary circumstances, Constantine would make every effort to avoid.

But Falk has seen him approaching. And, after a moment's hesitation (is he trying to place Constantine? or does he remember him all too clearly?), he steps forward to meet him, extending his beefy hand.

Constantine congratulates him on his election. Falk shrugs and grimaces, as if embarrassed, or suspecting mockery. He cannot fail to understand the symbolic meaning of his election, but, at the same time, he cannot fail to feel pride: Now that his years of "artistic" adventuring

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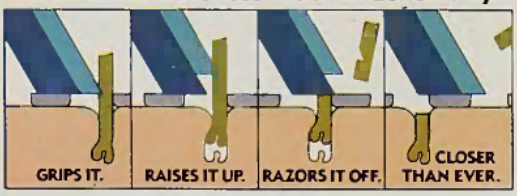

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are behind him, what can remain apart from such rewards, falling like overripe plums . . . ? One need only survive.

It has been a while since Constantine has seen Myron Falk in person. His jowls are now prominent, there are deep unsmiling creases on either side of his mouth, a network of frail bluish veins has worked its way to the surface of his perfectly smooth bald head. He certainly looks his 56 years, and more; he looks like a man who *has* almost died—who has stepped back just in time. The scar high on his pale forehead is clearly visible. It has a purplish cast, it appears to be winking as Falk speaks. Constantine cannot help glancing at it despite his effort to keep his gaze fixed courteously on Falk's.

So you didn't die, Constantine thinks, sipping at his drink. Though it was your time.

They fall silent. Constantine has decided that Falk doesn't know who he is, when Falk says, abruptly, "You have a new play opening—? Is it Broadway, or—?"

"Not Broadway," Constantine says quickly. Though he feels constrained to tell Falk the name of the theater, which is an excellent one.

Falk nods. For a long moment he contemplates the flagstone terrace at their feet, as if it were an abyss Constantine cannot see; he even—avuncularly, paternally—touches Constantine's arm, as if in warning. But the half-conscious gesture is over in a moment, and Constantine wonders if he has imagined it.

"I wish you all the success you can bear," Falk says slowly.

Constantine laughs, startled. "Well—thank you," he says.

Then Falk smiles his famous smile. It is bright and wide and clearly insincere—a chilling parody of a smile.

"All you can bear. But not a drop more," he whispers.

His porcelain teeth flash briefly. Then the smile is over, and he raises his plastic cup to his lips.

Constantine blushes. He has become quite warm. Autograph seekers have surrounded them—they are polite enough to await Falk's acknowledgment before coming forward—but Falk, though clearly aware of them, does not look around. In fact, he edges closer to Constantine, as if he has something to say.

But he does not speak. He raises his cup again and finishes his drink.

Finally, Constantine says, in a voice not nearly so level as he would like: "That girl—— You know—— The one who——"

Falk makes a hissing sound, as if laughing.

"Lisel," he says flatly.

"Yes—her—the one who——" Constantine murmurs.

"You know her name perfectly well, so say it," Falk says. His head is lowered; his gaze is fixed at their feet. Constantine cannot avoid looking at the scar on his forehead. A tiny purple worm that shifts and writhes, as if with the strain of Falk's thinking.

"I've been wondering—— It's been so long since—— Do you know if she's still hospitalized? Or where she is?" Constantine asks quickly.

"Still hospitalized? Of course not," Falk says. He pauses, edging still nearer to Constantine. Is it possible that he fears the autograph seekers, or is he merely toying with them? He stares at the terrace and will not raise his eyes. They are hovering a few yards away, not knowing what to do. "Lisel. You want to know about Lisel. Well, she was in Bellevue for a while, and then I arranged to have her transferred to a private hospital out on Long Island. Don't look surprised: It was only Lisel I did that for. As for the others—I didn't care whether they lived or died, whether they rotted in Bellevue or somewhere else. But Lisel was different. You and I know she was different. She spent a year out on Long Island and by then an aunt of hers had come forward, a very nice middle-aged woman who was a high school principal somewhere out in the Midwest—not Nebraska, it wasn't Nebraska—maybe Iowa—Davenport, Iowa—and my lawyer dealt with her—I talked with her only once, myself—and Lisel went out there to live and met someone and got married. And that is what happened to Lisel."

Constantine opened his mouth to protest. But it was a moment before he said, "Well—but—— Do you mean—— Lisel is *married*?"

"Married."

"But who is her husband? Who would marry her?" Constantine asks.

"Someone in Davenport, Iowa. A doctor, maybe. I don't know. The aunt told me—sent me a snapshot, even—Lisel and her husband and their baby, but I misplaced it. I forget the details."

"But who would marry *Lisel*—?" Constantine says numbly.

Falk grunts. He makes a gesture Constantine cannot interpret, and turns roughly aside, as if to greet the autograph hunters—and rebuff them at the same time.

"But who would marry——"

The atmosphere beneath the canopy is humid and euphoric, the noise level has been steadily rising. Constantine feels alarmed, intoxicated—the crowd's gaiety is infectious—he finds himself clutching at Falk's arm. He cannot give up the moment. He is too stunned, too moved: What on earth has happened?

Falk turns back to him, raising his eyebrows. There is a local legend, a tale, that Falk is color-blind; and, indeed, his eyes *look* colorless.

"I don't understand," Constantine says, "I mean—you've seen a snapshot—Lisel is married and has had a baby? She's living in Iowa—she isn't dead, or hospitalized——"

Falk laughs softly, and closes his fingers over Constantine's hand as it grips his arm. He says, in a voice so low and intimate Constantine must lean forward to hear: "Yes, she escaped us after all."

"Now, then, Mrs. Johnson. . . ."

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CORPORATE TAKE-OVER *(continued from page 174)*

"Like any good securities analyst, she was always chary of revealing her own sources of information."

that "if someone is contemplating a large transaction and it is going to be done at a premium, if a person were not particularly scrupulous, he might at 11:45 in the morning buy that stock either for himself personally or for his client."

Back in New York, a disappointed Rosenthal dropped the phone back into its cradle. He would have to do better with the next institution on his list, Bankers Trust Company.

•

Less than a dozen miles west of Rosenthal—across the frozen Hudson and the tundra of the New Jersey meadowlands—Marvin L. Krasnansky had been on the phone to California, too.

The 51-year-old Krasnansky—then head of corporate communications for Becton, Dickinson—is extremely well connected on Wall Street. Before joining Becton in 1974, he had been a copy editor on *The Wall Street Journal* and had done public relations for both the New York Stock Exchange and the brokerage firm of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis. Krasnansky is gregarious, with an easy sense of humor, and one of the things he likes about his job is keeping in touch with securities analysts who specialize in drug-industry stocks.

Now, late in the afternoon of this Monday in mid-January, Krasnansky was troubled. He'd just finished talking with Mary Ann Beck, a bright, personable analyst employed by Norton Simon. Simon's image as one of California's most opportunistic industrialists had with age diffused into the softer personality of Norton Simon, art collector and benefactor. But there was a sizable investment portfolio to manage, including a swatch of Becton, Dickinson convertible debentures.

That was all part of Mary Ann Beck's responsibility. She checked in with Krasnansky on a fairly regular basis, mainly with questions about how B.D. was doing. But this time she had a story of her own to tell. Simon had been in New York over the weekend, she said, and had heard that someone was "almost momentarily" going to make a bid for B.D. stock at $48 to $50 a share. Was it so? What did Marvin know about it?

It was the first Krasnansky had heard of that particular rumor. There had been others like it before, but lately the rumor mills had quieted down. There was no way he could assess the validity of the rumor, he said. The two chatted for a few minutes more and then rang off. Krasnansky briefly weighed the idea of checking out what he'd just heard with other friends in the Street but decided that doing so might just add substance to the sort of gossamer that was always floating around.

Take-over rumors about B.D. had been rife about ten months or so earlier when the lid blew off a row that had been building for a long time between management and Fairleigh S. Dickinson, Jr., the company's longtime chief executive and son of a founder of B.D. The introspective, unpredictable Dickinson had stepped upstairs as chairman in 1973 after a quarter century at the helm, and had turned over the day-to-day running of the company to two highly professional managers—Wesley J. Howe and Marvin Asnes.

Dickinson, however, could never quite let go. The generous sweep of family philanthropies such as Fairleigh Dickinson University was not enough to keep him busy. He was occupied somewhat with his major stockholding in Air New England, a regional carrier with pronounced growing pains, but Fairleigh Dickinson always had time for a sympathetic chat with old-line B.D. employees. Many of them, predictably enough, had serious reservations about where the new management was headed. Dickinson himself was worried that the company, in a renewed drive for profits, was beginning to lose its touch with people. It was a classic generation gap in search of an accident.

The collision came when Dickinson—with the help of critical studies he'd asked Salomon Brothers and Eberstadt to do—torpedoed a major acquisition move that Howe and Asnes had put together in January 1977. Efforts to patch up the relationship failed, and four months later, Dickinson was deposed as chairman. Word began to drift back to Howe and Asnes that the founder's son had asked Salomon to engineer a possible third-party take-over of B.D., using the five percent of the company he and his family owned as a fulcrum.

All of that was in the background as Krasnansky chewed over the substance of his conversation with Beck. Like any good securities analyst, she was always chary of revealing her own sources of information. Over the years, though, Krasnansky had developed a "fairly good suspicion" that a lot of what Mary Ann Beck knew came from Salomon Brothers.

•

H. Robert Sharbaugh, then chairman of the Sun Company, first heard Becton, Dickinson mentioned as a possible acquisition at a meeting of the big oil producer's senior managers at remote and exclusive Hilton Head Island, South Carolina. It was top-level stuff, a four-or-five-day session designed to give the group of ten senior vice-presidents and executive vice-presidents who run Sun a chance to brain-storm such long-range topics as corporate development away from the workaday intrusions of headquarters at Radnor, Pennsylvania.

One of the major items on the agenda was Sun's need to diversify out of its petroleum base, preferably by a series of major acquisitions. The subject was high on Sharbaugh's personal agenda, too. A giant of a man built along the slablike lines of an All-Pro tackle, Sharbaugh had joined Sun in 1946 while still a student at Carnegie Tech. He'd taken over the presidency in 1970 at the age of 41, with a mandate to decentralize a company that had become increasingly muscle-bound at the top. He split Sun into 14 units and thrust as much autonomy onto the divisions as they could absorb. There had been some modest-sized acquisitions as Sharbaugh moved on to become chairman and C.E.O. in 1974—$2,000,000-to-$5,000,000 forays into such nonenergy ventures as trucking, convenience foods and hydraulic systems—but nothing really big. Sun's assets amounted to more than five billion dollars. The company was loaded with cash and the great fear was that if it did not start moving in a big way into new fields, it might be trapped in a dwindling-resource business almost certain to be reshaped by major technological changes 15 or 20 years down the road.

Thus, acquisition was very much on Sharbaugh's mind as he was having cocktails before dinner with some of his fellow executives at Hilton Head. "It was Sunday, the fourth of December, about six o'clock in the evening," he recalled with the engineer's precision that punctuates much of his speech. Ted Burtis, Sun's chief operating officer and a fellow Carnegie alumnus, drew Sharbaugh aside and told him that Horace Kephart "would like 10 or 15 minutes with us." Kephart, senior vice-president for finance and investments, had been working on a recapitalization program for Sun with two Salomon partners for the past three months or so. One of the Salomon partners had suggested that Becton, Dickinson might fit Sun's diversification blueprint. Sharbaugh later recalled Kephart as saying, "There was a possibility that at least one of the directors of the company was desirous of selling his shares. He mentioned his name—Mr. Dickinson."

There was one problem, however. The Salomon partners had warned Kephart that three other companies were also interested in making a bid for B.D. If Sun were going to move, it had better

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move fast. A series of crash meetings began almost immediately. How did B.D. stack up with the competition in the health-care industry? What was the company's potential impact on Sun's earnings? How much would it cost to acquire? What was the best way to go about doing so? By this blustery Monday morning—January 16, 1978—Sun's financial people, headed by Kephart, a Salomon team that included Rosenthal and an outside legal team advised by take-over specialist Martin Lipton of Wachtell Lipton Rosen & Katz, had worked out a detailed, step-by-step scenario.

Sun would try to pick up anywhere from a minimum of 25 percent to a maximum of 34 percent of B.D. through a secret approach to Fairleigh Dickinson and a few other large individual holders. That first step would be followed almost immediately by the simultaneous and equally secret sweep of no more than 30 big institutional holders. The initial objective was not a complete take-over. Sun was reaching for less than half of the stock but wanted enough leverage to gain the board representation it would take to find out from the inside how the company really worked. If B.D. looked as good close up as it did on paper, there might be a second-stage take-over for 100 percent of the company.

Sun, in any event, would accept nothing less than 20 percent. Anything below that figure would not permit it to include a pro-rata share of B.D.'s profits in its own earnings. Sharbaugh was willing to go as high as $50 a share for the stock if he had to negotiate. Sun's executive committee had approved a maximum outlay of $350,000,000, but Sharbaugh thought the optimum combination would be 34 percent of B.D. for about $297,000,000. The 34 percent would give Sun "negative control." Careful study of the bylaws had shown that B.D. would not be able to take countermeasures—merge with another big company or entertain a competing bid that might force Sun to up its ante—without a two-thirds vote of its outstanding stock. Seemingly, the strategy was to shut off those possibilities by becoming a bone in B.D.'s throat.

Sharbaugh and everyone else on the Sun side was sure that the reaction would be hostile. There had been a flat-out declaration of independence after American Home Products—with a nudge from Salomon Brothers and the by-then-deposed Fairleigh Dickinson—made a pass at B.D. The bid had been rejected out of hand by the health-care company's board, and Krasnansky had made sure a formal resolution stating that B.D. intended to remain free got wide distribution. B.D. had also taken the precaution of retaining the other big name in the take-over bar—Joseph Flom, of Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom.

The wily, resourceful Flom has been in the take-over game since the Fifties and practically invented it. His good friend Marty Lipton had told Sun real bullets would be flying if Flom started shooting. Kephart had made the same point. He had told both Sharbaugh and the Sun board that "the purchase would most likely result in some legal actions to thwart the acquisition and that would be bad publicity."

The certainty that Howe and Asnes would fight underscored the need for secrecy. Sun could not run the risk of getting caught in midstream—i.e., in a position where a B.D. injunctive action might prevent it from getting control of stock for which it had already laid out large sums of money.

The ingenious response to that peril was the machinery Sharbaugh hoped to set in motion after the market close. Sun would bypass any heavy open-market purchases that would have been betrayed by telltale trading volume on the New York Stock Exchange tape. And Sun would skirt the ambush of yet another way of picking up a large block of B.D.—a formal tender offer to shareholders that would require advance notice to the Securities and Exchange Commission. Sun would get where it wanted to go by using Rosenthal and the other telephone solicitors as a kind of cutout. They would take a yes or no response from the institutions after the close. As soon as it was established that 20 percent or more of B.D.'s outstanding stock was ripe for the plucking, Kephart, operating from his command post off the Salomon trading floor, would close the deal separately with each of the institutions. There was to be no commitment—and no mention of Sun's name—until the 20 percent minimum was reached.

The scheme looked airtight, but it was freighted with enough unknowns for Kephart to have christened the new Sun subsidiary that had been created to acquire B.D. stock with the cryptic initials L.H.I.W.—Let's Hope It Works.

The new creation was off to a flying start, though, as Sharbaugh learned

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when he arrived this Monday morning at Sun's modernistic offices in Radnor, a half hour's drive from downtown Philadelphia. Kephart was already on his way to Salomon in New York with a group of five or six other Sun people. Fairleigh Dickinson, his daughter Ann Dickinson Turner and one of his oldest business associates had all been approached over the weekend. It looked as though their combined holdings of 1,195,407 shares were already in the bag.

A good omen, but Sharbaugh, like almost everyone else on his team, was worried that word might somehow leak. The price of B.D. might run away from the market and knock the carefully plotted scenario into a cocked hat. Sharbaugh stolidly worked his way through his calendar for the day—a visitor from outside the company first thing in the morning, a luncheon meeting with a representative from a university that provided Sun with some of its best engineering talent. Sharbaugh had been scheduled to attend a meeting of the Bryn Mawr Hospital board in the late afternoon and abruptly decided not to go. Ted Burtis shared his uneasiness. He kept coming by Sharbaugh's office, chatting for a few minutes and then leaving. There was some talk about Burtis' having given Kephart approval to go along with Rosenthal's insistence on shooting for a minimum of 20 percent rather than the 25 percent that Sun had decided on over the weekend. Rosenthal insisted the "psychology" was such that the institutions would rush to fill the smaller quota. The train was leaving the station; time to get aboard. As Sharbaugh recalled, he and Burtis "went over the numbers a couple of times, calculating average cost to Sun if some shares were bought at one price or another" and trying to figure out what kind of a ceiling they would give Kephart if it turned out that he had to negotiate with the institutions. They talked about ways of trying to help B.D.'s management save face, but most of all, the two Sun executives worried about whether or not the blitz "was still to move that night." The decision was Sharbaugh's responsibility alone, and it would be hours before he'd have enough information to act on. The waiting wasn't easy, and no matter what he decided, things would never be the same.

•

The flip side to the controlled tension at Radnor was controlled mayhem in New York. That, at least, is how Kephart described the atmosphere on the 41st floor at Salomon. The final preparations for the raid took place against the customary workaday tumult of Salomon's trading floor—a babel of traders and their clerks conducting two or three phone conversations at once: "Hold him at a quarter!" "Fifty thousand at an eighth, an eighth!" "Sixty-three to sixty-five and a half!"

Even Rosenthal felt his own natural habitat had been turned into a zoo. There was a lawyer for each of the phone solicitors, and that meant 18 people right off, most of them running in and out of what seemed to be one continuous meeting—a meeting that began around noon and didn't end until almost the close of the market. "At that point, there must have been a dozen attorneys all over the place," Rosenthal recalled.

All of the lawyers were fascinated with the technical virtuosity of the plan of attack. Charles M. Nathan, for example, a partner in Cleary, Gottlieb, Steen & Hamilton, is no novice to the take-over game. Over the past seven years or so, he has worked on at least 25 mergers. Yet even he admitted to having been curious about how the approach was going to work, and was eager to get it on the rails. "I had never before seen a transaction quite like this," he said.

Part of the virtuosity lay in the single-mindedness of the approach to the institutions. Much of the early part of the day was consumed by a study of the list of institutions Rosenthal had drawn up. He and the eight other solicitors parceled out among themselves the institutions they knew best. Rosenthal drew the Bank of America, for example, because of his long acquaintance with Leylegian. Pike H. Sullivan, Jr., Eberstadt chairman, who'd been brought in to help on the telephone campaign, had a good working relationship with James F. Jollay, first vice-president in charge of investments for the First Wisconsin Trust. Morris Offit, a Salomon partner with good connections in Baltimore, was given the T. Rowe Price mutual-fund group to call. Joseph Lombard, head of Salomon's Boston office, was patched into the meetings in New York by a conference call. Lombard was told to take on the First National Bank of Boston and two major mutual-fund groups where he was a familiar figure—the Massachusetts Investors Growth Stock Fund and State Street Research & Management Corp.

That done, the lawyers picked their way through the decalog of dos and don'ts the callers were to follow. The mandatory selling points included a warning to the institutions about the need for "absolute confidentiality" and emphasis on the fact that "your principal will not finally commit to purchase until a block meeting its minimum requirements is assembled." The don'ts included a warning that the price ought not to be characterized as a "take it or leave it" proposition. "Be appropriately responsive to negotiating initiative by institution," the solicitors were told. The time constraints put on the institutions to get back with a yes or no answer should not be any shorter "than is customary for institutional block purchases."

The caveats were laid down to keep the deal from running afoul of the securities laws—a potential slip that might add weight to the reaction sure to come from B.D.'s fearsome litigators. Each of the solicitors at Salomon had a script in front of him and a lawyer alongside him as he made his pitch.

When the blitz began at four P.M., none of the institutions was given too much time for reflection. During the planning, Rosenthal had told the lawyers he thought any professional worth his salt should be able to make a decision on a block trade in five or ten minutes. "A half hour would be generous," he had said.

At 4:02 P.M., Rosenthal was on the line, outlining the proposition for William Dudley, a senior vice-president of the I.D.S. mutual-fund group in Minneapolis. He told Dudley the deal "had to be done that day." Dudley had already done some homework, thanks to a couple of guesses he'd made on the basis of the will-you-be-around-after-four-P.M. call Rosenthal had made earlier in the day. When the deal went live on the second phone call, Dudley checked out the price charts on B.D., liked what he saw, was told by Rosenthal there had been a "heavy response" and by 5:15 P.M. had agreed to sell 450,000 shares.

When Pike Sullivan called his good friend Jollay at First Wisconsin at 4:05, he went quickly through the canned spiel ("An undisclosed party has an interest in taking a substantial minority interest in B.D.") and then told him he needed an answer "in a half hour." Jollay said that would be OK. He talked the proposition over with the chairman and president of the bank, ran it by a hastily summoned meeting of his research director and portfolio managers and was back to Sullivan by five P.M., New York time. First Wisconsin would be more than happy to sell 96,625 shares held in 42 different discretionary accounts at $45 a share.

Some institutions, though, felt they were being stampeded. Both Dennis Evans of the First National Bank of Minneapolis and James Clark of the North Carolina National Bank, in fact, thought they were looking at the opening moves of a surprise tender offer being made to all B.D. shareholders. They did not bite, apparently because they thought they were being pressured into selling at a price that might sweeten later on. David H. Carnahan, Jr., head of the personal trust and investment group at the United States Trust Co. of New York, was also wary. Robert Zeller, then chairman of the executive committee at Eberstadt and a longtime friend of Fairleigh Dickinson, had come on strong with the U.S. Trust executive. Zeller had opened the conversation by telling Carnahan the bank was a "long and valued customer of Eberstadt" and introduced himself as a "personal

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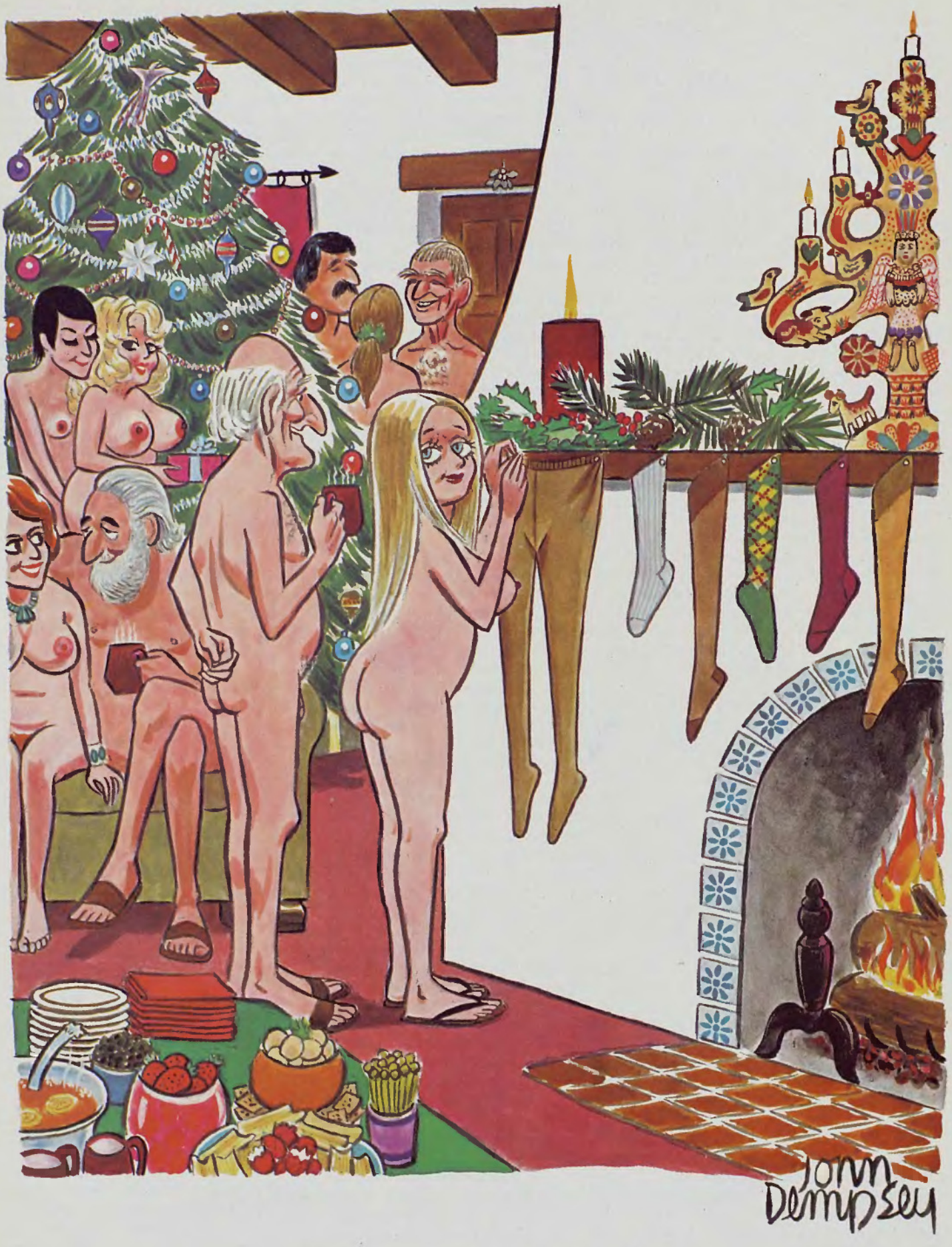

"Great expectations, eh, Miss Mason?"

friend" of U.S. Trust's chairman. At the same time, he held the banker's feet to the fire. Zeller, according to Carnahan, said he would "appreciate hearing from us within 30 minutes." The offer was filling up fast, Zeller continued, and there was no assurance that it would still be open by the time Carnahan got back to him.

John R. Crowl, a senior portfolio manager at Bankers Trust Company, also felt very much under the gun. It was a "novel situation," he said. Rosenthal had called Crowl at 4:10 P.M., explained the package and told him he had "until midnight" to respond. In the end, both banks backed away from the deal, mainly on the ground that they didn't have enough time or information to weigh its full implications. Rosenthal announced that he was particularly "vexed" at Bankers Trust. He felt his call earlier in the day had given Crowl more than ample notice that the bank's portfolio managers had to be in a position to move swiftly.

All of Rosenthal's missionary work was rewarded, however, when he finally got a return call from a jubilant Leylegian. The computers showed that the Bank of America had not sold out all of its B.D. stock, after all. Leylegian again quizzed Rosenthal closely on whether or not the deal was a take-over. Assured that it wasn't—a sign he was getting all the premium there was in the stock—Leylegian committed the bank to a delivery of 143,400 shares the next day.

•

The band wagon was really rolling—rolling so fast that Kephart was hard put to keep up with the totals pouring in on him at his Salomon command post. By 4:45 P.M., he had enough information to call Burtis at Radnor with the good news that Sun had commitments on 3,100,000 shares. By 5:35, the tally was 4,226,000 shares—a magic mark, some 22 percent of B.D.'s outstanding stock. A time for the big decision. This was a conference call between Burtis and Kephart in New York, flanked by Rosenthal and James H. Fogelson, the deputy for Sun's lawyer, Martin Lipton. Sharbaugh modestly recalled getting in on the middle of the call and hearing a rundown on the institutions that had already agreed to deliver. He was told there was a good chance that most of those not yet heard from would be in the affirmative, too.

Sharbaugh gave Kephart the word everyone had been hoping to hear all day. Go! Relieved, the methodical Sharbaugh made the ten-minute drive to home and dinner, while Kephart started bringing in the sheaves. "Hello" was his introduction. "I'm Horace Kephart, president of L.H.I.W., a subsidiary of the Sun Company, and I understand you're interested in selling. . . ." Leylegian remembered the call sounding as "if this guy was reading from something," and, indeed, he was.

Kephart was reading from what was, in effect, an official victory script. Sun had contracted to buy 34 percent of B.D. in its brilliantly planned $291,847,185 blitz of six individuals and 33 institutions. The sweep of the institutions took no more than an hour from start to finish and appeared to have been accomplished in total secrecy.

What's more, only one of the institutions had attempted to bargain the $45 price higher, and Kephart had simply refused to do business with it. There were a lot of details still hanging fire: Couriers had to be dispatched all over the country to pick up the stock, preferably before Wesley Howe and the rest of B.D.'s management realized what was happening. And the New York Stock Exchange had to be told just enough to persuade it to keep B.D. stock from trading the following day, but not enough to unmask Sun's identity.

Tuesday, however, was another day. An expansive Richard Rosenthal got a group of eight or so of his colleagues together and took everybody uptown for dinner at "21."

EPILOG

B.D. literally did not know what hit it. The first report came in the form of a rather cryptic phone call from the New York Stock Exchange. A major law firm, acting on behalf of a client it would not name, had asked that trading in B.D. common be temporarily suspended, pending detailed notice of a large outside purchase. What, the big board wondered, did B.D. know?

The answer was, Nothing. B.D. immediately put out the alarm to its lawyers and began milking Street contacts for information. Word had got around that Sun was the buyer. B.D.'s strategy quickly fell into place: Hit Sun in the courts and in the press with charges of a masked and illegal tender offer that enabled a few big institutions to make big money while small stockholders were left in the lurch. Sun also seemed vulnerable to a counterattack on Capitol Hill. The B.D. purchase had come at a time when the oil industry generally was petitioning Congress for higher prices. Shouldn't the hundreds of millions Sun was spending be plowed back into producing more oil instead of snuffing out the independence of a progressive, well-managed medical-supply company?

B.D.'s immediate objective was to pressure Congress and the SEC into an investigation. Its long-range goal was to exceed the threshold of pain for the publicity-shy Pew family, which controlled Sun. Real damage to Sun's jealously guarded image might convince the Pews that B.D. was a very poor investment, indeed.

Thanks to a shrewdly executed lobbying and PR campaign, major committee chairmen on the Hill were soon denouncing Sun's "sudden and surreptitious" purchase. Sun was on the defensive, hard put to catch up with the simply mind-riveting concepts—*mysterious halt, illegal purchase*—that made headlines. The less strident environment of Federal court seemed to offer Sun a little more hope. Judge Robert L. Carter opened the trial on B.D.'s complaint of an illegal purchase reportedly "75 percent convinced" that Sun was in the right. Persuaded in part by B.D.'s slashing attack on the credibility of several major defense witnesses, Carter apparently finished the case almost 100 percent convinced Sun was in the wrong.

The issues Carter was trying had real-life consequences. Tremendous internal pressures had been building at Sun. The Pew family added two more representatives to the board and the ax soon fell. Sharbaugh, grand artificer of the move on B.D., was out as C.E.O. Sun insisted he hadn't been fired, and so did he. In any event, there was irony in his departure: Like Howe at Becton, he had run afoul of a founding corporate family that had commissioned him to modernize its company—but not too fast. The big difference was that Howe won and Sharbaugh lost.

Sun's new management was ready to cut its losses. The settlement with B.D. carried a whiff of irony, too. Among other things, it called for Sun to get rid of its stock under an arrangement that left B.D. virtually take-over-proof. Not that Sun came out all that badly. It had gone back to doing what it seems to know best—plowing heavy capital back into energy sources rather than into the trickier terrain of textbook diversification.

And what of Fairleigh Dickinson? He has invested in a small company working on the frontiers of biogenetics. "There aren't many people there," he says, "and I can put a face and a name on every one of them."

The ultimate irony lay with Salomon Brothers. Its $550,000,000 merger into Phibro Corporation, a big international commodities trader, ensured that Salomon would continue to be able to compete on even footing in a Wall Street environment that had been changed radically by such consolidations as Shearson Loeb Rhoades into American Express and the Bache Group into Prudential Insurance. The sale came only after months of sharp debate on the direction the firm should take. The Salomon name will continue, but as employees of a publicly owned company, the erstwhile Salomon partners are no longer absolute masters of a house that had been one of the most venturesome on Wall Street for more than seven decades.

Chevy has the power to make this Christmas the funniest ever!

MODERN PROBLEMS

A SHAMBERG-GREISMAN PRODUCTION A KEN SHAPIRO FILM

CHEVY CHASE

in

MODERN PROBLEMS

PATTI D'ARBANVILLE · MARY KAY PLACE

BRIAN DOYLE MURRAY · NELL CARTER AND DABNEY COLEMAN

Executive Producer DOUGLAS C. KENNEY Produced by ALAN GREISMAN and MICHAEL SHAMBERG Written by KEN SHAPIRO & TOM SHEROHMAN & ARTHUR SELLERS

Directed by KEN SHAPIRO Music by DOMINIC FRONTIERE COLOR BY DELUXE®

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COMING TO THEATRES EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS DAY

"It looks like a Tia Maria night."

Tia Maria, the delicious imported liqueur that has the golden color of a sunset. Smooth and mellow—your first taste is a glowing promise of what's to come.

Send for tempting Tia Maria recipes, W. A. Taylor, 825 S. Bayshore Drive, Miami, Florida 33131.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

THE SETTING IS SPEEK ELECTRONICS, A DISTRIBUTION CENTER FOR COMPUTER HARDWARE... MICROCIRCUITS, READOUT SYSTEMS, DATA MONITORS. IT'S ALL SO COMPLICATED. BUT PEOPLE HAVE WAYS OF COPING WITH THESE THINGS. TAKE ANNIE. JUST LAST WEEK, SHE COULDN'T TELL A MICRO-SILICON WAFER FROM A NACHO-DORITO CHIP. AND NOW SHE'S OPERATING A COMPUTER THAT KEEPS TRACK OF COMPUTERS KEEPING TRACK OF COMPUTERS.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS, THE COMPUTER'S GONE HAYWIRE!

IT'S OVER-HEATING. SEND FOR A MECHANIC. ON SECOND THOUGHT, SEND FOR A PSYCHIA-TRIST.

STOP THIEF

* OH · OH · OH · OH · OH · OH -
* OHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOH -
* RHAAAAAA -
* XX@:;#M☆☆WR*!!
* DOES NOT COMPUTE!
* - - - - - - - - - - - - -
* WAS IT AS GOOD FOR YOU AS IT WAS FOR ME ?
* I THINK I'D LIKE A CIGARETTE

HAL 900

PULSE

TALK ABOUT OVERHEATING, HERE COMES MR. SPEEK, OUR BOSS MAN. HE'S SUCH A SILVER-TONGUED DEVIL. IS HE REALLY TAKING YOU TO DINNER ?

ANNIE, TEMPUS FUGIT!

SIX-THIRTY!

KISS ME

NOW BACK TO INSTANT REPLAY — YOW!

BEST AND BRIGHTEST, COME AWAY / FAIRER FAR THEN THIS FAIR DAY.

JEEPERS, I'LL GET MY THINGS.

BOY, WOULD I LIKE TO PLUG INTO **HER** MICROCIRCUITS.

I'D SURE LIKE TO PROGRAM **HER** COM-MAND CONSOLE.

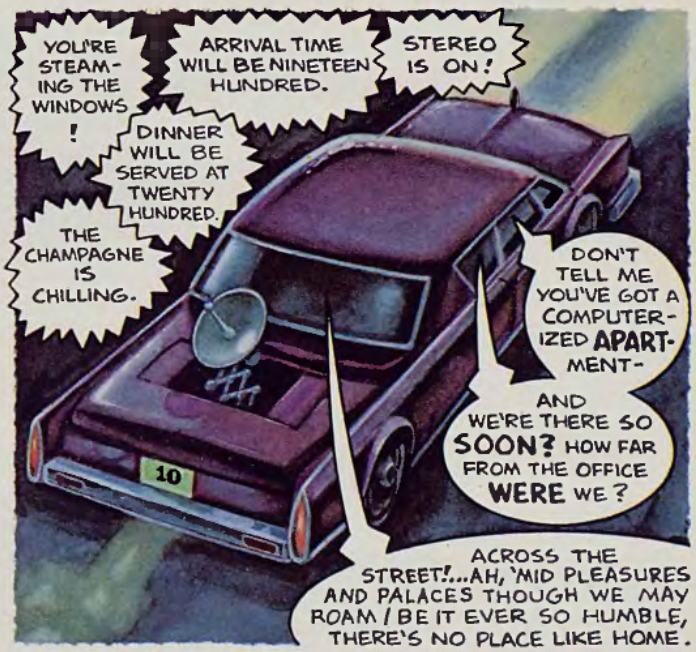
ME TOO! COUGH!

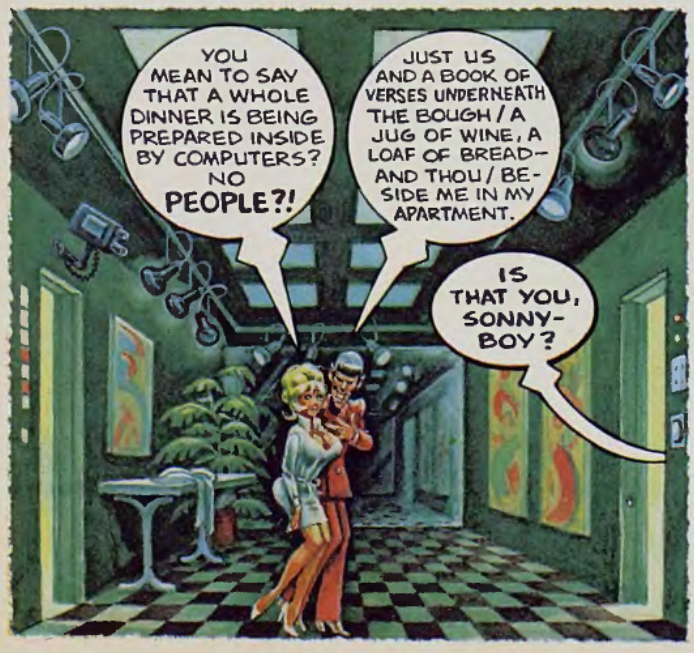
WHO ASKED YOU?!

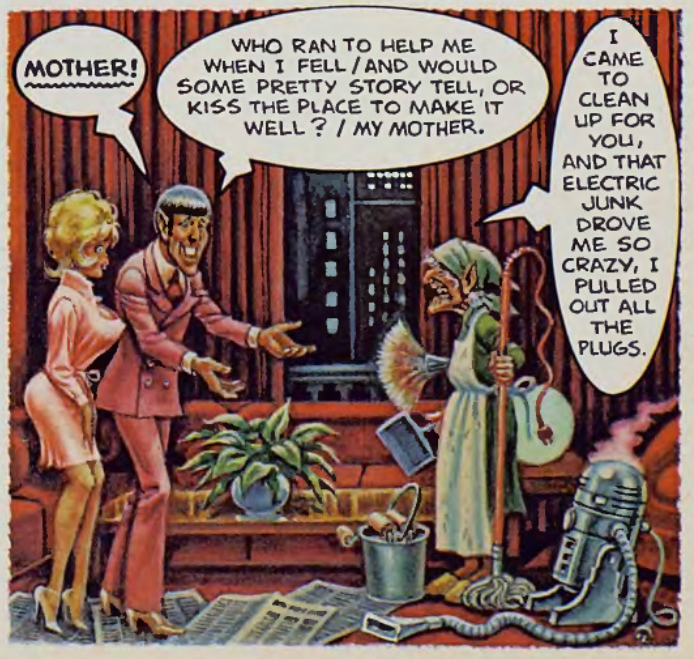
GONG SHOW

THEY SAY: THINK IN THE MORNING/ACT IN THE NOON / EAT IN THE EVENING.
OH, MR. SPEEK, YOU TALK SO BEAUTIFULLY.
DATA BANK
I ROVE BRUE EYED BRONDS WITH ROVERY RUSCIOUS RIPS ...
BANZAI II
BUT DO THEY LOVE EACH OTHER?
I HOPE THIS ISN'T THEIR FIRST DATE!
MARY FLEECE A LITTLE HAD/ IT'S SNOW WAS LAMB AS WHITE —
LET'S GROOVE ON EACH OTHER BY EXAMINING THE PARAMETERS OF THE INTER-FACE OF OUR RELATION-SHIP.
SPEECH BOX MODEL 70
SPEECH BOX MODEL 80
RED TAPE

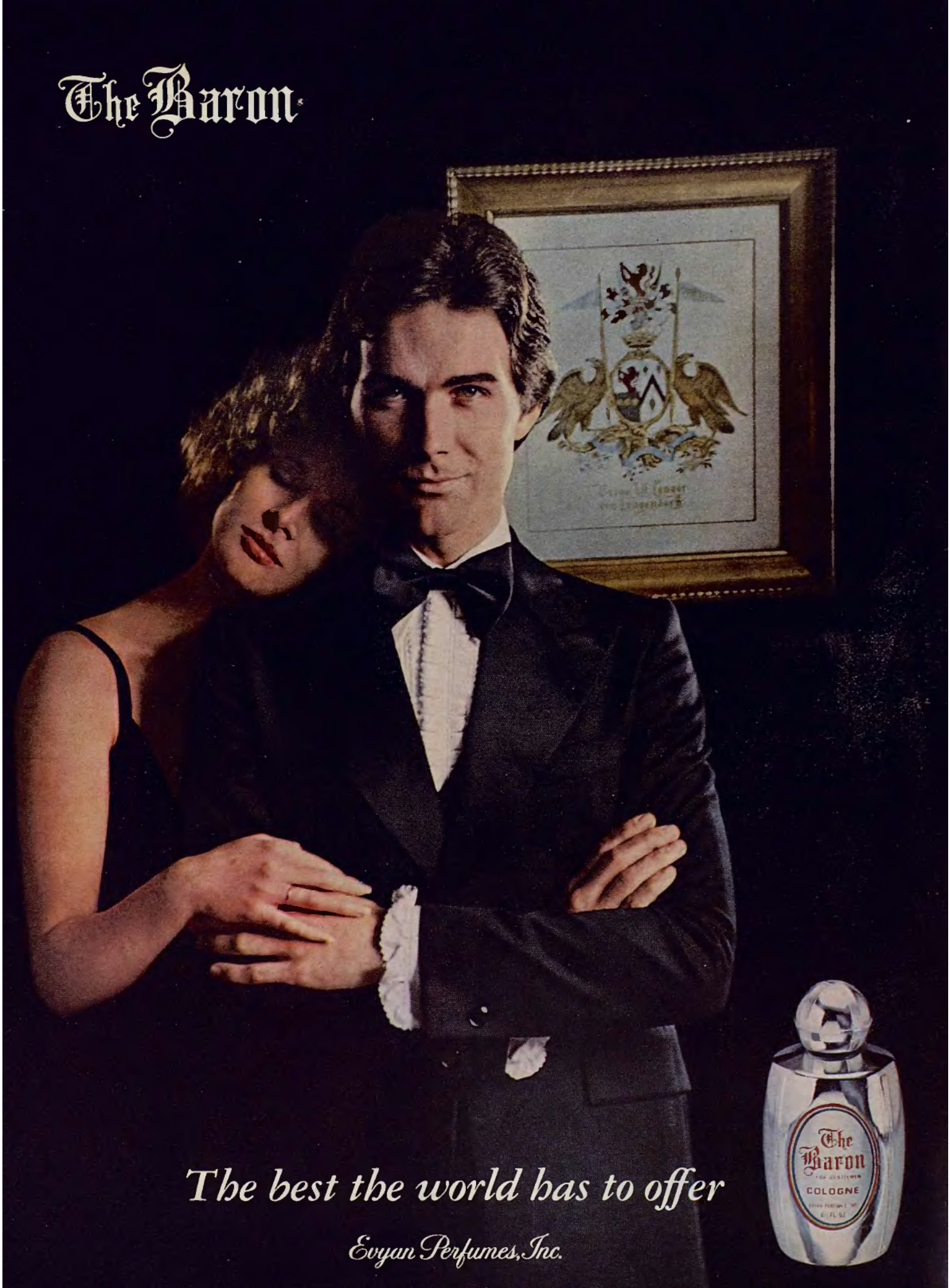
LIGHTS ARE ON!
A COMPUTERIZED CAR? JEEPERS, MR. SPEEK, YOU ARE WHAT MAKES AMERICA GREAT. WEREN'T YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR INVENTING COMPUTO BINGO?
THERE'S A COP BEHIND THE TREE.
OIL OK!
SHIFT INTO THIRD.
FASTEN SEAT BELTS!
BLOW NOSE!
IT'S BEEN SAID (SIGH): A ROUGH ROAD LEADS TO GREATNESS.
THAT'S NOT THE SHIFT!
WE HAVE LIFTOFF!
BIP! BIP! BIP!


YOU'RE STEAMING THE WINDOWS!
ARRIVAL TIME WILL BE NINETEEN HUNDRED.
STEREO IS ON!
DINNER WILL BE SERVED AT TWENTY HUNDRED.
THE CHAMPAGNE IS CHILLING.
DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE GOT A COMPUTERIZED APARTMENT-
AND WE'RE THERE SO SOON? HOW FAR FROM THE OFFICE WERE WE?
10
ACROSS THE STREET!...AH, 'MID PLEASURES AND PALACES THOUGH WE MAY ROAM / BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.


YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT A WHOLE DINNER IS BEING PREPARED INSIDE BY COMPUTERS? NO PEOPLE?!
JUST US AND A BOOK OF VERSES UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH / A JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD— AND THOU / BESIDE ME IN MY APARTMENT.
IS THAT YOU, SONNY-BOY?


MOTHER!
WHO RAN TO HELP ME WHEN I FELL / AND WOULD SOME PRETTY STORY TELL, OR KISS THE PLACE TO MAKE IT WELL? / MY MOTHER.
I CAME TO CLEAN UP FOR YOU, AND THAT ELECTRIC JUNK DROVE ME SO CRAZY, I PULLED OUT ALL THE PLUGS.

WHERE YET WAS EVER FOUND A MOTHER / WHO'D GIVE HER BOOBY FOR ANOTHER?
ARE YOU A GOOD GIRL? ANY DOCTORS OR LAWYERS IN YOUR FAMILY? DON'T KEEP MY SONNY-BOY UP LATE!
A LITTLE WARMTH, A LITTLE LIGHT / OF LOVE'S BESTOWING ... AND SO, GOOD NIGHT.
ABORT! ABORT!
THE QUICHE IS RUINED, THE CHAMPAGNE'S FLAT!
I QUIT!
POOR THING.
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO FIX HAMBURGERS OR SOMETHING?
THE DEVIL HATH NOT, IN ALL HIS QUIVER'S CHOICE / AN ARROW FOR THE HEART LIKE A SWEET VOICE.
LEAPIN' LIZARDS, WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO TALK LIKE THAT?
A LOVELY BEING, SCARCELY FORMED OR MOLDED / A ROSE WITH ALL ITS SWEETEST LEAVES YET FOLDED.
GOL-LEE!
NOTHING IN THE WORLD IS SINGLE / ALL THINGS BY A LAW DIVINE IN ONE SPIRIT MEET AND MINGLE –
NO!
NOT WITH YOUR JACKET ON!
OK! OK!
SHE WALKS ... IN BEAUTY ... LIKE ... LIKE THE ... NIGHT, AND... AND....
AHH...UM...
OH, TALK TO ME! DON'T STOP TALKING!
HOW'S ABOUT A ROLL IN THE HAY?
ROLL IN THE HAY?
WHAT'S THIS? A COMPUTER IN YOUR POCKET?! ...THAT'S WHY YOU NEED YOUR JACKET–
LOVE
COUCHEZ AVEC MOI, BEBE?
WANNA TEAR OFF A PIECE?!
THE COMPUTER FEEDS YOU LINES!
ANNIE! DON'T GO! I'LL PUT MY JACKET BACK ON AND WE'LL HUMP!
SHUDDUP UP THERE! THIS IS A RESPECTABLE NEIGHBORHOOD!
SHUDDUP, YOU!
YOU SHUDDUP!
ROSES ARE RED, VIOLETS ARE BLUE / JUST SEND ME THE JACKET, I DON'T NEED YOU.
END


The Baron
The Baron
COLOGNE
The best the world has to offer
Evyan Perfumes, Inc.

DRINK

THE SPIRITS OF CHRISTMAS

To rephrase an ancient credo, "Giving well is the best reward." That's why we've assembled this array of distinguished potables for the holidays. Scan the collection shown here and then consult our superbottles listing farther on to get some idea of the sleek stuff we're talking about: magnificent cognacs and brandies, aged whiskeys, splendid liqueurs and champagnes. Although they're not unheralded, even sophisticated givers aren't clued in to these *rarae aves*—with good reason. Most are limited editions—the containers as distinguished as the contents—and sought by connoisseurs of the genre. Simply put, it's a seller's market and liquor moguls see no reason to promote them.

There's a certain responsibility in giving one of these

DON AZUMA

Clockwise from top left: The hand-painted bottle of bubbly, $50, nestled in the matching ice bucket, $40, is Perrier-Jouët's Fleur de Champagne, and when you've polished off the contents, the container makes a terrific cruet. Proceeding right: Irish Mist Liqueur housed in a Waterford hand-carved crystal decanter, $145. Next to it is a Baccarat crystal decanter containing a well-aged Martell Cordon Bleu cognac, $180. That dark-blue bottle at center is Chivas Royal Salute 21-year-old Scotch in a Spode decanter, $75. Yes, that's the Little Corporal himself on a Limoges porcelain book decanter containing Camus Napoléon cognac, about $90. The cluster of three crystal decanters in front of it includes: Rémy Martin's Louis XIII Grande Champagne cognac, $349; Hennessy's Fine Champagne cognac, $179; and Courvoisier's V.O.C. Fine Champagne cognac, about $140. The tall decanter is a numbered crystal one from Daum filled with Perfection cognac that's over 100 years old, $3750. At center: Haig Pinch Scotch Royal decanter that's pewter encased, $150. Glenfiddich Single Malt 25-year-old Scotch is in a crystal decanter with a silver stag's-head stopper, $1250. Last: Wild Turkey Bourbon in a Baccarat commodore's decanter, about $250.

rarities and that's to see that they are fully appreciated. It's hard to improve on the traditional way with aged cognac—a splash in a snifter. That holds for venerable malt Scotch as well, but you do want an appropriate glass. Restaurants and clubs affect large, flamboyant brandy inhalers for their dramatic value. However, those fish bowls concentrate the bouquet too much, overpowering the senses, especially with the intensely aromatic cognacs tabbed for our holiday assemblage. A four-to-five-ounce chimney glass or snifter, holding an ounce of the brandy, is just about right. It's also a good size for aged malt whiskeys. Malt devotees add a tot of cold spring water to the glass on occasion—roughly half as much *agua* as Scotch. Liqueurs, on the other hand, are too often served in tiny liqueur glasses, but they bloom when poured into larger vessels. Plop an ice cube in, if that's your taste—most liqueurs can take a bit of chilling and dilution.

Champagne literally sparkles in a tall flute glass; a decent wineglass will also handle the bubbly well. Just avoid the hollow-stem saucer champagnes beloved by caterers. While not the rule with such eminent beverages, mixing can be intriguing if done discreetly: Cognac or brandy with Cointreau or Grand Marnier, and Irish whiskey with Irish Mist are complementary combinations. And lemon ice sprinkled with pear brandy is a jaunty, refreshing finale to a sumptuous holiday dinner.

One must realize that these distinctive creations will not be abundantly available. If your heart is set on presenting one to a boon companion this year, you'd better start searching immediately. Experienced shoppers snap them up as soon as they hit the shelves. Prices vary with locale and the sales philosophy of a particular merchant, but they shouldn't stray vastly from the ball-park figures given in our superbottles list.

Holiday ploy: Leave this copy of PLAYBOY around, open to the photo on the previous page. With any luck, someone will take the hint and indulge you with one of those superlative bottlings. —EMANUEL GREENBERG

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO SUPERBOTTLES

Items listed below are truly the season's best . . . the ultimate in holiday giving. They're more than just distinctive or expensive—they're charismatic, the stuff beautiful memories are made of.

COGNACS

Bisquit V.S. Cognac: White Haviland Limoges porcelain decanter in *tonnelet* (keg) shape decorated with colorful hand-painted clusters of grapes, $55.

Camus Napoléon Cognac: White Limoges porcelain decanter in the shape of a book, about $90.

Courvoisier V.O.C. Fine Champagne Cognac: Octagonal Baccarat crystal decanter with circular stopper, about $140.

Hennessy Fine Champagne Cognac: Baccarat crystal decanter in a red-velvetlike presentation box, $179.

Martell Cordon Bleu Cognac: Contemporary, individually blown Baccarat crystal decanter housing an old cognac, $180.

Perfection Cognac: Hand-cut, numbered Daum crystal decanter packed in velvet-lined oak box; cognac unblended and more than 100 years old, $3750, including a signed Carzou lithograph.

Prince Hubert de Polignac X.O. Cognac: Cristal de Sevres hand-cut, heavyweight crystal decanter, $165.

Rémy Martin Louis XIII Grande Champagne Cognac: Baccarat crystal decanter that's a replica of an ancient flask, $349.

WHISKEYS

Dunphy's Irish Whiskey: Bottle and separate Cristal d'Arques decanter are packed in a lined, leatherlike case, about $30.

John Jameson Irish Whiskey: Bottle comes packed in leatherette case along with two Waterford hand-cut crystal old fashioned glasses, about $70.

Suntory Signature: Square-shouldered crystal decanter containing a blend of select Japanese whiskeys, about $70.

Wild Turkey Bourbon: Baccarat crystal replica of a commodore's decanter, packed in wood chest, about $250.

Chivas Royal Salute 21-Year-Old Scotch: Spode decanter, $75.

Glenfiddich Single Malt 25-Year-Old Scotch: Hand-cut, numbered Edinburgh crystal decanter, crowned with solid-sterling-silver stopper in form of antlered stag's head, $1250.

Haig Pinch Scotch, Royal Decanter: Standard dimple bottle encased in hand-crafted pewter; thistle-shaped pewter crest on front, $150.

Usquaebach Scotch: Edinburgh cut-crystal decanter with label in form of silver medallion, $225.

BRANDIES, CHAMPAGNES AND LIQUEURS

Christian Brothers Tricentennial Brandy: Aged brandy in a Tiffany-designed crystal decanter with raised quatrefoil pattern, $75.

Lepanto Brandy: A blend of old Spanish brandies in a decanter ornamented with gold-leaf tracery, $25.

Brana Eau de Vie de Poire: Fluted, pear-shaped decanter holds both pear brandy and a full-size pear, $45.

De Venoge Champagne des Princes (Special *Cuvée*, Vintage): Graceful, long-necked decanter bottle comes with a separate glass stopper, about $25.

Perrier-Jouët Fleur de Champagne (Special *Cuvée*, Vintage): Hand-painted flowers on bottle. Where permitted, it comes with matching bucket featuring the same hand-painted floral pattern. Bottle, $50. Matching bucket, $40.

Frangelico Liqueur: Hand-made Capodimonte ceramic decanter in the form of a monk figurine, about $50.

Grand Marnier Cent Cinquantenaire Liqueur: Hand-painted, numbered bottle said to contain 150-year-old Grand Marnier, $160.

Irish Mist Liqueur: Bottle is accompanied by separate Waterford hand-cut crystal decanter, both in a wooden box, $145.

Mandarine Napoléon Grande Reserve Liqueur: White, cylindrical Limoges porcelain decanter, about $100.

Because you enjoy going first class.

In Toledo, Spain or at home, life's more satisfying when you're enjoying the best. That's Passport. Enjoyed worldwide because it's made of Scotland's finest whiskies. Ask for Passport—go first class.

Passport Scotch.

DRESSED FOOT FORWARD

While you won't be showing up at a board meeting in chartreuse patent-leather pumps, it is nonetheless true that the parameters of business and evening footwear have broadened appreciably. Today, you can wear a slip-on with a three-piece pinstripe or a brown-suede oxford with navy gabardine. And just as there is a movement to break out of the cliché black-tie look (see our party-clothes feature this month), so is there one to liberalize the definition of just what is formal footwear. Although color has not yet changed radically in dress shoes, styles, materials and, above all, textures have for sure. Do you remember when reptileskin shoes were for snaky lounge lizards? No more. And it's a shoe thing that the luscious little lady pictured here wouldn't take a shine to anyone but a well-shod gentleman.

—DAVID PLATT

Those shoes in the night on the opposite page include (left to right) a leather crocodile-print lace-up, by Jonathan Richards, $55; a lizard saddle shoe with perforated trim, by Cole-Haan, $275; a leather tasseled slip-on, by Bostonian Shoes, about $75; and a suede lace-up shoe, by Pierre Cardin Footwear, $90. There's nothing shoddy about the shoes in the center picture, either. Proceeding left to right, you see a silk elastic-lace slip-on handmade shoe, by Vittorio Ricci, $300; a suede lace-up shoe with sueded wedge and rubber sole, by Glen Shoe Company, about $37; and a leather tasseled fringed pump, by David & Joan, $135. The third picture features more fancy footwork, including a leather wing tip, by Florsheim, about $78; a suede wing tip, from The Very Best of Nancy Knox, New York, $210; a leather lace-up, by Bally of Switzerland, about $190; and a leather demiboot with a handy zip side closure, by Fredrena Imports, about $70. (All shoes have leather soles and heels except where noted.)

VERSER ENGLEHARD

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

Now that cold weather is upon us, it's time your thoughts turned to those islands in the sun and what you'll want to tote in order to travel light. One item of apparel staging a comeback is the safari jacket. Fortunately, not all the latest looks turn you into a Francis Macomber look-alike. The most interesting variations are made of lightweight shirt fabrics; they're easy to pack, relatively wrinkle-free and can serve as a sports jacket when combined with a shirt and tie—or as a lightweight multipocketed cover-up for the beach.

•

Don't laugh, but the band-collar shirt that your granddad (and maybe your dad) used to wear back when it was hip to drink from a hip flask and say 23 skiddoo has now resurfaced in a variety of styles. (It's also featured in our *Informally Formal* fashion feature in this issue.) Although many banded shirts are worn sans tie, one European designer has added a clever twist by folding the neckband to form a tunnel through which a tie can be threaded, if one is necessary.

•

We have frequently reported on the trend to a more tapered trouser leg, often finished with ankle-hugging knit cuffs or adjustable straps. Instead of wearing loafers or demiboots with these sport slacks, try combining them with jogging/tennis shoes and thick, colorful socks worn over your trouser bottoms. It's one more variation on the jock look.

•

You Heard It Here First Department: Expect painted metallic-look trim and accessories such as seen on ladies' belts, outerwear and casual shoes to begin to show up on menswear. The best-looking colors are gold, copper and silver.

© 1981 Dexter Shoe Company, 31 St. James Avenue, Boston, MA 02116

Dexter Lites

They're at it again.

The younger guys say they wear Dexter Lites because our shoes make them *look* good.

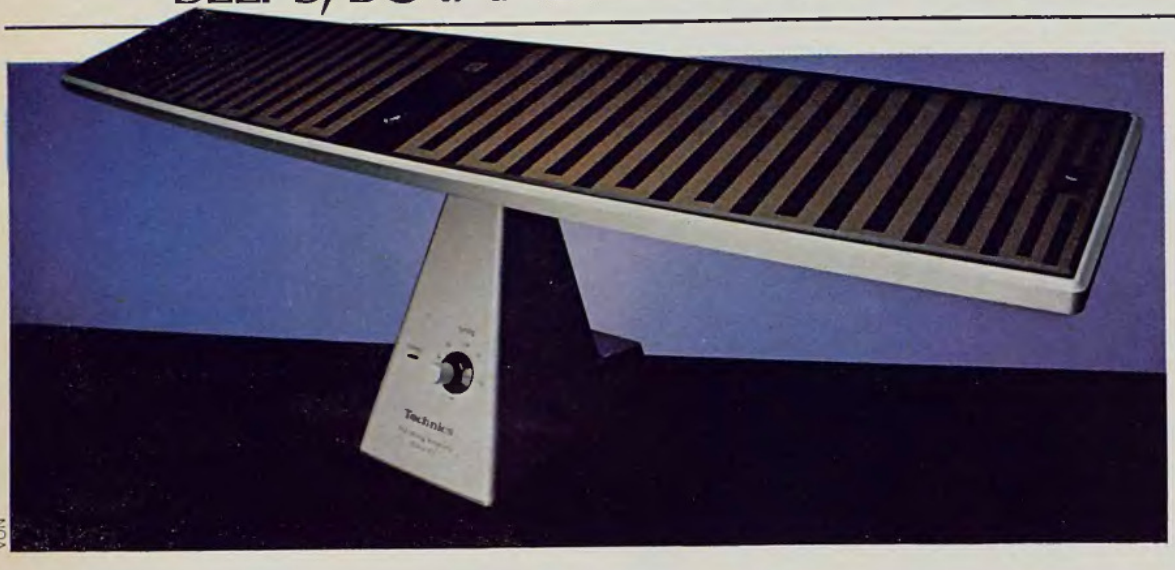
The older guys argue that they buy Dexter Lites because our shoes make them *feel* good. They feel that you can't beat Dexter Lites for comfort because they're so lightweight.

But they all agree on one thing. Dexter styling, comfort and craftsmanship make Dexter Lites everything you always wanted in shoes.

Dexter

Shoemakers to America

BEEPS, BUTANE AND FRESH AIR WAVES



Left: The crazy-looking winged thing pictured here (its span is about 17 inches) is a Model SH-F101 FM wing antenna equipped with an electronic tuning dipole that eliminates interference even in dense metropolitan areas, by Technics, about $90.

Below: The Escort radar-warning receiver beams in on both X and K police radar, thus enabling you to go with the traffic flow hassle-free; its features include a signal-strength indicator, radar-warning volume control and photoelectric dimming of the warning lamp after dark, from Cincinnati Microwave, Inc., about $245.

Above: This photoelectric infrared Sensor Square monitors your pulse rate from finger-tip capillaries and includes an audio beeper so that you can check yourself out without watching the display, by DNA Medical, $69.95. Below: Here's flash fire for you—a brass-finished butane Pyro Star table lighter powered by a nine-volt battery ignition, from Creative Products, $50.

Right: The Clean Air Machine, a pint-sized and portable purifier that sucks in stale odors, smoke, pollen and dust, will freshen an 18' x 14' room in about 30 minutes, leaving clean, citrus-scented air, by Norelco, $30.95.

Funny Face

At last, we can tell you what comes between BROOKE and her Calvins. And after a couple of seasons of heavy hype, we were glad to get this pic. Somewhere inside the media event lives a 16-year-old who, despite the movies, modeling and Travolta, can still act like a *kid*.

© 1981 CURT GUNTHER/CAMERA 5

© 1981 BARBARA WALZ

Sass with Class

When actress MARIANGELA MELATO was swept away a couple of years ago in a movie of the same name, we were a little concerned about how she'd fare on land. We're not worried now. She's dried off beautifully.

The Girl Can't Help It

So you were wondering what one of the top heavy-metal bands does with what little free time it has? Wonder no more. JUDAS PRIEST has been together since 1974. The guys' date in this photo has been with them only a few hours. They're famous, and now so is she.

©1981 JAEGER/FOTO-FX, INC.

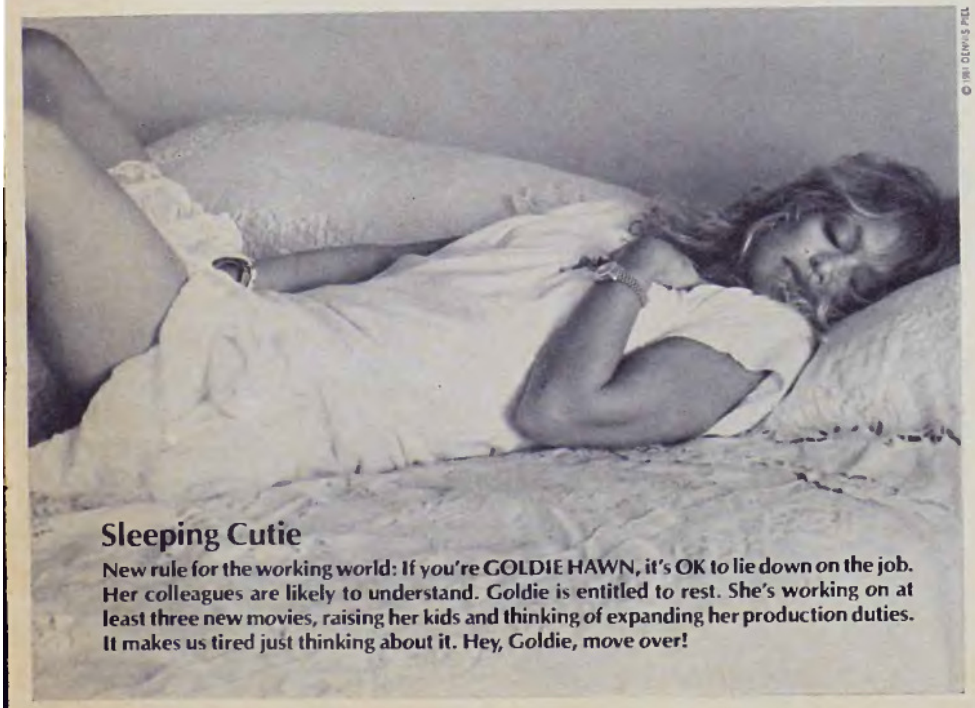
© 1981 ROSS MARINO

Fruit...and Nuts

Motor City madman TED NUGENT is the perfect host. He always has snacks to offer backstage visitors, some of which are even edible. Pass the bowl, Ted.

Love at First Bite

Even before he became so popular as a comic actor, GEORGE HAMILTON was always described as a suave, romantic type who was a big hit with the ladies. Contact with him seemed to transform some of them—Lynda Bird Johnson, for example. Well, his power over women is still intact. Just look at the job he did on this chorus girl's costume!



Sleeping Cutie

New rule for the working world: If you're GOLDIE HAWN, it's OK to lie down on the job. Her colleagues are likely to understand. Goldie is entitled to rest. She's working on at least three new movies, raising her kids and thinking of expanding her production duties. It makes us tired just thinking about it. Hey, Goldie, move over!

Tush of the D'Arbanville's

Actress PATTI D'ARBANVILLE's Christmas movie, *Modern Problems*, co-stars Chevy Chase. If you can't wait even a few more weeks to see it, that's OK, because you can take a look at this shot and then eat your heart out. This is *our* version of "don we now our gay apparel."

WHAT'S MESSY, MAY SMELL LIKE STRAWBERRIES AND POSTPONES FATHERHOOD?

Combining condoms, diaphragms or cervical caps with contraceptive foams, gels or suppositories enhances their spermicidal value dramatically. But, according to Dr. William Masters of the Masters & Johnson Institute, the efficacy of the myriad preparations on the market can vary, depending on a number of elements such as sexual position and the length of time the product is in use. Therefore, earlier this year, Dr. Masters urged the FDA to require manufacturers to test their products on humans to determine effectiveness.

GARRICK MADISON

No, these are not Santa's little helpers on a bender. They're the affable Mr. and Mrs. Kringle themselves as tree ornaments, sold for $20 apiece, from Hudson Brown, 72 East Walton, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Why does Santa ever leave home?

Currently, the FDA is trying to set testing-procedure standards for the concoctions. Meanwhile, according to the "Washington Drug Letter," Masters and his associates have effected their own testing procedures and have found that some vaginal spermicides are less effective in the woman-on-top position than in the traditional missionary pose.

In one of Masters & Johnson's tests, a woman using a cervical cap applies the foam or gel and then simulates sex by inserting a latex dildo equipped with an outlet that ejaculates sperm into the vagina. Beginning about five seconds after the spurting action, sperm samples are taken at intervals and are analyzed, in an attempt to find out how long spermicidal action is effective.

Masters suggests human testing in addition to the less expensive laboratory testing favored by manufacturers.

IT'S LADIES FIRST UNTIL THE END

As time rolls on, traditional sex roles (you know: hubby as the worker and wifey as the feeder and comforter) may become known as archaic sex roles. But as things stand, the traditional social order is getting in a few last licks. A new piece of statistical information implies that marriage may leave men less prepared than women for life as a single.

A study at Johns Hopkins University indicates that widowers die sooner after their spouses than do widows. By tracing the records of 4000 widowed persons through 12 years of census records, researchers found that the mortality rate for women whose husbands had died matched the death rate of still-married women. Men who had lost their spouses, however, didn't live as long as their married counterparts. The researchers speculated that the loss of a wife lowered a husband's quality of life more than the loss of a husband lowered the wife's.

Also, it appeared that widowers who remarried tended to live longer than those who didn't. At any rate, the study makes us wonder whether the married man may be more dependent on his wife than she is on him. Or perhaps she dosed his coffee before she left.

BOB PERRY

The apparition above is obviously a tree in Killington, Vermont, covered with hoarfrost, right? No wonder Joyce Kilmer gushed, "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree." Think about that.

BAD NEWS FOR BOWSER

This festive season, please refrain from kissing your pets. They can transmit intestinal disorders and food poisoning, warns veterinarian Dr. Oscar Sussman in a Zodiac News Service report. He suggests washing your hands after petting. He does not distinguish between above- and below-the-waist petting. Better to be clean and safe than to be sick and sorry.

NEAL MENSCHEL / PICTURE GROUP (3)

T-SHIRT SALES TECHNIQUE OF THE MONTH: Female members of the Lakeside Sharks, a Laconia, New Hampshire, motorcycle club, devised a new approach to marketing their T-shirts at the running of this year's Laconia Classic. That's right, you buy the shirts right off their backs—and fronts. It's free enterprise.

The Sony that broke the sound barrier.

Until Sony introduced the Walkman (a stereo cassette player about the size of a cassette), there was no way to hear quality sound reproduction this good unless you bought a ticket to Carnegie Hall, or sat home with an expensive component stereo.

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PLAYBOY'S GALA 28TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

GEORGE CARLIN, THE COMEDIAN LENNY BRUCE PICKED AS HIS HEIR, DISCUSSES THE DIZZYING CHANGES IN HIS CAREER, HIS COCAINE ABUSE AND HIS HEART ATTACK IN A SEARCHING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL"—YOU'VE NEVER SEEN SOAP-OPERA STARS LIKE THIS ON NETWORK TV—AN EIGHT-PAGE PICTORIAL

JULES FEIFFER SKEWERS THE **REAGAN** PHILOSOPHY IN A SATIRICAL COMMENTARY, **"REAGAN OF THE LOST ART"**

PHILIP CAPUTO OBSERVES THAT JOHNNY DIDN'T COME MARCHING HOME FROM VIETNAM, HE CREPT BACK—IN **"THE UNRETURNING ARMY"**

JOHN UPDIKE EXAMINES THE INNER FEELINGS OF A WOMAN ABOUT HER DYING FATHER AND HER ESTRANGED HUSBAND IN **"KILLING"**

STEPHEN KING ABANDONS HORROR TO AGONIZE OVER WHAT RADIO HAS DONE TO ROCK IN **"BETWEEN ROCK AND A SOFT PLACE"**

JO DURDEN-SMITH AND **DIANE DE SIMONE** LAUNCH A MILESTONE SERIES ON WHAT MAKES MAN MAN, WOMAN WOMAN AND PAIRING COMPLEX, WITH A *PLAYBOY* QUESTIONNAIRE FOR READER PARTICIPATION

RICHARD PRICE MEETS A NEW BREED OF ATHLETES AND WRITES ABOUT IT IN **"LORDS OF THE RINGS: THE NEW GYMNASTICS GENERATION"**

STEPHEN BIRNBAUM, *PLAYBOY*'S TRAVEL EDITOR, TELLS YOU WHERE TO STAY IN ACCOMMODATIONS THAT WOULD MAKE LORENZO DE' MEDICI JEALOUS. IT'S ALL THERE IF YOU KNOW HOW TO **"LIVE LIKE A KING"**

MICHAEL MALONE TELLS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A COUPLE OF ELVIS FANS GET TOGETHER IN A FIN-TAILED CONVERTIBLE ON THE ROAD TO MEMPHIS IN **"BLUE CADILLAC"**

PLUS: "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; LITTLE ANNIE FANNY; "PLAYBOY CARS"; "THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA"; "THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"; "PLAYBOY'S CREATIVE MENSWEAR COLLECTION"; "20 QUESTIONS" WITH **JOHN MATUSZAK;** AND MUCH MORE.

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: LUSCIOUS **BARBARA CARRERA** IN A TOUGH-LADY ROLE OPPOSITE **ARMAND ASSANTE** IN **MICKEY SPILLANE**'S *I, THE JURY*; A CONTINUATION OF *PLAYBOY*'S **MAN/WOMAN SERIES,** INCLUDING ARTICLES ON **"THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SEXES"** AND **"THE BRAIN AS SEX ORGAN"; RICHARD REEVES** PREVIEWS **"THE COLUMN I'LL BE WRITING AT THE END OF REAGAN'S TERM"; THOMAS MC GUANE** SHARES THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF OWNING LAND IN THE EIGHTIES; PAGE AFTER PAGE OF THE BEAUTIFUL **BUNNIES OF ATLANTIC CITY; PETER GENT** ON **"THE COMING WAR AGAINST DRUGS"; DONALD E. WESTLAKE** SPINS A FUNNY S-F YARN, **"THE LOST COLONIES"; JIM WOOTEN** ASKS (AND ANSWERS) THE QUESTION **"CAN TIP O'NEILL BOUNCE BACK?"; ROY BLOUNT, JR.,** WAXES ELOQUENT ON THE SUBJECT OF THE MALE'S, UH, **"FAMILY JEWELS"; "ANDY KAUFMAN WRESTLES A PLAYMATE"; WALTER LOWE, JR.,** TELLS YOU **"HOW TO BEAT VIDEO GAMES";** A OOWN-HOME PICTORIAL ON **"THE WOMEN OF PLAYBOY";** AND VISITS WITH SUCH PERSONALITIES AS **KIM CARNES, STEVIE NICKS, DEBRA WINGER, TREAT WILLIAMS, HARRISON FORD** AND THE WHOLE GANG AT **SCTV.**

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